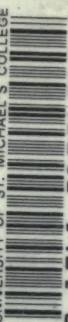


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from

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# IRISH LITERATURE

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# IRISH LITERATURE

## THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

This picture, from a photograph, presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.

VOL.

X.

JOHN D. ...  
NEW YORK

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



# IRISH LITERATURE

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VOL.



X.

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THE IRISH LITERARY THEATER . . . . .	Stephen Gwynn
A GLANCE AT IRELAND'S HISTORY . . . . .	Charles Welsh
STREET SONGS AND BALLADS AND ANONYMOUS VERSE	

## BIOGRAPHIES AND LITERARY APPRECIATIONS

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# CLÁR IMLEABAR X.

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ROIM-RÁD

3710

An Drama Saebéalaic. (Sciopán Suinn)

XIII

SGÉALTA AGUS ABRAIN NA NDOIME.

Ris an fáraic Dúib (An Craoibín do cuir rior ó béal  
rseuluidé) . . . . . 3712

A Ósánaic an cúil éangailte. (uitto) . . . . . 3734

Coirín na h-aitinne. (uitto) . . . . . 3736

Dean an fíir Ruair. (uitto) . . . . . 3748

Rioipe na sclear. (uitto) . . . . . 3750

Mo bhrón ar an bfairrige. (uitto) . . . . . 3762

An buacail do bí a bpad ar a mácair. (uitto) 3764

Mala Néirín. (uitto) . . . . . 3776

An Laca Deairg. (uitto) . . . . . 3778

Caoinead na tóirí Muiré. (uitto) . . . . . 3788

Tódar Muiré. (uitto) . . . . . 3794

Muiré agus lórep. (uitto) . . . . . 3806

Naom Peadar. (uitto) . . . . . 3812

Mar táinig an t-Saint in ran Eaglaír. (uitto) 3822

Fíogair na Croipe Naomta. (an t-Ataír Ó  
Míodcáin) . . . . . 3828

Dean na tóirí mbó . . . . . 3830

RAINN I NGAEBEILG. (cuinnighe leir an SCraoibín  
doibinn) . . . . . 3832

PICTIÚR AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN.

Seágan an Diomair. ("Conán Maol." p. S. Ó

Seága) . . . . . 3842



## CONTENTS OF VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE IRISH DRAMA.— <i>Stephen Gwynn.</i> . . . .	xiii
INTRODUCTION.— <i>The Modern Literature of the Irish Language.</i> . . . .	3711
FOLK TALES AND FOLK SONGS.	
King of the Black Desert.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3713
Ringleted Love of my Youth. — Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.” . . . .	3735
Coirnin of the Furze.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3737
The Red Man’s Wife.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.” . . . .	3748
The Knight of the Tricks.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3751
My Grief on the Sea.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.” . . . .	3763
The Boy who was Long on his Mother.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3765
The Brow of Nefin.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.” . . . .	3777
The Red Duck.— <i>D. Hyde. Trs. by C. Welsh.</i> . . . .	3779
The Keening of the Three Marys. — Traditional Folk Ballad.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3789
Mary’s Well.—A Religious Folk Tale.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3794
Mary and St. Joseph.—Folk Song.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3807
Saint Peter.—A Folk Story.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3813
How Covetousness Came into the Church.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3823
The Sign of the Cross For Ever.—Folk Song. . . . .	3829
The Woman of Three Cows. — <i>J. Clarence Mangan.</i> . . . .	3831
IRISH RANNS.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . . .	3832
HISTORICAL SKETCH.	
Shane the Proud.—A fragment of Irish History.— <i>P. J. O’Shea.</i> . . . .	3843

## SGÉALTA LE H-ÚSODARAIB, I NUAD-ŠAEDEILG.

Cailín na mbráithre. (Séamur Ó Dubhgaill) . . .	3874
An gao mara. (Séamur Ó Dubhgaill) . . .	3874
Fáirgéal. (An Craoibín Aoibinn) . . .	3878
Taobh Saba. (Séamur Ó Dubhgaill). . .	3886
Séadna—blúipe ar—(an t-Ádair Peardar Ó Laoisair) . . .	3940
"Ní ar Dia a buidéal" (Peardar Ó Laoisair) . . .	3952
Seatrún Céitinn—Próir Šaeéalac (an t-Ádair Ó Duinnín) . . .	3958
Šoir nó riar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamair--- blúipe ar—(Úna Ní Šairceallaig) . . .	3966
An Uaim Šiota ar an nŠioblaacán—(Tomár Ó h-Aoda) . . .	3976
An Mac Alla . . .	3982

## PIRDEACT.

Áirghe an Reactúraig. (An Reactúraig) . . .	3910
An Cúir d'á plé. (An Reactúraig) . . .	3916
Ir fada ó cuiread rior. (An Reactúraig) . . .	3922
Mallact an Šóeir. (Fear Šan ainn) . . .	3928
Cúma ciorde cailín. (Sean-Ábrán) . . .	3932
Dan-Šnuic Širéann Ó. (Donnád Mac Conmara) . . .	3936

## DRAMA SAN NUAD-ŠAEDEILG.

Carad an trugáin. (An Craoibín Aoibinn) . . .	3988
---	------

## CUNTAS AR NA SEAN-ÚSODARAIB. ŠAEDEILGE AR A

Šruil tráct inr na h-imleabraig reo ó I. Šo IX. . .	4011
---	------

## CUNTAS NA NUAD-ÚSODARAIB ŠAEÉALACA A ŠRUIL AN-ODAIR I M-ŠEAPLA.

No i nŠaeéilg inr an imleabair ro. . .	4025
Corróg . . .	4031
Šoclóir	



## PROSE BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

The Friar's Servant Girl.— <i>James Doyle</i> .— Trs. by <i>Mary Doyle</i> . . . . .	3875
The "Gad Mara."— <i>James Doyle</i> . — Trs. by <i>Mary Doyle</i> . . . . .	3875
An Allegory. — <i>Douglas Hyde</i> . — Trs. by <i>Norma Borthwick</i> . . . . .	3878
Tim, the Smith.— <i>James Doyle</i> .—Trs. by <i>Mary Doyle</i> . . . . .	3887
Seadna's Three Wishes.—From "Seadna."— <i>Rev. Peter O'Leary</i> . . . . .	3941
The Thankfulness of Dermot. — <i>Patrick O'Leary</i> . . . . .	3953
Geoffrey Keating. — From "Irish Prose." — <i>Rev. Patrick S. Dineen</i> . . . . .	3959
"East, West, Home's Best." — From "An Cneamhaire."— <i>Agnes O. Farrelly</i> . . . . .	3967
The Cavern. — From "An Giobláchan." — <i>Thomas Hayes</i> . . . . .	3977
The Echo.—From "An Giobláchan." <i>T. Hayes</i> . . . . .	3983

## POETRY.

Raftery's Repentance.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i> . . . . .	3911
The Cúis-dá-plé.—(Political.)— <i>A. Raftery</i> . . . . .	3917
How Long Has It Been Said?—(Political.)— <i>A. Raftery</i> . . . . .	3923
The Curse of the Boers on England.—(Political.)— <i>Lady Gregory</i> . . . . .	3928
Grief of a Girl's Heart.—(Love Song.)— <i>Lady Gregory</i> . . . . .	3933
The Fair Hills of Eire. — (Patriotic.) — <i>Dr. George Sigerson</i> . . . . .	3937

## MODERN PLAY.

The Twisting of the Rope.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i> . . . . .	3989
--	------

BIOGRAPHIES OF ANCIENT CELTIC WRITERS, whose work appears in Volumes I–IX. . . . .	4011
---	------

BIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN CELTIC WRITERS, whose work appears in Volume X. . . . .	4025
--	------

GLOSSARY. . . . .	4031
-------------------	------

INDEX. . . . .	4041
----------------	------





## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE OLD PLAID SHAWL. . . . .	Frontispiece
From a photograph.	
<p>It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the Folk Tales, Folk Songs, Ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.</p>	
PATRICK J. O'SHEA. (Conan Maol.) . . . . .	3842
From a photograph by Allison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin.	
PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING SHANE THE PROUD . . . . .	3872
Photographic facsimile from the original.	
THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN . . . . .	3958
Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats.	
TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN . . . . .	4010
From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822.	
MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY . . . . .	4030
After Joyce and others.	





## THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.



That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.<sup>1</sup>

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,  
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

<sup>1</sup> The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etivè, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."



achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-



tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalle; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-



songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have



always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“I will go cry with the woman,  
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,  
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,  
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Catleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.



I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay’s company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Hornglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

*Yours truly*  
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]





FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,  
sean-sgeuluisgeacht, sean-abráin, rann,

HISTORICAL SKETCH,  
blúire as stair na h-Éireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,  
sgeolta, dánnta, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-údaráib an lae inniu:

## AN NUAD-LITRÍOEAÉT I NŠAEÓEILŠ.

Cíórimíó inſan imleabair deiríó reo, romplairde ar Šnát-Šaeóeilš na nŕaoine, mar do bí rí aca in ſan dá céad bliadán ro do énaíó earraínn, aſur mar dá rí aca anoir. Ní'l áét nuad-Šaeóeilš le páſail ann ro, 7 caiteíó an leigſteoír a bſeíteamnar féin déanam ar an tſean-Šaeóeilš le conſnam na n-airtſingad béarla do tugaſar inſna h-imleabair eile. Ní tugaſaíó an tſepn-Šaeóeilš ann ro, oír ir ró deacair a tuiſſint do don duine naé nŕearna ſuioéaraét rſeipialta innti.

Tá rſéalta, abráin, 7 páirte na nŕaoine féin, le páſail inſan leabair ro, 7 tá curó móir díob ro rſſiódta ríor le rſoláiríó ó béal na ſean-ŕaoine i n-éirínn náir tuiſ a tŕeangſa féin do rſſiódhad ná do léigead. Áét tá curó eile dé, aſur ir obair na rſſiódhoír ir clirde i obair na rſſiódhoír atá aſ déanam litrío-eaéta nuairde do muinntir na h-éiríann iníuí, mar atá an t-Átair ſeadaí O Laoſaíre, Seumar O Dúſſaill, Conán Maol (Mac uí Šeagſa), Páorais O Laoſaíre, Tomár O h-Aoſa, an t-Átair O Duinnín, úna ní ſearſaill, "Tórna" 7 ŕaoine eile.

Ir an-deacair an ſuó é béarla ceart bliaró do cúir ar Šaeó-eilš, oír ir é mo bapamail naé bſuil don dá tŕeangſa ar éalam na Cſíortuſeáéta ir mó díſir eatorra féin 'ná iad. Aſur cíó ſo bſuilit a com ſada rin 'na ſeapam ar an don oileán, taoib le taoib, ir ſíor-deaſ an loirš o'ſaſ ceann aca ar an ſceann eile, aſur ir ſíor-deaſán o'ſóſluim na ŕaoine labſar iad ó n-a céile.

Tá rſoílte na h-éiríann, ſaraor! Pá rſiúruſad ŕaoine o'a tuiſ an Riaſaltar Sacſanaé an rſiúruſad orra, aſur bí na ŕaoine ſeó i ſcómnuirde i n-aſaíó na nŠaeóeal aſur i n-aſaíó tŕeangſad na tíre. Ní'l eólar aſ duine ar bíé aca uiríí áét oiríead le aral no le bulóig. Tá ceatſar de na ŕaoimib reo 'na mbſeíteam-naib ó cúirteannaib an díſe, naé bſuil ploc eólar aca ar oiríeadar, áét ó'r ſnát-obair leó ŕaoine cionntaéta do ŕaoíad, ŕaoíann ríad muinntir na h-éiríann, 'ſá ſcúir ſa bſeíteamnar áineólar, ſad a mbeáta, i ſtaoib na neite báinear leó féin 7 le na díſir. Tá ſeap eile aca 'na uaéatſán ar éolairte na Tſionóirde—ir ſuat na nŠaeóeal an áit rin—aſur tá curó móir

## THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one



eile aca na ndaoimib-uairle rairbhre san don eolair ppeirialta aca ar rgoiltib ná ar rgoiltuigeact; agus do toirmeaprs riad Gaeheilg do múnad inrna rgoiltib, no do labhairt leir na rgoiláirib, go dti rpi no ceatar de bliadantaib ó foim. Tá aepuad ann anoir, 7 go, dtuad Dia dúinn go mbéir pé buan! Ni meapaim go raið don tír eile ar talam na Cpiortuigeacta riam, a raið a leitéir rin de rpsannail le feierint innti agus do bi i n-Éirinn—máigiriride 7 máigirirneara rgoile naé raið focal Gaeheilge aca, as “múnad”! páiriride naé raið focal béairla aca! Ni h-iongnad sup díbrear amac rpiorad na Litirdeacta ar na daoimib, agus sup ruaisgead arta gac oirdear, gliocar, cpionaact, agus rpuaim do táinig anuar éuca ó n-a rinnreapraib pompa. Act anoir,—mar gheall ar Connrad na Gaeheilge—tá an Gaeheilg, as teact éuici féin air; agus ir roileir é anoir, do’n domhan ar raið, má tá Éire le beir ’na náiríán ar leir, no le beir ’na ruo ar bit act ’na condae gránna Sacpanais, (agus i as déanam airir go raon fann ruar an nóraib na Sacpanac) go gcairir rí iompóð ar a teangair féin air 7 Litirdeact nuad ceapad innti.

Agus tá Éire as toruad ar rin do déanam ceana féin, agus tá romplairde ar a bpuil rí o’a déanam inran leabair ro. Ni’l ionnta ro go léir (obair na ndeic mbliadán ro éuair tairrainn) act céad-bláta an eairrais. Tá an Samrad le teact fóir le congnam Dé:

### RÍG AN FÁSAIG Dúib:

Labhair O ploinn, ó Deulac-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) o’innir an rgeal ro do rpióiriar O Concúdar i mb’l’acLuain, ó a bpuair mipe é.

Nuair bi O Concúdar ’na ruig ar Éirinn bi pé ’na cómnuirde i Rát-éruacáin Connaet: Bi don mac amáin aige, act nuair o’pár pé ruar, bi pé riadáin, agus níor feud an ruig rmaet do cup air; mar beirdear a toir féin aige inr gac uile nro:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is *Fuath na nGaedheal*, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

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### THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O’Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O’Conor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “*Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach*.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O’Conor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don mairdin amáin éuaíó ré amac,

Δ εὐ le na éoir  
Δ feabac ar a éoir  
Δ' r a éapall b'feáġ vob v'á ioméar,

asur v'imtġis ré ar aġaíó, as ġabáil paimn abráin vó féin so  
v'áinis ré com fat le p'geatáé móp vó v'í as fár ar b'ruadé  
ġleanna. V'í rean-vuine liat 'na fuidé as bun na p'geice, asur  
vubairt ré: "Δ mġc an pġġ, má tġis leat imġit com mairt Δ' r  
tġis leat abráin vó ġabáil, buó mairt liom cluice v'imġit leat."  
ġaíil mac an pġġ ġur rean-vuine mġ-céillġe vó v'í ann, asur  
tuirġing ré, éait p'pian tair ġeug, asur fuid p'ior le t'áíó an  
t'rean-vuine liat. T'arraig p'eirean paca cárváíó amac asur  
v' f'arraig: "An v'ġis leat iat vó v'imġit?"

"Tġis liom," ar ran mac-pġġ.

"ġhéat imeóramaoíó ar?" ar ran rean-vuine liat.

"Níó ar bit ġr mian leat," ar ran mac-pġġ.

"Mairt ġo leóir, má ġnóćaiġim-re caít'íó tura níó ar bit Δ  
iarppar mé v'eunam v'am, asur má ġnóćaiġeann tura, caít'íó  
mġre níó ar bit iarppar tura oġm v'eunam v'uitre," ar ran rean-  
vuine liat.

"Tá mé párta," ar ran mac-pġġ.

V'imġi p'íat an cluice asur buail an mac pġġ an rean vuine  
liat. Ann ġin vubairt ré, "ġhéat vó buó mian leat mġre vó  
v'eunam v'uit, Δ mġc an pġġ?"

"Ní iarppar mé oġt níó ar bit vó v'eunam v'am," ar ran  
mac-pġġ, "paoilim náé b'fuił tū ionnánm mórán vó v'eunam."

"Ná bac leir ġin," ar ran rean vuine, "caít'íó tū iarppar  
oġm p'vó éiġin vó v'eunam, níor cáill mé ġeall ariam ná p'euro  
mé Δ íoc."

Mair vubairt mé, p'aoil an mac pġġ ġur rean vuine mġ-céillġe  
vó v'í ann, asur le na p'arugaó vubairt ré leir.

"Vain an ceann v'e mo learmáćair asur cuir ceann ġabair  
uirġi ar feat p'eact'maine."

"V'eunp'at ġin v'uit," ar ran rean vuine liat:

Éuaíó an mac pġġ as m'arġiġeact ar a éapall,

Δ εὐ le na éoir  
Δ feabac ar a éoir,

asur t'ug ré Δ aġaíó ar áit eile, asur níor éuimġis ré níor mó  
ar an rean vuine liat, ġo v'áinis ré Δ-baile.

P'uar ré ġáir asur b'pón móp in ran ġcarpleán: V'innir na  
p'earb'fóġantáíó vó ġo v'áinis v'paoí'v'eat'óir arteac 'ran p'eompia  
'n áit Δ p'áíó an v'ainp'óġan asur ġur cuir ré ceann ġabair uirġi  
i n-áit Δ cinn féin:



One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,  
And his hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Dax mo lām, iġ ionġantac an nio é rin,” ar ran mac iuġ, “da mberdinn ran mbaile do bainfinn an ceann de le mo claid-eam.” Bi bion mór ar an iuġ aġur euir ré pior ar cōmairleoir cōiona aġur o’fiarpuis ré de an iaið pior aise cia an caoi cāpla an nio reo do’n bainpōgāin. “So deimān nī tiz liom rin inn-reāct duit,” ar reirēan, “iġ obair dōmāoideācta é.”

Nioi leis an mac iuġ aġur fēin so iaið eōlar ar biē aise ar an ġeūir, aēt ar mairvin amārac o’imēis ré amac,

A ēu le na cōir  
A fēabac ar a dōir  
'S a cāpall bheāġ duib o’ā iomēar,

aġur nioi cāppainġ ré rrian so o’tāinġ ré cōm fāda leir an rġeic mōir ar bhuac an ġleanna. Bi an rean duine liat na fūide ann rin faoi an rġeic aġur duðairt ré: “A mīc an iuġ, mbēio cluicē aġad andiū?” Cuipling an mac iuġ aġur duðairt: “Bēio.” Leir rin, cait ré an rrian cāi ġeuz, aġur fūio pior le tādō an tpean duine. Cāppainġ reirēan na cāpōaið amac, aġur o’fiarpuis de’n mac iuġ an bhuair ré an nio do ġnōcāis ré andē.

“Tā rin ceart so leōr,” ar ran mac iuġ.

“Imēōmādoio ar an nġeall ceuona andiū,” ar ran rean duine liat.

“Tā mé fārtā,” ar ran mac iuġ.

O’imīr iaið, aġur ġnōcāis an mac iuġ. “Cpēad do buō mīan leat mīre do deunam duit an t-am ro?” ar ran rean duine liat. Smuāin an mac iuġ aġur duðairt leir fēin, “beurpāio mé obair cpūaið dō an t-am ro.” Ann rin duðairt ré: “Tā pāire reāct n-acra ar cūl cāirleāin m’ācāi, biōi rī liōnta ar mairvin. amārac le bat (buaib) ġan don beirt aca do beir ar don dat, ar don āirde, no ar don doir amāin.”

“Bēio rin deunta,” ar ran rean duine liat.

Cūaið an mac iuġ aġ maircuġeāct ar a cāpall,

A ēu le na cōir  
A fēabac ar a dōir,

aġur euz aġaið a-baile. Bi an iuġ so bōnāc i o’tāioib na bain-pōgāna. Bi doētūpūið ar h-uile āit i n-ēipunn, aēt nioi fēuo iaið don mait do deunam di.

Ar mairvin, lā ar na mārac, cūaið maor an iuġ amac so moē, aġur cōnnairt ré an pāire ar cūl an cāirleāin liōnta le bat (buaib) aġur ġan don beirt aca de n dat ceuona no de’n doir fēuona, no de’n āirde ceuona. O’imēis ré arteāc, aġur o’innir cē an rġeul ionġantac do’n iuġ. “Teipis aġur tiomāin iad amac,” ar ran iuġ. Fūair an maor rir, aġur cūaið ré leō aġ

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,



tiomáinc na mbó amac, áct ní luaithe cuirfeadh ré amac ar don taoibh iad 'nád tiucfao ríad arthead ar an taoibh eile. Cuair an maorí do'n ríú arí, agus dubairt leir nac bfeudfao an méad fear bí i n-éinn na bat rin do bí ran bpaire do cur amac. "Ír bat opraoidéacta iad," ar ran ríú.

Nuair éonairc an mac-ríú na bat, dubairt ré leir féin: "Déiró cluice eile aġam leir an rean uine liat anóu." O'iméir ré amac an máirín rin,

A éú le na éoir  
A feadac ar a éoir  
A' r a éapall breáġ duó o'á ioméar,

agus níor éarraig ré rrian go o'áinir ré éom fada leir an rgeic móir ar bpuac an ġleanna. Bí an rean uine liat ann rin noime agus o'iarí ré arí an mberdeao cluice cárdaró aige.

"Déiró," ar ran mac ríú; "áct tá fíor aġao go maic go o'ir liom tú bualaó aġ imiré cárdaró."

"Déiró cluice eile aġainn," ar ran rean uine liat. "Ar imir tú liatróiró aríam?"

"O'imreap go deimín," ar ran mac ríú; "áct raoilim go bfuil tura ró rean le liatróiró o'imiré, agus éor leir rin ní'l don áit aġainn ann ró le n'imiré."

"Má tá tura úmal le n-imiré, geobairó mire áit," ar ran rean uine liat.

"Táim úmal," ar ran mac ríú.

"Lean mire," ar ran rean uine liat.

Lean an mac ríú é trío an nġleann, go o'ángadap go enoc breáġ ġlar. Ann rin, éarraig ré amac plaicín opraoidéacta, agus dubairt foela náir éuir mac an ríú, agus raoi éeann móimíro, o'orġail an enoc agus éuair an beiré arthead, agus éuair ríad trío a lán de hállaib breáġa go o'ángadap amac i nġáirvín. Bí ġac uile níó níor breáġa 'nád céile in ran nġáirvín rin, agus aġ bun an ġáirvín bí áit le liatróiró o'imiré.

Cait ríad píora aigiró ruar le feiciré cia aca mberdeao lám-aréir aige, ġ fuair an rean uine liat rin.

Órairé ríad ann rin, agus níor ríad ar rean uine ġur ġnótaré ré an cluice. Ní raib fíor aġ an mac ríú éréao do deunfao ré: raoi deóiró o'fiarraig ré de'n trean-uine éréao do buó maic leir é do deunam oó.

"Ír mire Riġ arí an b'árac Dub, agus caiciró tura mé féin agus m'áit-éomnuiré o'fáġail amac raoi éeann lá agus bliadain, nó geobairó mire tura amac agus caiciró tú do éeann."

Ann rin éur ré an mac ríú amac an bealac éeuna a n'edacairó ré arthead. Óruiró an enoc ġlar 'na óiairé agus o'iméir an rean uine liat ar amairé.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Ħuair an mac piġ aġ marcuigaeċt ari a ċapall;

Δ εὐ λε na ċoir,  
Δ fεadac ari a ċoir,

aġur é bpiónac ŋo leōri.

An tpiātnōna rin, ŋo bpiētnuiġ an piġ ŋo piāib bpiōn aġur buairōpēad mōri ari an mac ōġ, aġur nuair ċuair pé 'na ċotlād, ċualair an piġ aġur ŋac uile ŋuine ŋo bi in ran ŋcāirleān tpiom-ōpnāoil aġur piāmalair uairō. Bi an piġ paol bpiōn ceann ŋabair ŋo beit ari an mbainpiōġain, aċt buō mēara é reāċt n-uairē nuair ŋ'innir an mac ŋō an rġeul, mar tārila ō ċūr ŋo ŋeipead.

Ħuir pé pīor ari ċōmāirleōiri cpiōna, aġur ŋ'fīarpiuiġ pé ŋē an piāib pīor aige cia an āit a piāib an Riġ ari an b'fārac ŋub 'na ċōmnurōe.

"Ni'l, ŋo ŋeimin," ari reipean; "aċt cōm cinnce ā'r tā pūball (eārball) ari an ŋcat muna b'fāġair an t-ōirōpe ōġ an ŋpaōir-eaŋōiri rin amāc, cāillpīrō pé a ceann."

Bi bpiōn mōri i ŋcāirleān an piġ an lā rin. Bi ceann ŋabair ari an mbainpiōġain, aġur an mac-piġ ŋul aġ tōpiuiġaeċt ŋpaōir-eaŋōira, ŋan pīor an ŋtiucpāō pé ari ari ŋo ŋeō.

Tar ēir reāċtmāine [ŋo] baineāō an ceann ŋabair ŋe'n bāin-piōġain, aġur cūipeāō a ceann pēin uirpi. Nuair ċualair pi an ċaol ari cūipeāō an ceann ŋabair uirpi, tāinis fuaċ mōri uirpi anaġair an mīc piġ, aġur ŋubairt pi: "Nār tāġairō pé ari ari ŋeō nā marb."

Ari maroin, ŋia luain, ŋ'fāġ pé a ŋeannaċt aġ a ācāir aġur aġ a ŋaol, bi a māla-piūbail ceanġailte ari a ŋpuim, aġur ŋ'imtiġ pé,

Δ εὐ λε na ċoir  
Δ fεadac ari a ċoir  
Δ'r a ċapall bpiēāġ ŋub ŋ'ā iomēari.

Siūbail pé an lā rin ŋo piāib an ŋpian imtiġċte paol rġāile na ŋenoc, aġur ŋo piāib ŋopēāŋar na n-ōirōce aġ teāċt, ŋan pīor aige cia'n āit a bpiuiġpēad pé lōiptīn. Bpiētnuiġ pé cōill mōri ari tōail a lāime clē, aġur tārpaing pé uirpi cōm tapa aġur ŋ'pēuō pé, le pūil an ŋirōce ŋo cāiteam paol fāpŋāō na ŋepānn. Siūō pé pīor paol ŋun cpiānn mōiri ŋaraċ, ŋ'pōpŋail pé a māla-piūbail le biāō 7 ŋeōc ŋo cāiteam, nuair cōnnairc pé iolāri mōri aġ teāċt ċuige.

"Nā biōō paitēiōr ŋit pōmām-pā, a mīc piġ. Aitēniġim tū, ir tū mac ŋi cōncūbair piġ ēipeann. Ir cāpaiō mē, aġur mā tūġann tū ŋo ċapall ŋam-pā le tabairt le n'ite ŋo cēitpe ēanlāit ŋpācā



The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Connor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atā aṣam, bēaṣṣarō mire nīor fūre ʻnā ʻdo bēaṣṣarō ʻdo capall tū, aṣur bʻēroir ʻso ʻṣuipinn tū ar lops an tē atā tū ʻtōpuiṣ-eaēt.”

“Tis leat an capall ʻdo beit aṣar aṣur fāilte,” ar ran mac piṣ, “cīr sup bṛōnāc mē aṣ ṣṣarāmāint leir.”

“Tā ʻso maīt, bēirō mire ann po ar maīoin amāriac le h-ēipṣe na ṣṣéne.” Ann rin ʻʻfopṣail ri a ʻṣob mōr, piṣ ṣṣeim ar an ṣcapall, buail a ʻdā ʻtaoir b anāṣarō ʻa céile, leatnuiṣ a ṣṣiātān, aṣur ʻʻimēiṣ ar amāric.

ʻDʻit aṣur ʻʻól an mac piṣ a fāit, cūir an mālā-piúbail faoi na céann, aṣur nīor bṛarō ʻso piab ré ʻna cōvlarō, aṣur nīor ʻdūiriṣ ré ʻso ʻtāiniṣ an t-iolar aṣur sup ʻdubairt: “Tā ré i n-am ʻdūinn beit ʻṣ imtēaēt, tā aṣṣear fārō piōmānn, beir ṣṣeim ar ʻdo mālā aṣur léim ruar ar mo ʻṣuim.”

“Aēt, mo bṛōn!” ar peirean, “caitṣirō mē ṣṣarāmāint le mo cū aṣur le mo feabac.”

“Nā biōb bṛōn ort,” ar pīre; “bēirō piarō ann po piōmān nuair cūeṣar tū ar aṣ.”

Ann rin léim ré ruar ar a ʻṣuim, ṣlac pīre ṣṣiātān, aṣur ar ʻso bṛāc léite ʻran aēr. Tūṣ ri é ʻtar cṛocaiṣ aṣur ṣleannṣaiṣ, ʻtar mūir mōir aṣur ʻtar cōillṣaiṣ, sup fāoil ré ʻso piab ré aṣ ʻveirearō an ʻdōmānn. Nuair bi an ṣṣuan aṣ ʻdoul faoi ṣṣāile na ṣenoc, tāiniṣ ri ʻso talām i lār fāraġ mōir, aṣur ʻdubairt leir: “lean an capān ar ʻtaoir ʻdo lāime ʻveire, aṣur bēaṣṣarō ré tū ʻso teac caparō. Caitṣirō mire pillearō ar aṣ le polātār ʻdo mʻēanlāit.”

lean peirean an capān, aṣur nīor bṛarō ʻso ʻtāiniṣ ré ʻso ʻti an teac, aṣur cūarō ré aṣṣeac. Bi pean-ṣuine liat ʻna fūre ʻran ṣcōipneull; ʻʻēipṣ ré ʻṣ ʻdubairt, “Ceur mile fāilte piōmān, a mīc Riġ ar Rāt-Ṣṣuacān Cōnnāc.”

“Nīʻl eōlar aṣam-ṣa ort,” ar ran mac piṣ.

“Bi aṣṣe aṣam-ṣa ar ʻdo pean-āṣair,” ar ran pean ʻduine liat; “fūirō riōr; iṣ ʻdōiṣ ʻso bṛuil ʻtarṣ aṣur oṣur ort.”

“Nīʻl mē faor uatā,” ar ran mac piṣ. Buail an pean ʻduine a ʻdā ʻboir anāṣarō a céile, aṣur tāiniṣ beirṣ feirṣbireac, aṣur leaṣ-arar boṣṣo le maṣṣ-feōil, caoir-feōil, muic-feōil aṣur le neaṣ arāin i lātair an mīc piṣ, aṣur ʻdubairt an pean ʻduine leir: “Iṣ aṣur ól ʻdo fāit, bʻēroir ʻso mbur farō ʻso bṛuiṣirō tū a leitēro arīr.” ʻDʻit aṣur ʻʻól ré oṣṣeac aṣur burō mīan leir, aṣur tūṣ burdeacār ar a ʻṣon.

Ann rin ʻdubairt an pean ʻduine, “tā tū ʻdoul aṣ tōpuiṣeac Riġ an Fāraġ ʻOuib; teipṣ aṣ cōvlarō anoir, aṣur piacārō mire tṣe mo leabṣaiṣ le peucāint an ʻtiṣ liom āit-cōmnuirō an piṣ

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go



rin o'pāġail amac." Ann rin, buail rē a bora ; tāinis reipbireac, aġur dubairt rē leir "Tabair an mac riġ zo oti a feompā." Tuġ rē zo feompā breāġ ē, aġur nior bpaḡa ġur tuit rē 'na cōḡlaḡo.

Ar maroin, lā ar na mārac, tāinis an rean ōuine aġur dubairt : "Ċirriġ, tā airtear paḡa riōmāḡo. Caitirō tū cūiġ ceuḡ mile ōeunām riōm meadon-lae."

"Nī feurpāinn ē ōo ōeunām," ar ran mac riġ.

"Mā'r marcac maḡ tū, bēarparō mire capall ōuit bēarpar tū an t-airtear."

"Deunpaḡo mar bēarpar tura," ar ran mac riġ.

Tuġ an rean ōuine neart le n'ite aġur le n'ol ōo, aġur nuair bi rē pāḡac, tuġ re ġearrān beaġ bān ōo, aġur dubairt : "Tabair ceuḡ a cinn ōo'n ġearrān, aġur nuair rtoppar rē, rēac ruar 'ran aēr aġur reirpō tū trī ealairde cōm ġeal le rneacḡa. Ir iāḡ rin trī ingeana Riġ an f'ġaraiġ Ōuib. Bēirō naipicīn ġlar i mbeul eala aca, rin i an ingean ir ōiġe, aġur nī'l neac beḡ o'feurpaḡo tū ōo tabairt zo tiġ Riġ an f'ġaraiġ Ōuib aēt i. Nuair rtoppar an ġearrān, bēirō tū i nġar ōo loē ; tiuepaḡo na trī ealairde zo talām ar bpuac an loēa rin, aġur deunpaḡo trīūr mnā (bān) ōġ ōiōb rēin, aġur paḡarō riāḡ arḡeac 'ran loē aġ rñām aġur aġ rinc. Congbaġi ōo riūil ar an naipicīn ġlar aġur nuair ġeobar tū na mnā ōġa 'ran loē, teirriġ aġur pāġ an naipicīn aġur nā rġar leir. Teirriġ i bpoḡac paḡi ērann aġur nuair tiuepaḡo na mnā ōġa amac, deunpaḡo beirt aca ealairde ōiōb rēin aġur imḡeḡarō riāḡ 'ran aēr. Ann rin, bēarparō an ingean ir ōiġe, "Deunpaḡo mē nīḡ ar biḡ ōo'n tē bēarpar mo naipicīn ōam." Tar i lāḡar ann rin, aġur tā airt an naipicīn ōi, ġ abair naē bpuil nīḡ ar biḡ aġ teartāl uait, aēt ōo tabairt zo tiġ a h-aḡar, aġur innir ōi ġur mac riġ tū ar tiri cūmācḡaiġ."

Rinne an mac riġ ġac nīḡ mar dubairt an rean ōuine leir, aġur nuair tuġ rē an naipicīn o'ingīn Riġ an f'ġaraiġ Ōuib, dubairt rē : "Ir mire mac ūi cōncubair, Riġ cōnnaēt. Tabair mē zo oti ō'aḡar : paḡa mē ō'a cōruiġeacḡ."

"Nār bpaḡri ōuit mē nīḡ ēiġin eile ōo ōeunām ōuit ?" ar rirē.

"Nī'l don nīḡ eile aġ teartāl uaim," ar reirēan.

"Ma tairbēanaim an teac ōuit naē mbēirō tū pāḡa ?" ar rirē.

"Bēirdeac," ar reirēan.

"Anoir," ar rirē, "ar ō'anam nā h-innir ōo m' aḡar ġur mire ōo tuġ cūm a tiġe-rean tū, aġur bēirō mire mo cāpaḡo māit ōuit ; aġur leiġ oḡr rēin," ar rirē, "zo bpuil mōr-cūmācḡ ōraoiḡeacḡ aġaḡo."

"Deunpaḡo mar ōeir tū," ar reirēan.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Connor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin sinne pí eala ói féin agus dubairt: “Léim ruar ar mo muin, agus cuir do lámha faoi mo muinéal, agus consúais spreim cruaidh.”

Rinne pé amlaí, agus éirí sí a ríadána, 7 ar go bpiáit léite tar enocaidh a’ tar gleanncaidh, tar muir agus tar fléibí, go dtáinig sí go talamh mar do bí an srian as dul faoi. Ann rin dubairt pí leir: “An bpeiceann tú an teac móir rin tall? Sin teac m’atar. Slán leat. An ar bí b’éirí b’aois oir, b’éirí mire le do taidh.” Ann rin o’iméir sí uair.

Cuair an mac iú cum an tise, cuair ar teac, agus cia o’feicfeadh pé ann rin na fuidhe i gceatáir óir, aet an rean duine liat o’imí na cáirí agus an liatíóir leir.

“Feicim, a mhic iú,” ar reirí, “go bfuair tú mé amac poim lá agus bliadain. Cá fao ó o’fás tú an baile?”

“Ar maidin anóir, nuair bí mé as éirí ar mo leabair, connair mé tuag-ceata, sinne mé léim, ríar mé mo dá coir air, agus fíleamhaig mé com fao leir reo.”

“Tar mo lámh, ir móir an gairídeat do sinne tú,” ar ran rean iú.

“O’feuríann iú níor iongantaighe na rin do deunam, dá n-óirídeat,” ar ran mac iú.

“Tá trí neite asam duit le deunam,” ar ran rean iú, “7 m’ar féirí leat iad do deunam, b’éirí roga mo tmuir iníean asao mar mhaol, agus muna oir leat iad do deunam, caillíó tú do ceann mar caill cuir mair de daoiní óga rómao.”

Ann rin dubairt pé, “Ní bíonn ite ná ól in mo tise-re, aet don uair amáin r’an treacéamain, agus bí pé asainn ar maidin anóir.”

“Ir cuma liom-ra,” ar ran mac iú; “tís liom tioríad do deunam ar feadh míora dá mbeirídeat cruaidh oir.”

“Ir oirí go oirí leat dul gan coirí mar an sceutna?” ar ran rean iú.

“Tís liom gan amíar,” ar ran mac iú.

“B’éirí leabair cruaidh asao anocht mar rin,” ar ran rean iú; “tar liom go tairbéanfaid mé duit é.” Tús pé amac ann rin é, 7 tairbéan pé do crann móir agus gablóis air, 7 dubairt: “Teirí ruar ann rin agus coir in ran ngablóis, agus bí píer le h-éirí na spreine.”

Cuair pé ruar in ran ngablóis, aet com liat agus bí an rean iú na coirí, táinig an iníean ós agus tús ar teac go reomra bpeas é, agus consúais sí ann rin é go raib an rean iú ar tí éirí. Ann rin cuir sí é amac air 7 ngablóis an éirí.

Le h-éirí na spreine, táinig an rean iú cuise agus dubairt,



"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Tar anuas anois, 7 tar liom-ra go dtairbéanfaid mé dúit an níos atá agao le deunamh anois.”

Tug pé an mac iú go bhuac loca 7 tairbéar pé dó sean-éirleán, agus dubairt leir, “Cait gac uile cloic ‘ran gcairleán rin amac ‘ran loc, 7 bíod pé deunta agao real má dtéideann an spian faoi, tráchnóna.” D’imtis pé uair ann rin.

Torais an mac iú ag obair, áit bí na cloica greamuigste d’á éile comhchuid rin, nár feuo pé don cloic aca do tógbáil, agus dá mbeidead pé ag obair go dtí an lá ro, ní beidead cloic ar an gcairleán. Suir pé ríor ann rin ag rmuainead cnead do buid éoir dó deunamh, agus níor b’ada go dtáinig ingean an tsean-iú éirge, 7 dubairt, “Cad é fáil do bhrón?” D’innir pé d’i an obair do bí aige le deunamh. “Na cuirlead rin bhrón ort; deunfaid mife é,” ar ríre. Ann rin tug rí arán, maicfeoil 7 fion dó, tarrainis amac plaitín tairbéadta, buail buille ar an tsean-éirleán, agus faoi éann mómio bí gac uile cloic d’é ar bun an loca. “Anois,” ar ríre, “ná h-innir do m’adair gur mife do sinne an obair dúit.”

Nuair bí an spian ag dul faoi, tráchnóna, táinig an sean iú agus dubairt: “Feicim go bfuil d’obair laé deunta agao.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac iú, “tis liom obair ar bit do deunamh.”

Saol an sean iú anois go faid cúlmaet mhór tairbéadta ag an mac iú, agus dubairt leir, “Sé d’obair laé amárac na cloica do tógbáil ar an loc, agus an cairleán do cuir ar bun mar bí rí éana.”

Tug pé an mac iú a-baile agus dubairt leir, “Teirig do dobla d’ran áit a faid tú an oidee aréir.”

Nuair éad an sean-iú na dobla táinig an ingean ós agus tug arthead é cum a reompa féin, agus dongsbaig ann rin é go faid an sean iú ar tí éirge ar maidin; ann rin cuir rí amac aréir é i ngsablóis an chaimn.

Le h-éirge na gheine, táinig an sean iú 7 dubairt: “Tá pé i n-am dúit dul gciann d’oibre.”

“Níl deirir ar bit oim,” ar ran mac iú, “mar tá ríor agam go dtis liom m obair laé deunamh go réir.”

Éad pé go bhuac an loca ann rin, áit n’or feuo pé cloic d’feiceál, bí an t-uirge comh duib rin. Suir pé ríor ar éirleán; agus níor b’ada go dtáinig fionnguala, buid h-é rin ainm ingine an tsean iú, éirge, agus dubairt: “Cad tá agao le deunamh anois?” D’innir pé d’i, agus dubairt rí: “Ná bíod bhrón ort; tis liom-ra an obair rin deunamh dúit.” Ann rin tug rí d’i arán, maicfeoil, agus caoir-feoil agus fion: Ann rin tarrainis rí amac an tplaitín tairbéadta, buail uirge an loca léite, agus

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuale—that was the name



faoi ċeann mōimio bī an fean-ċairleān ar bun mar bī ré an lā poimē. Ann rin dubairt rī leir: “Ar o’anam, nā h-innir o m’atair zo nōeapnair mipe an obair reo duir, nō zo bfuil eolār ar bit aġao oim.”

Trāċnōna an lāe rin, tāinis an fean ruġ aġur dubairt, “Feicim zo bfuil obair an lāe deunta aġao.”

“Tā,” ar ran mac ruġ, “obair fōi-deunta i rin!”

Ann rin faoil an fean ruġ zo raiḃ nioḃ mō cūmāct oḃaoir-eaċta aġ an mac ruġ nā o bī aise fēin, aġur dubairt ré: “Nī’l aċt aon ruo eile aġao le deunam.” Tuġ ré a-baile ann rin é, 7 ċuir ré é le coḃlaḃ i nġablōis an ċrainn, aċt tāinis fionnġuala 7 ċuir rī in a feompa fēin é, aġur ar maiḃin, ċuir rī amāc arīr ar an ġrann é. Le h-ēirġe na ġrēine, tāinis an fean ruġ ċuiġe aġur dubairt leir: “Tar liom zo oḃairbēanraiḃ mé duir o’obair lāe.”

Tuġ ré an mac ruġ zo ġleann mōr, aġur ċairbēan oḃ tobar, 7 dubairt: “Ĉaill mo mātair-mōr fāinne in ran tobar rin, aġur fāġ oam é real mā oḃēir an ġrian faoi, trāċnōna.”

Anoir bī an tobar ro ċeḃo tḃoiġ ar oimne aġur fice tḃoiġ timċioll, aġur bī ré lionta le h-uirġe, aġur bī arim ar ipḃionn aġ faise an fāinne.

Nuaiḃ o’imtiġ an fean ruġ, tāinis fionnġuala aġur o’fiarḃuiġ, “Ĉao tā aġao le deunam andiū?” O’innir ré oī, aġur dubairt rī, “Iḃ oḃeāir an obair i rin, aċt deunraiḃ mé mo oitċioll le oḃ beata oḃ fābāil.” An rin tuġ rī oḃ maiḃfēoīl, arān, aġur fion. Rinne rī ruḃeāc \* oī fēin aġur ċuaiḃ rīoḃ ran tobar. Nioḃ bḃaḃa zo bḃeāraiḃ ré oḃeāc aġur tinnteāc aġ teāct amāc ar an tobar, aġur toḃan ann mar toirneāc ārḃ, aġur oḃine ar bit oḃ oḃeāc aġ ēirteāct leir an toḃan rin faoilfēāḃ ré zo raiḃ arim ipḃinn aġ tḃoiḃ.

Faoi ċeann tamail, o’imtiġ an oḃeāc, ċoiḃ an tinnteāc aġur an toirneāc, aġur tāinis fionnġuala anioḃ leir an bḃainne. Šeācāir rī an fāinne oḃ māc an ruġ, aġur dubairt rī: “Šnōċaiġ mé an ċaḃ, 7 tā oḃ beata fābāilta, aċt feuc, tā laiḃiċin mo lāime oḃeire bḃirte. Aċt b’ēiḃir ġur āḃamail an nioḃ ġur bḃirfēāḃ é. Nuaiḃ tiuċfar m’atair, nā taḃair an fāinne oḃ, aċt baġair é zo ċuaiḃ. Oḃeāraiḃ ré tū ann rin le oḃ beān oḃ toġaḃ, aġur reo an ċaoi oḃeunfar tū oḃ roġa. Oḃēir mipe aġur mo oḃeipḃiḃraċa i feompa, oḃēir poll ar an oḃor, 7 ċuirfimiḃ uile ār lāma amāc mar ċruimigsin. Ĉuirfēir tuḃa oḃ lām tḃiḃ an bḃoll, aġur an lām ċonġbōċar tū ġrēim uirri nuaiḃ foḃġōlaiḃ

\* Ruḃeāc no ruḃeāc = “Ĉrotaċ marb,” rōḃt ēin uirġe.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'áir an doiar, ir i rin lám an té beirdear aSao mar mnaoi:  
Tis leat mire d'áitne ar mo lairdicín bhirte."

"Tis liom, aSur spáó mo éiríde tú, a fionnguala," ar ran  
mac iúg:

Tráchnóna an lae rin, táinig an fear-iúg aSur o'fiarpuir: "An  
bpuair tú fáinne mo mátar móire?"

"Fuairdear go deimín," ar ran mac iúg; "bí arim 'gá cúmhóac  
ar iprionn, aet buail mire iao, aSur buailfinn a reat n-oireao;  
Nac bfuil fíor aSao sup Connactac mé?"

"Tabair dam an fáinne," ar ran fear iúg.

"Go deimín, ní tiubhaó," ar reirean; "éiríde mé go cruaid  
ar a fon; aet tabair dam-ra mo bean. Teartaig' uaim beir aS  
imteact."

Tus an fear iúg arteaó é, aSur tudaire, "Tá mo éiríde ingean  
'ran reompa rin io' láirar. Tá lám gac doin aca rinte amac,  
aSur an té éongbócar tú gneim uirru go bforzólaró mire an  
doiar, rin i do bean."

Cuir an mac iúg a lám trío an bpoll do bí ar an doiar, aSur  
fuair pé gneim ar lám an lairdicín bhirte, aSur éongbais gneim  
cruaid air, sup forgail an fear iúg doiar an treompa.

"S í reó mo bean," ar ran mac iúg; "tabair dam anoir rpré  
o'ingine."

"Ní' de rpré aici le fágail aet caoil-eac donn le ríó do  
tabaire abaire, aSur nári aSao ríó ar air, beó ná maró, go  
reó!"

Cuaid an mac iúg 7 fionnguala ar marcuiseact ar an gcaoil-  
eac donn; aSur níor bpaó go dtánsaóar go dtí an coill 'n ar  
fás an mac iúg a cú aSur a feabac. Bí ríao ann rin poime, mar  
don le na éapall bpeáig dub. Cuir pé an t-eac caol donn ar  
air ann rin. Cuir pé fionnguala aS marcuiseact ar a éapall,  
aSur léim ruar, é péin,

A cú le n-a coir  
A feabac ar a boir,

aSur níor reao pé go dtáinig pé go Rát Cruacáin:

Bí fáilte móir poime ann rin, aSur níor bpaó sup póraó é  
péin aSur fionnguala. Cuit ríao beata paó feunmar,—aet ir  
beag má tá loig an trean-éairleáin le fágail andiú i Rát-Cruacá-  
áin Connacti



hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of the day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,  
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

# A GÁNAIS AN CÚIL CEANGAILTE

A gánais an cúil ceangailte  
 Le a maib mé real i n-éinfeacht;  
 Cuaird tu 'réir, an bealach ro,  
 'S ní táinig tu do m'feucaint:  
 Saoil mé naé n-deunfaide dochar duit  
 Dá dtuicpá, a'r mé d' iarraid,  
 'S gur b'i do phóigín tabairfead rólár  
 Dá mbeidinn i lár an fiabhair:

Dá mbeirfead maoin agam-ra  
 Agus airgead ann mo póca  
 Deunfaínn bóitpín aic-giorpac  
 Go doim ar tige mo rtoipín,  
 Mar fáil le Dia go g-cluinnfinn-re  
 Toimann binn a bpoige,  
 'S ír fad an lá ó codail mé  
 Aet ag fáil le bliar do phóige:

A'r faoil me a rtoipín  
 Go mbuó gealaé agus spian tu;  
 A'r faoil mé 'nna diais rin  
 Go mbuó rneacta ar an trliab tu;  
 A'r faoil mé 'nn a diais rin  
 Go mbuó lócpánn o Dia tu,  
 No gur ab tu an peult-eólaí  
 Ag dul róimam a'r mo diais tu:

Geall tu ríoda 'r raicín dam  
 Callaíde 'r bpoíga árhoa,  
 A'r geall tu tar éir rin  
 Go leanpá trío an trnáim mé:  
 Ní mar rin atá mé  
 Aet mo rgeac i mbeul beapna;  
 Sae nóin a'r sae maroin  
 Ag feucaint tige m' atar:

# RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,  
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,  
 You passed by the road above,  
 But you never came in to find me ;  
 Where were the harm for you  
 If you came for a little to see me ;  
 Your kiss is a wakening dew  
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store  
 I would make a nice little boreen  
 To lead straight up to his door,  
 The door of the house of my storeen ;  
 Hoping to God not to miss  
 The sound of his footfall in it,  
 I have waited so long for his kiss  
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—  
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,  
 And I thought after that you were snow,  
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;  
 And I thought after that you were more  
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,  
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,  
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,  
 And satin and silk, my storeen,  
 And to follow me, never to lose,  
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;  
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall  
 I am now left lonely without thee,  
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all  
 That I see around or about me.



## COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.\*

A b'ead ó roin, in ran t-rean-aimir, bí baintreabac d'arb' ainm b'pígeo ní spádaig, 'na cómnuiúe i sConradé na Gaillimhe: bí don mac amáin aici d'ar b'ainm Taógs. Rugaó é mí tar éir báir a ácar i lár coille bige aitinne do bí ag fáir ar éaoib énuic i ngar do'n tíg. Ar an áobair rin, gáir na daoine Coirnín na h-Aitinne mar lear-ainm air. Táinig cinneap obann ar an mnaoi boicé nuair bí sí ag reólaó na mbó ruar ar éaoib an énuic.

Nuair rugaó Taógs bí ré 'na naoréanán b'eadg, agus méadóig ré go maíó go maib ré ceitpe bliadhna d'aoir, áct ó'n am rin amac níor fáir ré orólaó go maib ré trí bliadhna deus, no níor éuir ré cor faoi le coirceim do píúbal, áct d'féuofaó ré imteáct go tapa go leóir ar a d'á láim agus ar a éaoib fíar, agus d'á gcluinfeadó ré don duine ag teáct cum an tíg, do buailfeadó ré a d'á láim faoi, agus do raadó ré d'áon léim amáin ó'n teine go dtí an doras; agus do éuirfeadó ceuó míle fáilte roim an té táinig. Bí sean móir ag aoir óig an baile air, mar do g'eideadó ríad spéann móir ar, gac uile oirde. Ó'n am bí ré reáct mbliadhna d'aoir, bí ré dearlámac agus úráideac d'á mátair, agus d'á mátair-móir do bí 'na cómnuiúe i n-aon tíg leir. In ran b'rógmar, téideadó ré ar a lámhaib agus ar a éaoib-fíar ruar ar éaoib an énuic, i bíod ag ite bláct na h-aitinne mar gábar. Bí ábann beag ann, roir an teac agus an enoc, agus do raadó ré de léim tar an ábainn com h-áreac le g'eirpíad:

Buó fean-gosaide an mátair-móir. Bí sí boóar agus beag-naó balb, agus b'iomóda troio do bíod aici féin agus ag Taógs.

Don lá amáin, duabair an mátair le Taógs, "Caitpíó mé, a táirgín, tóin leatáir éur ar do b'píctib; tá mé r'griorta ag ceannac b'píóin, agus nuair b'eideap ré deunta agam caitpíó tú out go táillíur le ceirto d'foglaim."

"D'ar m'focal," ar ra Taógs, "ní h-é rin an ceirto b'eideap agam. Ní'l in ran táillíur áct an naomáó cuio d'feap. Má éugann tú ceirto ar bit óam, deun píobairé díom—tá r'péir móir agam in ran sceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran mátair.

An lá 'na diaig rin, éuair sí cum an baile móir leir an leatár d'fáigil, agus nuair fuair buacaillió beaga an baile go maib an mátair imtígce, fuaradap poc gábar do bí ag páiróin bacac O Ceallaig, agus éuir ríad Coirnín ag marcuigeáct air. Ar go

\* Ó p'pínpíar O Connéubair do fuair mé an r'géal ro.

## COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin\* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

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\* Pronounced "Curneen."

bhrát leir an bpoc, as meigilt éom h-áir asur o'feur ré, 7 Coirínín ar a muin as ríreaoil mar duine ar a céil, le faicéior so o'uitreao ré, asur buacailir an baile 'na diais. Tus an poc tgaró ar bóán páirín, asur nuair éonairc páirín an poc 7 a mairc as teact. raol ré gur b'é an rean-buacail do bi as aeact 'na éoinne. Níor fíubail páirín coirceim le react mbliab-anair poime rin, aet, nuair éonairc ré an poc as teact arteac ar an doiar, éuaró ré o'don léim amac ar an bfuinneóis, asur garó ré ar na cómarannair é do fávbail o'n diaibail do bi 'na diais.

Bí na buacailir as garóir 7 as ríreaoil bor gur éur ríao an poc ar mipe, asur amac air leir ar an teact. Nuair éonairc páirín é as teact an daria uair, ar so bhrát leir, asur an poc asur Coirínín ar a muin 'na diair. Bí adairca fada ar an bpoc, asur bí ríeim an fíir báirde as Coirínín oirra. Tus páirín agair ar garillim, asur an poc o'd leanamaint. O'éirig an garó asur táinig doaine na mbailte ar gar táoir de'n bótar amac, asur a leicéir de garéail ní raib airiam i ríonao na garillime. Níor ríao páirín so nreacair ré arteac i ríatair na garillime asur an poc 7 a mairc le na fálaib. Duó lá margaró é asur bí na ríaríoeanna líonta le doaimib. Tóraig páirín as glaoac asur as garéail ar na doaimib é do fávbail asur bí ríao-ran as deunam margaró raol. Éuaró ré ruar ríaró asur anuar ríaró eile asur bí as imteact so raib an ríian as uol raol 'ran ríatónna.

Conairc Coirínín úbla breága ar élar, asur rean-bean anaice leó, asur táinig uúil móir, air, cuir de na n-úblaib do beir aige. Ríaoil ré a ríeim ar adaircaibair puic asur éuaró ré de léim ar élar na n-úball. Ar so bhrát leir an r-rean-bean asur o'fás rí na n-úbla 'na diais, óir bí rí leat-maró leir an ríannaró.

Níor b'rao bí Coirínín as ite na n-úball nuair táinig a mátar i látar, asur nuair éonairc rí Coirínín, gearr rí loir na cpoire uirri réin, 7 duairt, "1 n-ainm Oé, a Coirínín, cao do tus ann ro tú?"

"Ríarraig rin de páirín O Ceallais asur o'd poc garair; tá an t-ao oir, a mátar, nac b'uil mo muineul b'irte."

Éur rí Coirínín arteac in a ríarige asur tus agair ar an mbailte:

Aet ir arteac an níó tárla do páirín O Ceallais. Nuair rígar Coirínín leir an bpoc, lean ré páirín amac ar an mbótar móir, táinig ruar leir, éur a o'd adairc raol, cair ar a o'ruim é, asur níor fear so o'táinig ré a-bailte. Tuirig páirín as an doiar, asur éur an poc maró ar an cairrig. Éuaró páirín 'na éolao, óir bí ré leat-maró asur bí ré mall 'ran oirde, asur



the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuaire d'éiríú ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fágáil beo ná marb ; agus dubaínt na daoine uile go mbuó poc thaoiúeaceta do bi ann. Ar éaoi ar bit eus ré coiríúeacét do fároin O Ceallais, ruo nac raib aige le feacét mbliadnaib poime rin.

Cuaird an rgeul trío an tír, go scuaird gac uile fear, bean, 7 páirde 1 gconuae na Saillimé é, agus ip iomda cur-píor do bi air, poim trátóna an laé rin. Dubaínt cur go poc thaoiúeaceta do bi 1 bpoc fároin, 7 go raib ré mann-páirteac leir ; dubaínt cur eile go mbuó fear ríde Coirínín, agus go mbuó cóir a dógad.

An oirde rin, d'innir Coirínín h-uile níó 1 taoiú na caoi do eus an poc go Saillim é, 7 táinís na buacailiú go teac úrígíó Ní Spadais, agus bi gneann móir aca as éirteacét le Coirínín as innrint 1 taoiú na marcuigeaceta do bi aige go Saillim ar muin puic fároin Uí Ceallais, agus gac níó tárla leir ar fead an laé.

An oirde rin, nuair cuaird Coirínín ar a leabur, táinís brón éigin air, agus 1 n-ait corualta topais ré as reitírl. D'farpais a mátair dé creao do bi air. Dubaínt reirean nac raib píor aige. "Ní'l opt acé fearóir," ar píre ; "rtop do cur reitírl, 7 leis dúinn corualó." Acé níor rtop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin níor feud ré gneim d'íte, agus dubaínt ré le na mátair, "Racao amac, go bfeiciró mé an ndéunfaid an t-aér maí dam." "D'éiríó go ndéunfaid," ar píre.

Leir rin, buail ré a dá láim faoi, agus cuaird d'aon leim amáin go dtí an doras, agus amac leir. Eus ré aghair ar na h-aitéan-naib, 7 níor rtao go ndéacair ré arceac 'na mears. Sin ré é féin íoir dá rgeac agus níor bfaa go raib ré 'na corualó. Bi bpionglóir aige go raib an poc le n-a taoiú, as iarpair caint do cur air. Dúirís ré, acé 1 n-ait an puic bi fear breag sruasac taob leir, 7 dubaínt ré, "A Coirínín, ná bíod eagla opt pómam-ra. Ip capair mé, 7 tá mé ann ro le cómairle do leara do tabaínt duit, má glacann tú uaim i. Tá tú do cláiríneac ó ruasó tú, 7 do cúir-masair as buacailiú an baile. Ip míre an poc gabair do eus go Saillim tú, acé tá mé acruiscte anoir go dtí an puocet in a bfeiceann tú mé. Ní feurpáin an t-acruasó d'fágáil go dtusfáin an marcuigeacét rin duit, agus anoir tá cúmaac móir agam. D'feurpáin do learuasó ar bail, acé déarfao na cómapanna go raib tú mann-páirteac leir na ríde, agus ní feurpá an bapamail rin baint díob. Tá tú do fuidé anoir go díreac in fan áit an ruasó tú, 7 tá pota óir 1 bpoisreacét troisge doo' taoiú-fiar, acé ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feurpá úráir maí do deunam dé. Teirís a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amárac, abair le do mátair go raib bpionglóir breag



till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in



asao go raib luid as fár le coir na h-aibne do bheirfadh riúbal agus lút duit; abair an fuo ceudna léi trí maidin anois a céile, agus cneitíó rí go bfuil ré fíor. Nuair pacar tú as tóruigeacht na luibe geobair tú i as fár taob-fíor de'n éileic móir nigeacáin atá as bpuac na h-aibne; tabair leat i agus bpuil i, agus ól an rúg, agus beir tú ionnán pára do nit anaíóir buacáil ar bit in ran bparáirce. Beir iongantár ar na daoine i uotac, aet ní maíiríó rin a-bpao. Beir tú trí bliadhna deas an lá rin. Tar 'ran oirde cum na h-aite reo; beir an pota óir cósta asam-ra, aet ar do beata congbaig d'innicinn asao féin, agus ná h-innir do duine ar bit go bpacair tú mire. Iméig anoir. Slán leat."

Seall Coirínín go ndéanfaí ré fad níó dubairt an spuasac beas léir, 7 táinig ré a-baile, lútgáiréac go leór. Bpéatnaig an mátair nac raib ré com spuasac agus bí ré pul má ndeacair ré amac, agus dubairt rí, "Saoilim, a mic, go ndéanair an t-aer maíó duit."

"Rinne go deimín," ar peirean, "agus tabair fuo le n'ite dam anoir."

An oirde rin, i n-aic do beir as reitíil, coval ré go bpeas, agus ar maidin dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí bpuonglóir bpeas asam aréir, a mátair."

"Ná tabair don áir ar bpuonglóir," ar ran mátair; "1r contráita tuiteann ríó amac."

Cait Coirínín an lá as rmuáinead ar an gcómpad do bí aige leir an nspuasac beas, 7 ar an paróbpéar móir do bí le fágail aige. Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpuonglóir bpeas rin asam aréir arí."

"Go méadaigíó Dia an maíó, 7 go lagdaigíó Sé an t-olc," ar ran mátair; "eualair mé go minic dá mbeidead an bpuonglóir céadna as duine trí oirde anois a céile, go mbeidead rí fíor."

An tríomad maidin, d'éirig Coirínín go moé agus dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpuonglóir bpeas rin asam aréir arí, agus, ó tápla go dtáinig ré eugam trí oirde anois a céile, pacair mé le feucaint bpuil don fírinne innici. Connair mé luid in mo bpuonglóir do bheirfadh mo riúbal agus mo lút dam."

"An bpacair tú in ran mbpuonglóir cá raib an luid as fár?" ar ran mátair.

"Connair go deimín," ar peirean; "cá rí as fár taob leir an gclóic móir nigeacáin atá ar bpuac na h-aibne."

"Go deimín, ní'l don luid as fár anaice leir an gclóic nigeacáin," ar ran mátair; "bí mé 'ran áit rin go minic, agus ní feutafadh rí beir ann a-san-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“D'éiríodh sup fár rí ann ó foin,” arsa Coirínín, “agus pacáid m'ire dá tópaigeaé.”

Buail ré a dá lámh faoi, agus éuaíodh d'aon léim amháin go dtí an doimhne, agus amach leir. Níor b'fada go raib ré ag an gcloic niseadán, agus fuair ré an luib. Tug ré léimeanna mar fíad a mbeideadh saothar 'gá leanamaint, ag teacht a-baile le teann-lútgáire:

“A mátaí,” ar reirean, “b'fíor dam mo bhionglóir. Fuair mé an luib. Cuir p'íor dam an pota agus bhuil dam é.”

Cuir an mátaí an luib 'ran bpota, agus timéilí cápta uirge leir, agus nuair bí sí bhuilte agus an rúg fuar, d'ól Coirínín é. Ní raib ré móimíod in a bols nuair fear ré fuar ar a coraib agus coraib ré ag p'it fuar agus anuair. Bí iongantach mór ar a mátaí. Coraib rí ag tabairt míle glóir agus altugadh do Dia; ann rin gáir rí ar na cómarpannaib agus d'innir dóib bhionglóir Coirínín, agus an éaoi a bfuair ré úráio a cor. Bí lútgáire mór oirra uile, mar bí b'p'íor ní g'rádaib 'na cómarpan mait agus bí meap aca uile uirri.

An oirde rin, éuinnis buacailíod an baile arteaé le lútgáire do deunam le Coirínín agus le n-a mátaí. Nuair bíodh uile ag cóimíad cia fíubalpaé arteaé aet páirín O Ceallaig. Bí fíad uile ag caint faoi an gcaoi a bfuair Coirínín a fíubal agus lúe a énam.

“Go deimín ir dam-ra bué cóir d'ó beir buidead; 'ré an crataé do tug mo poc-sabair-re d'ó do pinne an obair, agus tá p'íor ag h-uile duine go dtug an maircuigeaé do pinne ré, úráio mó cor ar air dam féin. Oé, mo bhón! go bfuair mo poc b'p'íor b'p'íor!”

“Tug tá h-éitead,” ar Coirínín, “r'í an luib do léigearaib mé. Rinne mé bhionglóir trí oirde anuair a céile go léigreóad an luib mé, agus éis le mo mátaí a érotaéad go raib mé mo élaib-inead tar éir mo teacht' ó g'ailín, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“D'f'euorainn mo mionna tabairt go bfuil mo mac ag innirint na p'irinne glaine,” ar ran mátaí.

Ann rin coraib cáé ag deunamí mazaíod faoi páirín, sup iméis ré amach:

Éuaíodh gac uile níod go mait le Coirínín agus le n-a mátaí 'na diaib reó. Don oirde amháin nuair éuaíodh an mátaí agus na cómarpanna 'na gcaolaé, éuaíodh Coirínín cum na h-Aitinne. Bí a éaraíodh, an g'ruagaé beag, ann rin p'íor, agus bí an pota óir p'íor d'ó.

“Seó duit anoir an pota óir; cuir i d'airge é i n-ait ar bíe ir toil leat. Tá an oiréad ann agus deunfar duit fad do beata.”



"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“Saoilim go b’áspair mé é in ran bpoll a raið ré ann,” ar ra Coirínín “áct béaspair mé poinn dé a-baile liom.”

“Ná tabair leat fóir é, áct bíod b’ionglóir eile ása mar bí ása ceana, agus, ’na díais rin, tís leat poinn dé do tabairt leat. Ceannais an talam ro agus cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar iusaó tú, agus ní feicfid tú féin ná don duine i n-don tís leat, lá boct fao do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní feicfid tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirínín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, agus créafós or a cloinn, agus táinig ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, dúbairt ré le n-a mátair: “Bí b’ionglóir eile ásam aréir arí,” 7 an trear maidin, dúbairt ré léi, “Tá mo b’ionglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí ásam aréir go díreac mar bí rí ásam an dá uair eile; rin trí uaire anóir a céile, agus tís liom é reo innreac duit nac b’feicfid tú lá boct fao do beata, áct ní tís liom don iud eile do ráb leat o’a táob.”

An oirde rin, cuairt ré cum an pota óir, 7 tug lán r’póirín dé a-baile leir, agus ar maidin tug ré do’n mátair é. “Tá níor mó,” aoir ré, “in ran áit a dtáinig rin ar, agus geobair mé duit é nuair b’éidear ré as tearcál uair, áct ná cuir don ceirt orim o’a táob.”

Níor b’ada ’na díais reo, gur ceannais b’rígí ní s’rádaís bó bainne 7 cuir ar feuraí í. Cuairt rí féin agus Coirínín ar ásaí go maí, agus nuair bí ré ríce bliadán o’aoir, ceannais ré s’ab-áitar móir talman timéiolí na h-aitinne, agus cuir teac b’eads ar bun ar an mball ar iusaó é. Seal gearr ’na díais rin póir ré bean. Bí muirgín móir aise, agus nuair fuair re b’ar le rean-aoir, o’fás ré ói agus a’rígíod as a cloinn, agus ní facair don duine do cóinnais in ran tís rin lá boct aríamh.

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.



# bean an fíor Ruair:

Tá ríad o'á ríad  
 Sur tu páilín rocair i mbrois;  
 Tá ríad o'á ríad  
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpós;  
 Tá ríad o'á ríad  
 A míle spád go dtuag tu dam cáil;  
 Cíó go bfuil fear le págaíl  
 'S leir an cáilliúr bean an fíor Ruair;

Do tugar naoi mí  
 I bphiorún, ceangailte cnuair;  
 Voltair ar mo caolaib  
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar;  
 Tabairfainn-re ríde  
 Mar tabairfá eala coir cuain;  
 Le fonn do beit pinte  
 Siar le bean an fíor Ruair.

Saoil mire a ceud-fearc  
 Go mberó' don tigeir ioir mé 'r tu  
 Saoil mé 'nna déis-rin  
 Go mbreusfá mo leanó ar do glúin;  
 Mallaet Rí Níme  
 Ar an té rin bain díom-rá mo clú;  
 Sin, agus uile go léir  
 Luét bréige cuir ioir mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngáirvín  
 Air a bparann duilleabair a'r blát buide;  
 An uair leasaim mo lám air  
 I r láirín na mbuireann mo éiríde;  
 'S é rólár go báir  
 A'r é o'págaíl o flaitear anuair  
 Don róigin amáin,  
 A'r é o'págaíl o bean an fíor Ruair;

Aet go dtis lá an traoaíl  
 'Nna reubfáir cnuic agus cuain,  
 Tiocfaid rmúit ar an ngréin  
 'S béid na neulita com' ouó leir an ngual;  
 Béid an fairge tírim  
 A'r tiocfaid na brónta 'r na truaig'  
 'S béid an cáilliúr ag ríreabac  
 An lá rin faoi bean an fíor Ruair.

## THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,  
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,  
 'Tis what they say,  
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.  
 'Tis what they say,  
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;  
 That the tailor went the way  
 That the wife of the Red man knew.  
 Nine months did I spend  
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;  
 Bolts on my smalls\*  
 And a thousand locks frowning around;  
 But o'er the tide  
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,  
 Could I once set my side  
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.  
 I thought, O my life,  
 That one house between us love would be;  
 And I thought I would find  
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;  
 But now the curse of the High One  
 On him let it be,  
 And on all of the band of the liars  
 Who put silence between you and me.  
 There grows a tree in the garden  
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,  
 I lay my hand on its bark  
 And I feel that my heart must break.  
 On one wish alone  
 My soul through the long months ran,  
 One little kiss  
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.  
 But the day of doom shall come,  
 And hills and harbors be rent;  
 A mist shall fall on the sun  
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;  
 The sea shall be dry,  
 And earth under mourning and ban;  
 Then loud shall he cry  
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

\* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

## RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.\*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uapal] ann ran tír agus ní raib aige aet don mac amáin. Éainis ré reo [Ríoire na sclear] cuise arteaé trachóna oíðce, agus d'iarr ré lóirtin do féin agus do'n dá-'p'-eus do bí i n-éinfeacht leir.

"Suairac liom mar cá ré agam le t'asair," ar ran feilméar, "aet tiúbhair mé duit é agus do d' dá-'p'-eus." Fuit ruiréar réir d'óib com mait a'r bí ré aige, agus nuair bí an ruiréar caite, d'iarr an Ríoire ar an dá-'p'-eus ro éiríse ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n fear ro, as cairbeánt na ngníomairéa bí aca.

D'éiríse an dá-'p'-eus agus pinneadar gairgídeacta d'ó, agus ní fáca an duine reo ariam píora gairgídeacta mar iad rin, "mairead," adeir an duine-uapal, fear an tige, "níor bfeair liom an oiread ro [de fairbhéar] 'ná d'á mbeiréad mo mac ionnán rin [do] deunam."

"Leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "go ceann lá agus bliadain, agus beir ré com mait le ceactar de na buacailib reo atá agam."

"Leisfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "aet go dtiúbhair tu ar air eugam é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbhair," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar air eugad é."

Fuit bfeacpart ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'óib, nuair bíodar as dul as imfeacht, agus leis an duine-uapal an mac leó, agus d'fan riad amuis lá agus bliadain.

I gceann a' lá agus bliadain éainis riad arís a-baile cuise, agus a mac féin i n-éinfeacht leó. Bí ré [as] fairé orra, agus bí fáilte rompa aige, agus bí oíðce mait aca. Nuair bíodar taréir a ruiréir, d'bhair Ríoire na sclear leir an dá-'p'-eus éiríse ruar arís agus gairgídeact do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt an ruiréir d'óib. Anoir bí a mac féin ann, freirin, agus bí ré i ngar do beir com mait le ceactar aca. "Níl ré 'na gairgídeac fóir com mait le mo cuir-pe fear, aet leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar fear lá agus bliadain eile."

"Leisfead," ar reirean, "aet go dtiúbhair tu ar air eugam é i gceann an lá agus bliadain." D'bhair ré go dtiúbhair.

D'iméir riad leó, an lá ar na márac 'réir bíd na maidne, agus d'fanadar amuis lá agus bliadain eile. Agus i gceann an lá agus bliadain conairic an duine-uapal an comluadar as teact

\* Tá an rgeul ro focal ar focal go víneac mar do ruairéar agus mar do rghobar ríor é ó leat mártain ruairé uí gíollamát (forro i mbeurla), i gconrad na gailíne.



## THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cuise ariú: Tug ré fáilte agus ruipéar dóib, le lútgáiríe iad do beit ar ariú ariú agus a mac leó.

Cáiteadair an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodair 'féir a ruipéir, túbairt ré le n-a cúir fear éiríge ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n duine-uairt do bí tabairt na gnaomhíleact (?) dóib. D'éirigí ríad ruar, trí fíh deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fear de'n méad rín. Ní raib fear ar bit ionnán ceart do baint dé act Ríoríe na gcleair féin.

Deir an duine-uairt, "ní'l fear ar bit aca ionnán gairgídeact do deunam le mo mac féin."

"Ní'l, go deimín," ar Ríoríe na gcleair "don fear ionnán a deunam act mire; agus má leigeann tu dam-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, bíod ré 'na gairgídeact com maít liom féin."

"Maíread, leigfead," ar ran duine-uairt, "leigfid mé leat é," aoir pé.

Aniur, níor iariú pé ari, an t-am ro, a tabairt ar ari ari, mar sinne pé na h-amannata eile, agus níor cúir pé ann a gearaib é.

1 gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uairt ag fanamaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, act ní táinig an mac ná Ríoríe na gcleair. Bí an t-áir, ann rín, faoi imníde móir nac raib an mac ag teact a-baile cuise, agus túbairt ré: "pé b'é áit de'n domán a bfuil ré, cáitfid mé a fágail amac."

D'imtíge ré ann rín agus bí pé ag imteact gur cáit pé trí oíde agus trí lá ag ríubal. Táinig ann rín arteaé i n-áit a raib áriur bpeáig, agus amuig anagair an doirir móir bí trí fíh deus ag bualaó báiríe ann; agus fear pé ag feúaint ar na trí fearaib deus o'd bualaó, agus bí don fear amáin o'd bualaó le o'd-r'-eug aca. Táinig pé 'ran áit a rabadair arteaé ann a meafg ann rín, agus 'ré a mac féin bí ag bualaó an báiríe leir an o'd-r'-eug eile.

Cúir pé fáilte poim an áir ann rín: "O! a áir," aoir pé, "ní'l don fágail agad oim. Ní sinne tura," aoir pé, "do gnaata (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunam maraí leiríe níor iariú tu ari; mire [do] tabairt ar ari eugad."

"Ír fíor rín," aoir an t-áir:

"Aniur," aoir an mac, "ní bfuigfid tu feúaint oim anoct, act deunfar trí colaim deus oinn agus cáitfidíe gnaa coime ar an uilár agus deirfáir Ríoríe na gcleair má aítigíeann tu do mac oim rín [= ann a meafg-ran] go bfuigfid tú é. Ní bíod mire ag íte don gnaí ag bíd na cinn eile ag íte. Bíod mire dul anonn 'r anall 'r ag bualaó puoca ann ran-gcúir eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that



de na colamaib. Seobair tu do poġan aġur d'earraib tu leir ġur b'é mé tōġpar tu. Sin é an comarġa beirum duit, i pioct ġo n-aithneócaib tu mire amearġ na ġcolam eile, aġur ma tōġann tu ġo ceart, beir mé aġao an uair rin."

D'fás an mac é ann rin, aġur táinis pé arġeac ann ran teac, aġur cuir Ríodipe na ġcleap fáilte pioime. Dubairt an duine-uapal ġo dtáinis pé aġ iarraib a mic nuair nae dtuġ an Ríodipe ar air leir é i ġceann na bliadna. "Níor cuir tu rin ann ran marġaó," ar ran Ríodipe, "aet ó táinis tu com fada rin d'a iarraib, cairpib pé beir aġao, má 'r féirib leat a tōġaó amac." Ruġ pé arġeac ann rin é ġo reompa a faib tpi colaim deus ann, aġur dubairt pé leir, a poġa colaim do tōġaó amac, aġur dá mbuó h-é a mac féin do tōġpar pé ġo dtuicpar leir a congbdail. Bí na colaim uile aġ piocaó na nġrána coirce de'n uirlár, aet don ceann amáin do bí ġabail tairt aġur aġ bualaó ppioca ann ran ġcuid eile aca. Do tōġ an duine-uapal an ceann rin. "Tá do mac ġnótaigġe aġao," ar ran Ríodipe.

Cairt fiaó an oirde rin buil (?) a céile, aġur d'imtġis an duine-uapal aġur a mac an lá ar na márac aġur d'fásadair Ríodipe na ġcleap. Nuair bí fiaó aġ dui a-baile ann rin, táinis fiaó ġa baile-mór, aġur bí donac ann, aġur nuair bíodair dui arġeac ann ran donac d'iarra an mac ar a atair rpeang do ceannac aġur do deunam adartair dó. "Deunparó mire rtail díom féin," d'oir pé, "aġur díolparó tu mé ar an donac ro. Tuicparó Ríodipe na ġcleap eusao ar an donac—tá pé do d' leanamaint anoir—aġur ceannócaib pé mire uait. Nuair beirdear tu 'ġ am' díol, ná tabair an t-adartair uait aet congbdaiġ eusao féin é, aġur [ir] féirib liom-ra teacé ar air eusao—aet an t-adartair do congbdail."

Rinne an mac rtail de féin ann rin, aġur fuair an t-atair adartair aġur cuir pé air é. Tairpains pé fuar ann rin ar an donac é, aġur ir ġearr do bí pé 'na fearam ann rin, nuair táinis Ríodipe na ġcleap cuir aġur d'iarra pé cia méao do beirdeó ar an rtail aise. "Tpi ceud púnta" deir an duine-uapal. "Tiúbhraib mire rin duit," deir Ríodipe na ġcleap—tiúbhraib pé ruo ar bit dó aġ fáil ġo bpuigfeao pé an mac ar air, mar bí fíor aise ġo maít ġur b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbhraib mire duit é ar an aipġíod rin," ar ran duine-uapal, "aet ní tiúbhraib mé an t-adartair." "Duó ceart an t-adartair do tabairt," ar ran Ríodipe.

D'imtġis an Ríodipe ann rin aġur an rtail leir, aġur d'imtġis an duine-uapal ar a bealaé féin aġ dui a-baile. Aet ní faib pé aet amuig ar an donac 'ran am a dtáinic an mac fuar leir air:

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

"A ádair," a deir sé, "tá mé ar fáil anois agad, aet tá donac ann a leiceirí seo d'áit amárac agus pacamaoio arteaé ann."

An lá ar na márac, nuair bíodair ag dul arteaé ann ran donac eile, dúbairt an mac: "Deunfair mé rtail díom féin agus tiucfair Ríoripe na gcleair arís dom' ceannac. Tiúbhairt ré airgíod ar bit oim a iarrfar tu, aet cuir ann ran maraó nác ditiúbhairt tura an t-adartar dó." Carrpaingeadair ruar ar an donac ann rin, agus rinne sé rtail dé féin agus cuir an t-adair adartar air agus ir gearr do bí sé ann, 'na fearam, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleair eise agus d'fíarruig sé dé cia méad do beitead ar an rtail aise. "Sé ceo púnta," ar ran duine-uair. "Tiúbhairt mire rin duit," a deir sé. "Aet ní tiúbhairt mé an t-adartar duit." "Duó ceart an t-adartar tabairt arteaé 'ran maraó," ar an Ríoripe, aet ní bfuair sé é.

D'imtíis Ríoripe na gcleair ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus d'imtíis an duine-uair ar a bealaé ag dul a-baile, aet ní raib sé i mbeanna a' coruim ag dul amac ar an donac am [nuair] a dtáinig an mac arís ruar leir.

"Tá go maí, ádair" a deir sé, "tá an uair reó gnótaigte agáinn, aet ní'l fíor agam ceo deunfair an lá-amárac linn. Tá donac ann a leiceirí seo d'áit amárac agus carrpóngamaoio ann."

Cuadair mar rin ar an donac an lá ar n-a márac, agus rinne an mac rtail dé féin, agus cuir an t-adair adartar air, agus ir gearr do bí sé 'na fearam ar an donac i n-am táinig Ríoripe na gcleair arís eise. D'fíarruig an Ríoripe cia méad do beitead ré ag iarrairt ar an rtail bheáí rin do bí aise ann ran adartar. "Naol gceo púnta tá mire ag iarrairt air," ar ran duine-uair. Níor faoil sé go ditiúbhairt ré rin dó. Aet ní cónsbócaó airgíod ar bit an rtail ó'n Ríoripe. "Tiúbhairt mé rin duit," a deir sé. Cuir sé a lámh ann a póca agus tug sé an naol gceo púnta dó, agus rug sé ar an rtail leir an lámh eile, agus d'imtíis sé leir com luac rin gur dearmad an duine-uair é do cuir ann ran maraó an t-adartar tabairt ar air dó.

D'fan sé ag rúil go bfillfead an mac, aet níor fill sé. Tug sé ruar é ann rin agus dúbairt sé nác raib don maí dó trupón (?) [beir ag rúil] go bráit leir, ná le n-a teact ar air arís go bráit.

Tug Ríoripe na gcleair ann rin an mac leir, agus bí sé tabairt 'c uile fíor pionnúir agus oio-uair dó, agus ní leisfead sé é ar bop le don duine ag ite a beata, aet bí sé ann rin ceangailte, agus an lá leisfead sé na gairgíóis eile amac, ní leisfead



was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eiréan leó: Bí ré real fada mar rin, agus Ríoripe na gcleap as cur d'íoc-méar air agus as tabairt uile fíoríon pionnúir do:

Tuit ré amac sup iméig Ríoripe na gcleap an lá ro ar baile, agus d'fásbair ré eiréan ann ran bfuinneóis ir áiríde 'ran teac, 'n áit nac raib ruo ar bit le fásail aige; agus é ceangailte ann rin, fuar i n-áiríde. Agus nuair bí 'é uile duine iméigíte ann rin, agus san ar an t-ríáirí dect é féin agus an cailín, d'iarr ré deoc uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gcailin. Dubairt an cailín go mbeirdear faicéor uirru dá b'fásad a máisírtir amac í, go mar-bócad ré í.

"Ní cloirpíó duine ar bit go deó é," aoiré ré, "ná bíod faicéor ar bit oir, ní mife innreócar [= inneórar] do é." Tug sí fuar an deoc uirge éirge ann rin, agus nuair éir ré a clois-ionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, sinne ré earcon de féin agus éiríó ré ríor ann ran poiteac. Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuis de 'n doirur bí [as] iut go n'beacáir ré ardeac ann ran abainn, agus éir sí amac ann ran ríotán sac a raib d'fúigleac 'ran poiteac aici. Bí seiréan as imteact ann ríur agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, as tarrainst a-baile.

Nuair táinís Ríoripe na gcleap a-baile, éiríó ré fuar go bfeicfead ré an fear d'fás ré ceangailte, agus ní bfuair ré é poime ann. D'fíarfuig ré de 'n cailín ar airis sí é as imteact. Dubairt an cailín náir airis, dect go deus sí féin bpaon uirge fuar éirge.

"Agus cá 'n éir tu an fúigleac do bí asad?" aoiré ré:

"Éir mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar ríre.

"Tá ré iméigíte 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," aoiré ré, "gleur-aigíó fuar," aoiré ré, leir an dá-'n-'eug fíaríróeac, "go leanfamaoio é."

Rinneadar dá mádarí deus uirge díob féin agus leanadar ann ran abainn é; agus nuair bíodar as teact fuar leir ann ran abainn d'éiríó ré 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran aéir.

Nuair fuair ríad rin amac sup iméig ré ar an abainn, sinneadar dá feadac deus díob féin agus d'iméigeadar anois ar éin—uiréó go sinne ré de féin—agus bíodar as teact fuar leir.

Nuair fuair ré iad as teannad leir, agus nac raib ré ionnán out uata, bí faicéor móir air. Bí bean as cátaó amuis ar páirce báin. Tuirpíng ré 'nuar ar an aéir, ó beir 'na eun, i ngar do'n coirce, agus sinne ré gána coirce de féin.

Tuirpíng ríad féin 'na díais agus sinneadar dá ceap-fíancac

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.



deus viod féin, [asur ví an Rivipe 'na coileac-francae]. Toraig-  
easdar as ite an coince ann rin asur faoil ríad é beit ite aca,  
aet ní raib. Ví ríad as ite an coince so raib ríad i ngar do  
beit rátae.

Nuair méar reirean so raib a ráit ite aca, asur nac mabadar  
ionnán móran eile do deunam, v'éirig ré ruar asur rinne ré  
rionnac de féin, asur bain ré an cloigíonn de'n dá francae deus  
asur de'n coileac:

Ví ceat aige out a-baile v'a atair ann rin nuair bíodar uile  
marb aige: Asur rin veipe Rivipe na sclear. '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

## MO BHRÓN AIR AN BPAIRRGE.

Mo bhrón air an bpairrge

Ir é tã mór,

Ir é sabbail roir mé

'S mo míle rtor:

O'fágað 'ran mbaile mé

Deunam bhrón,

San don tróil tar fáile liom

Coróce ná go deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire

'Sur mo múinnín dān

I s-cúige laigean

No i s-conuadé an Chláir

Ma bhrón nac bfuil mire

'Sur mo míle spáð

Air boru loingse

Triall go 'Mericá:

Leaburo luacra

Ói páim ariér,

Agur caic mé amac é

Le tear an laé:

Táinig mo spáð-ra

Le mo taéb

Suala air sualaín

Agur beul ar beul



## MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.\*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,  
 How the waves of it roll!  
 For they heave between me  
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,  
 To grief and to care,  
 Will the sea ever waken  
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!  
 Would he and I were  
 In the province of Leinster  
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—  
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—  
 On board of the ship  
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes  
 All last night I lay,  
 And I flung it abroad  
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—  
 He came from the South;  
 His breast to my bosom.  
 His mouth to my mouth.

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\* *Literally:* My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

## AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BPAO AN A MÁTAR.\*

A bpaó ó foir bí lánamain póрта dar b' ainm páorais asur Nuála ní ciapacáin. Bídeadar bliadain asur fíde póрта san don élan do beit aca, asur bí brón mór orra, mar nac faib don oirde aca le na gcuir faibhir o' fásbáil aige. Bí dá acra talman, bó, asur péire sabar aca, asur bí tuairm aca go rabadar faibhir.

Don oirde amáin, bí páorais teacé a-baile o teacé duine muinntirig, asur nuair táinig ré com fáda leir an poilis maol, táinig sean duine liac amac asur dubhairt: "Go mbeannaisiú Dia duit." "Go mbeannais' Dia 'sur Muire duit," ar páorais. "Cad atá as cur bhóin ort?" ar sean duine. "Níl morán go deimhin," ar páorais, "ní béir mé a bpaó beó, asur níl mac 'ná ingean le caoinead mo diais nuair geobar mé báp." "b' éirir nac mbeirdeá mar rin," ar sean duine. "Faraor! beirdead," ar páorais, "táim bliadain asur fíde póрта, asur níl don coramlacé fóp." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbéir mac ós as do mnaoi, trí fáite ó'n oirde anocht." Cuair páorais a-baile, lútgáirde go leór, asur o'innir an rseul do Nuála. "Ara! ní faib ann ran tsean duine acé sogaille, a bí as deunam mas-aiú ort," ar Nuála. "Iy maic an rseulair an ainmrig," ar páorais.

Bí go maic asur ní faib go h-ole; real má (pul) ndeacair leir-bliadain éar, connair páorais go faib Nuála dul oirde do tabairt dó, asur bí brón mór air. Corrig ré as cur na feilme i n-orougad, asur as fásbáil gac nio péir le h-asair an oirde óis. An lá táinig tinnear cloinne ar Nuála, bí páorais as cur érainn óis a látar doir ar tige. Nuair táinig an rseul cuige go faib mac ós as Nuála, bí an oirde rin lútgáirde air sur éit ré marb le tinnear éirde.

Bí brón mór air Nuála, asur dubhairt pí leir an naoirdeanán:

"Ní corrigré mé tu om' éic go mbéir tu ionánn an érainn do bí o' átar as cur nuair fuair ré báp do éarraig ar na fíe-maib."

Sorrad páirín ar an naoirdeanán, asur éis an mátar éic do go faib ré peacé mbliadna o'air. Ann rin éis pí amac é le feucaint an faib ré ionánn an érainn do éarraig, acé ní faib. Níor éir rin don oroc-meirdeac ar an mátar, éis pí ardeac é,

\* O fear dar b'ainm bláca, i n-áice le baile-an-róba, gconrad muijs-eó.

## THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or Little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years



ásur tús cíoc feacht mbliathna eile dó, ásur ní naib don buacail ann ran tír ionánn éadct ruar leir i n-obair.

Faoi ceann deirid na ceirne bliathna deus tús a mátair amac é, le feuchaint an naib ré ionánn an crann do tarrainis, áct ní naib, mar bí an crann i n-éirí máit, ásur as fás go móir. Níor cuir rin don oíoc-mirneac ar an mátair.

Tús pí cíoc feacht mbliathna eile dó, ásur faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré com móir ásur com láirir le fada.

Tús an mátair amac é ásur dubairt: "Mur (muna) bfuil tu ionánn an crann rin ro tarrainis anoir, ní tiúbairt mé don b'raon eile cíce duit." Cuir páirín rmugairle ar a lámhaib, ásur fuair gheim ar bun an crainn. An ceuto-iarrair do tús ré, éirí ré an talam feacht bpéirre ar fad taoib dé, ásur leir an d'ara iarrair tós ré an crann ar na f'réamhaib, ásur timcioll fíce tonna de éréapóis leir. "Fádo mo éiríde tu," ar ran mátair, "ir fiú cíce bliathain ásur fíce tu." "A mátair," ar páirín, "d'oibruis tu go cruair le biad ásur deoc do éadairt dam-ra ó rugad mé, ásur tá ré i n-am dam anoir iud éigin do deunam duit-re, ann do sean-laetib. Ir é ped an ceuto-crann do tarrainis mé ásur deunairt mé maide láime dam féin dé." Ann rin fuair ré fáb ásur tuas, ásur gearr an crann, as fásbáil timcioll fíce trois de 'n bun, ásur bí cnar air, com móir le túr de na túraib cruinne do bídeat i n-éirínn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran maide láime nuair bí ré gleurta as páirín.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, fuair páirín gheim ar a maide, d'fás a deannadct as a mátair, ásur d'imctis as córuigeadct peirbire. Bí ré as riúbal go dtáinis ré go cairleán nís laigean. D'farruig an nís dé cad do bí ré 'iarrair. "As iarrair oibre, má ré do toil," ar páirín. "Bfuil don ceirto asao?" ar ran nís. "Níl," ar páirín, "áct tís liom obair ar bit d'á n'oeapnairt fear ariam deunam." "Deunairt mé marfao leat," ar ran nís, "má tís leat h-uile nio a oíodcar mire duit a deunam ar fead ré mí, deunairt mé do meadacan féin d'ór duit, ásur m'ingean mar mnaoi-póirta, áct muna dtis leat fad nio do deunam, caillir tu do ceann." "Táim páirta leir an marfao in," ar páirín: "Téir arteac 'ran rgioból, ásur bí as bualat zoirce do na ba (buaib) go mbéir do ceuto-pronn féir."

Cuair páirín arteac, ásur fuair an rúirce, áct ní naib an rúirctin áct mar éirínn i lám pártais, ásur dubairt ré leir féin, "ir fearr mo maide-lám' ná an gleur rin." Coruis ré as bualat leir an maide-lám' ásur níor b'pao go naib an méad

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the *flaileen* was

do bí ann ran r'gioból buailte aise. Ann rin éuaíó ré amac ann ran n'garóa agus éoruis as bualaó na r'áca coirce agus éruite-neacáta, sup éuir ré cíteanna spáin ar feaó na tíre. Táin'is an n'is amac agus dubairt, "Coirce do lám, a'beim, no r'giuorfaíó tu mé. Céiró agus beir cúpla buiceó uirge cum na rearb-fóganca ar an loc úo r'ior, agus béiró an leite fuar go leór nuair éucfar tu ar air." O'feuc páiróin éar, agus éonnairé ré dá báirille mói polam, le coir balla. Fuair ré spaim o'ria, ceann aca ann gac lám, éuaíó cum an loca, agus tuis iao lionta go cúl doirair an éairleám. Bí ionganca ar an n'is nuair éonnairé ré páiróis as teacé, agus dubairt ré leir: "Céiró arteaé, tá an leite réiró duit." Éuaíó páiróin arteaé, agus éuaíó an n'is cum Daill glic do bí aise, agus o'innir ré do an maraó do pinne ré le páiróin, agus o'fapruis ré dé, éreó do bur cóir do éabairt le deunam do páiróin. "Abair leir dul r'ior agus an loc do éaómaó, agus é do beir deunta aise, real má o'éiró an spian faoi, an t'raónóna ro."

Spáir an n'is ar páiróin agus dubairt leir: "Taóim an loc rin r'ior agus bíó ré deunta asao real má o'éiró an spian faoi an t'raónóna ro." "Mat go leór," ar páiróin, "acé cia an áit a éuirfeair mé an t-uirge?" "Cuir ann ran n'gleann mói atá i n'gar do'n loc é," ar ran n'is. Ní raib ioir an gleann agus an loc acé r'gonra, agus bídeáó na daoine as deunam bócair-coirce dé. Fuair páiróin buiceó, picóiró agus láirde, agus éuaíó cum an loca. Bí bun an gleanna co'póm le bun an loca. Éuaíó páiróin arteaé 'ran n'gleann agus pinne poll arteaé go bun an loca. Ann rin éuir ré a beir ar an bpoll, éarraig anál faóa agus níor fás ré b'raon uirge, iars, ná báó, ann ran loc, nár éarraig ré amac leir an anál rin, agus nár éuir ré arteaé 'ra' n'gleann. Ann rin dún ré fuar an poll.

Nuair o'feuc an n'is r'ior, éonnairé ré an loc com tírm le boir do lámé, agus níor b'pao go o'táin'is páiróin éurige agus dubairt: "Tá an obair rin éruócuirge, caó deunfar mé duit anoir?" "Ní'l don juó eile le deunam asao andiú, acé béiró neair asao le deunam amárac." An oirde rin, éuir an n'is r'ior ar ar n'Dall glic, agus o'innir do an éaoi ar éaóim páiróin an loc, agus nac raib r'ior aise éreó do bearfáó ré do le deunam. "Tá r'ior asam-ra an nró nac mbéiró ré ionánn a deunam, ar maroin amárac, tabair r'pibinn do cum do bearfáácair i n'gaili-ím, abair leir dá f'iciró tonna éruite-neacáta do éabairt éugaó, agus a beir ar air ann ró faoi éeann ceirre uairé ar f'iciró. Tabair an t'rean-láir agus a éairt doó, agus t'is leat beir éinnce nac éucfaró ré ar air." Ar maroin, lá ar na márac, spáir an n'is



only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a sounce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

páirín, agus tug an ríibinn dó, agus dubhairt leir, “fás an láir agus an cáirt agus céir go Sallim. Tabair an ríibinn seo dom’ dearbhrátair, agus abair leir dá fícríonna cnuicneadta do tabhairt duit, agus bí ar air ann go faoi ceann ceirne uaire ar fícrí.”

Fuair páirín an láir agus an cáirt, agus éair ar an mbótar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceirne míle ran uair do ríubal. Ceangail páirín an láir ar an gcairt, cuir ar a gualain é, agus ar go brát leir, tar cnocair agus gleannair, go n’deair ré go Sallim. Tug ré an litar do dearbhrátair an ríis, fuair an cnuicnead agus cuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, rinnead dá leir d’a d’ruim. Cuir páirín an cnuicnead ann ran ríoból. Nuair éair muinntir an cáirleáin na gcoirleáir, éair páirín cum an éair, agus níor fás ré ríabair ar an loingear náir tug ré leir. Ann rin ríobair ré faoi an ríoból, ceangail na ríabair timéirleáir, agus ar go brát leir, agus an ríoból agus gac a raib ann ar a d’ruim. Éair ré tar cnocair agus gleannair, agus níor ríobair gur fás ré an ríoból i láir cáirleáin an ríis. B’i lárán, ceair, agus gíreacá ann ran ríoból. Ar maróin go móc, d’fícrí an ríis amac ar a ríomra agus cnuic d’fícríréad ré ac ríoból a dearbhrátair.

“M’ anam ó’n ríabair,” ar ran ríis “ré rin an fear ir iongantairge ran ríomra.” Táir ré anuair agus fuair páirín le na maróe ann a láir, na fearair le coir an ríoból.

“An d’ug tu an cnuicnead éir?” ar ran ríis.

“Tugair,” ar páirín, “ac tá an ríabair maró.” Ann rin d’innir ré do’n ríis gac ní d’deairréad ré ó d’iméir ré go ríomra ré ar air.

Ní raib fíor as an ríis cnuic do deirréad ré, agus d’iméir ré cum an ríabair gíre, agus dubhairt leir, “mur (muna) n-innirgeann tu éair ní ac mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deirréad, bainir mé an ceann ríob.”

Smuair an ríabair gíre amall agus dubhairt, “abair leir go ríub do dearbhrátair i n-innionn, agus go mbuó maró leat amair do beir asad air, agus abair leir é do tabairt éirad, go mbéir amair asad air; nuair a gíobair ríab in n-innionn é, ní leirí ríab do ríab ar air.”

Gíair an ríis páirín agus dubhairt leir, “tá dearbhrátair éair i n-innionn agus tabair éirad é, go mbéir amair asad air.” “Cia an éair d’deirréad mé do dearbhrátair ó na ríomra eile ac tá ran air rin?” ar páirín.

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a



"Tá fiacail fada i gcearc-lár a cearbair uachtaraigh," arí ían nís:

Cuir páirín rmuairle ar a máire, buail an bótar, agus níor b'pao go dtáinig ré go seata ipinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir arcead amearg na ndiabal é, agus fiúbaíl ré féin arcead 'na diais. Nuair connair Delribú é ag teact, táinig faicéir ar, agus o'farruigh ré dé creuto do b'í a' ceartál uair:

"Dearbhrátair nís largean atá a' ceartál uaim," arí páirín.

"Píoc amac é," arí Delribú.

O'feuc páirín éirí, aet fuair ré níor mó ná dá fícrí fear a raib fiacail fada i gcearc-lár a gcarbair uachtaraigh aca.

"Ar faicéir nac mbeirdear an fear ceart agam," arí páirín, "tiomáirí mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus tís leir an nís a dearbhrátair píocad arca."

Tiomáin ré dá fícrí aca amac poime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i látair éirleáin an nís. Ann íin gáir ré ar an nís agus dubairt leir, "píoc amac do dearbhrátair ar na íir (fearaib) reo."

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus connair ré na diabal le h-adarcarib orra, b'í faicéir ar, r'sreao ré ar páirín agus dubairt, "tabair ar ar íao."

Toruis páirín 'gá mbualad le na máire, íur cuir ré ar ar go h-írrionn íao.

Cuair an nís cum an Daili glie, agus o'innir do an níó do pinne páirín, agus dubairt leir, "ní tís leat innirint dam don níó nac b'pail ré ionánn a deunam, agus caillíró tu do ceann ar máirín amárac."

"Tabair íarríró eile dam," arí ían Daili glie, "agus ní b'író an Connactac a b'pao beo. Ar máirín amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i látair an éirleáin do taor-mad; bíóí íir réir agao, agus nuair a geobar tu ííor ann ían tobair é, abair leir na íir (fearaib), an éloc mullinn atá le coir an balla do éirleam ííor 'na mullac, agus marbócar íin é."

Ar máirín, lá ar na márac, gáir an nís páirín agus dubairt leir: "téir agus taorm an tobair íin tá i látair an éirleáin, agus nuair a b'íreor ré deunta agao, beupíaró mé hata nuao dúit, ír íuapac an cáibín é íin atá orí."

B'í na íir réir ag an nís le páirín boet do marbad, dá b'píorad íao é.

Cuair páirín go b'píac an tobair, luir ííor ar a beul íao;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

asur coruigís as tarrpaingís an uirge arcead ann a beul, asur d'á r'áirtead amad uaid arís go raib an tobair ionnann asur tirm aise. Bí poinn beas i mbun an tobair nac raib taodm'ta, asur euaid páorais ríor le na tirmuig'sa. Táinig na ríir leir an gclóic móir muilinn asur éairteadar ríor ar mullaé páiróin é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na clóice go dínead com móir le ceann páiróin, asur faoil ré gur b' é an hata nuad do éair an ríis ríor éirge, asur glao ré ruar: "táim buirdead díot, a máirgirtir, ar ron an hata nuad." Ann rin táinig ré ruar leir an gclóic muilinn ar a ceann. Bí bródo móir aise ar an hata nuad. Bí iongantair ar an ríis asur ar h-uile duine eile, nuair connaic ríad páiróin leir an gclóic muilinn ar a ceann.

Bí ríor as an ríis nac raib don maít d'ó don níó eile do tabairt do páiróin le deunam, asur duhairt ré leir, "ir tu an reairb-fósanca ir reair do bí asam ariam; ní'l don níó eile asam duit le deunam, asur tar liom-ra, go dtugaid mé do tuairteal duit. Ní'l m' ingean rean go leór le pórad, aet nuair a beirdear rí bliadain asur ríce d'aoir, tís leat i do beir asad."

"Ní'l d'ingean a' teartál uaim," ar páiróin.

Tus an ríis é cum an éirte, an áit a raib go leór óir, asur duhairt leir: "bain díot do hata nuad, asur téir arcead 'ra' r'ála."

"Go deimín, ní bainfid mé mo hata díom, b'ionn tura oim é," ar páiróin, "beirdear ré com maít duit mo b'irte do bainc díom."

Ní raib an oirtead óir asur a meadódad hata páiróin, aet f'ocruigís an ríis leir as tabairt d'ó d'á mála óir. Cuir páiróin ceann aca faoi gac arcall, ruair g'reim air a maide, an hata nuad ar a ceann, asur ar go bráé leir, tar enocaid asur gleanntaid, go dtáinig ré a-baile.

Nuair connaic daoine an baile páiróin as teact leir an gclóic muilinn ar a ceann, bí iongantair móir oirra; aet nuair connaic an mátair an d'á mála óir, buó beas náir éir rí marb le lúe-gáire. Coruigís páiróin, asur cuir ré teac b'reas ar bun d'ó féin, asur d'á mátair. Rinne ré ceirte leir (leatanna) de 'n hata nuad, asur pinne cloca cúinne díob do 'n teac. Congbuis ré a mátair mar m'naoi uairil go b'ruair rí b'ár le rean-aoir, asur éair ré féin beata maít i n'gráó D'ó asur na g-cómairran.



The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

## mála néirín:

Dá mbéirínn-re ari mála néirín  
 'S mo ceuto-ghrád le mo taoib;  
 I r lágac coirdeolamaoir i n-éinfeadú  
 Mar an t-éinín ari an g-craoib;  
 'Sé do bérilín binn bhuatrac  
 Do meudais ari mo pian,  
 Agus corlaó ciúin ní feudaim;  
 So n-éusrafó, faraoir!

Dá mbéirínn-re ari na cuantaid  
 Mar buó dual dam, geobainn rporc;  
 Mo cáirde uile faoi buairdead  
 Agus ghuaim oirna sac ló.  
 Fíor-réat na n-ghuagac  
 Fuair buair a' r clú annr sac gleó,  
 'S gur b'é mo éiríde-réig tá 'nna gual oub;  
 Agus bean mo éruaisge ní'l beó.

Nac doirínn do na h-éiníní  
 A éirígear go h-áirí,  
 'S a corluigear i n-éinfeadú  
 Ari don éraoibín amáin;  
 Ní mar rin dam féin  
 A' r do m' ceuto míle ghraó;  
 I r faoa ó na céile oirpáinn  
 Éirígear sac lá.

Cao é do bheactnugad ari na rpeartaid  
 Tpat tís tear ari an lá,  
 Na ari an lán-mara as éiríge  
 Le h-eudán an éiríde áirí?  
 Mar fáo bíor an té úo  
 A beir an-toil do 'n ghraó  
 Mar épánn ari mála réirde  
 Do éirígear a blát.

## THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

["Love Songs of Connacht."]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin  
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,  
 We should nestle together as safe in  
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.  
 From your lips such a music is shaken,  
 When you speak it awakens my pain,  
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,  
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean  
 I should sport on its infinite room,  
 I should plow through the billows' commotion  
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.  
 For the flower of all maidens of magic  
 Is beside me where'er I may be,  
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,  
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,  
 They rise up on high in the air,  
 And then sleep upon one bough together  
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;  
 But so it is not in this world  
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,  
 For, away, far apart from each other,  
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens  
 When the heat overmasters the day,  
 Or what when the steam of the tide  
 Rises up in the face of the bay?  
 Even so is the man who has given  
 An inordinate love-gift away,  
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven  
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.



## AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

An Chaoibhin.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige; Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congabháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“ Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “ tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“ Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “ agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “ bhéarfas mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh* ? ”

“ Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leo lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh de bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d' á thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadh. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “ a mhic,” ar seisean, “ caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“ Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

## THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"You're neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Ní’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus bédh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcochall. Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í arís. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsámh arís, agus déanfadh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Bédh sise ’na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus bédh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air!”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuail sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe í, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncaíl* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an *oncal*, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chuige.]



"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhréagh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirimid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfíde ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfaid siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharrógaigh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gcloch glasa. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chainte ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé clóidheamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chlóidhimh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ní fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuaíl sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-íomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.



she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fesòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the



“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an geolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaísgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaigthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé:

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige leithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaoite ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidheche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an geolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach diot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailin mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitchios orm go bhfuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac righ Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á geroicinn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirliúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac righ Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aer, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt *act-ál* atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Ní’l aon fhear le fágail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac righ Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gearraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”



"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuail sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

"Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

"Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

### CAOINEAD NA TRÍ MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMAOIO CUM AN TPLEIBE  
 SO MOĆ AP MAIOIN AMÁPAĆ;  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)

"A PEADAIR NA N-ABTEAL  
 AN BPACAIR TU MO ŞRÁD SEAL ?"  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)

"MAIREAD ! A MAIGEOAN,  
 CONNAIRIC MÉ AP BALL É;  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)

AŞUR BÍ RÉ ŞABTA ŞO CPUAR  
 I LÁP A NÁMAO,  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)

"BÍ LUÓAP 'NA AICE  
 AŞUR PUS RÉ ŞPEIM LÁIM' AIR,"  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)

"MAIREAD A LUÓAIR BPADOIS  
 CPREO DO PINNE MO ŞRÁD OPT ?"  
 (OĆÓN AŞUR OĆ ÓN Ó.)

*Literally:* We shall go to the mountains early in the morning tomorrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. "Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

## THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

### A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain

All early on the morrow.

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Hast thou seen my bright darling,

O Peter, good apostle?"

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)\*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,

Have I seen him lately,

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Caught by his foemen,

They had bound him straitly."

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship

Shook hands, to disarm him."

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O Judas! vile Judas!

Mv love did never harm him,

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

\* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "ogus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *dech dech agus dech uch an*, after the first two lines, and *dech dech, agus, dech an dech* after the next two. Thus:—

leasáó anuap i n-uéó a mátar é

(Oé, oé, agus oé uc an)

Sabairó a leir. a óá mhuirne agus caomiríóe.

(Oé oé, agus oé an ó.)



" Ní deapnaid ré ariam  
 Dada ar leanb ná páirte,  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)  
 Ašur níor cuir pé fearš  
 Ariam ar a mátaí,"  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amac  
 Šo mbuđ i féin a mátaí,  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)  
 Šogadair ruar  
 Ar a nšuarinib šo h-ápo i,  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Ašur buailceadar ríor  
 Ar élocuib ná ríáíoe i  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)  
 Cuair rí i laige  
 Ašur bí a šlána šeáííca  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

" Buailid mé féin  
 Ašur ná bain le mo mátaí,"  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)  
 " Buailíimid tu féin.  
 A' r marbócamaoio do mátaí,"  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Štróiceadar an bpaíš leo  
 An lá rin ó n-a látaí,  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)  
 Aét do lean an maighean  
 Iao ann ran bpaíac  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

" Cis an bean i rin  
 'Nár noiaíš ann ran bpaíac ? "  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)  
 " Šo veimín má tá bean ar bit ann  
 'Sí mo mátaí,"  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,  
Not the babe in the cradle,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
Nor angered his mother  
Since his birth in the stable.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered  
That she was his mother,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
They raised her on their shoulders,  
The one with the other ;  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely  
On the stones all forlorn,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
And she lay and she fainted  
With her knees cut and torn.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"For myself, ye may beat me,  
But, oh, touch not my mother."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
"Yourself—we shall beat you,  
But we'll slaughter your mother."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,  
And they left her tears flowing,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
But the Virgin pursued them,  
Through the wilderness going.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"Oh, who is yon woman ?  
Through the waste comes another."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
"If there comes any woman  
It is surely my mother."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

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When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"A Eóin, feuch, fásaim ort  
Cúram mo máthar,  
(Ochón aghur oc ón ó.)  
Congbaidh uaim í  
Go gcríochnóidh mé an páir reó,"  
(Ochón aghur oc ón ó !)

Muair éalaidh an maighdean  
An ceileadhaidh cráíote,  
(Ochón aghur oc ón ó !)  
Tug sí léim tair an nglárda  
Aghur léim\* go crann na páire  
(Ochón aghur oc ón ó !)

Cia h-é an fear breágh rin  
Ar crann na páire  
(Ochón aghur oc ón ó !)  
An é naé n-aithnígeann tu  
'Do mac a máthair ?  
(Ochón aghur oc ón ó !)

An é rin mo leanb  
A d'iomdair mé trí páite;  
(Ochón aghur oc ón ó !)  
No an é rin an leanb  
'Do h-oileadh i n-uacht máire ?  
(Ochón aghur oc ón ó !)

\* \* \* \* \*

Cáiteadh anuair é  
'Na rópólaibh gearrta  
(Ochón aghur oc ón ó !)  
"Sin éugaidh anoir é  
Aghur caoinisidh búr páit a:n,"  
(Ochón, aghur oc ón ó !)

Glaoth ar na trí mhíre  
Go gcaoinfimid ar ngláth gearl  
(Ochón, aghur oc ón ó !)  
Tá do cuir mná-caointe  
Le breit fóir a máthair  
(Ochón, aghur oc ón ó !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (i.e., John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.



"O John, care her, keep her,  
Who comes in this fashion,"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
But oh, hold her from me  
Till I finish this passion."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him  
And his sorrowful saying,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
She sprang past his keepers  
To the tree of his slaying.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there  
In the dust and the smother?"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
"And do you not know him?  
He is your son, O Mother."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom  
I bore in this bosom,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
Or is that the child who  
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,  
A mass of limbs bleeding.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"There now he is for you,  
Now go and be keening."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys  
Till we keene him forlorn,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
O mother, thy keeners  
Are yet to be born,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

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Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keepers are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béir tu liom-ra  
 So fóil i ngáirdeín pánn-tair;  
 (Océon agus oc ón ó !)  
 So raib tu do bean iomráo (?)  
 I gcáitair gíl na ngrára  
 (Océon agus oc ón ó !)

### TOBAR MUIRE:

A b'fao ó foim do bí tobar beannaighe i mBaile an tobair,\* i gconradé Muig Eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a b'fuil an tobar anoir, agus ir ar lorg altóra na mainirtre do b'fir an tobar amac. Bí an mainirtir ar éaoib énuic, áit nuair táinig Cíomail agus a cuio r'ghioradóir cum na tíre reó, leasadar an mainirtir, agus níor fásgadar cloé of cionn cloíde de'n altóir náir éait-eadar ríor.

Bliadain ó'n lá do leasadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil Mhuire 'ran earpac, 'reath b'fir an tobar amac ar lorg na h-altóra, agus ir iongantac an ruo le ráo nac raib b'raon uirge ann ran r'ruo do bí as bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'fir an tobar amac.

Bí bráitair boct as dul na r'lige an lá ceudna, agus éuair pé ar a bealac le raioir do ráo ar lorg na h-altóra beannaighe, agus bí iongantac mór air nuair éonnairc pé tobar b'eadh ann a h-áit. Éuair pé ar a glúnaib agus éorais pé as ráo a raioir nuair éuair pé sué as ráo, "cuir díot do b'róga, tá tu ar éalam beannaighe, tá tu ar b'ruac Tobar Mhuire, agus tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. Béir dúine léigeara le uirge an tobair rin anaíar gac uile dúine d'éirt airmionn i láitair na h-altóra do bí ann ran áit ann a b'fuil an tobar anoir, má bíonn ráo tumta trí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an átar an míc agus an Spioráto Naomh."

Nuair bí a raioiréada ráioite as an mb'ráitair d'feuc pé ruar

\* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Connor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhilidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me  
 Into Paradise garden.  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)

To a fair place in heaven  
 At the side of thy darling.  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)

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## MARY'S WELL.

### A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),\* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

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friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.



asur éonnairc colúm móir gléiseal ar éiríonn túsúair 1 ngarí dó: Dúo h-í an colúm do bí as caint. Bí an brádaí gléurta 1 neudairí-bhréise, mar bí luac ar a éeann, com móir asur do bí ar éeann maíra-alla.

Ar éaoi ar bí ó'fuaasair ré an rseul do daoimib an baile bís, asur níor b'fada go ndéacair ré trío an tír. Dúo boct an áit í, asur ní raib déct boctáin as na daoimib, asur iad líonta le deatac. Ar an áobair rin bí cuio maic de daoimib caoca ann. Le clappolair, lá ar na márac, bí or cionn dá fíeio daoine ann, as tobairí Mhuirí, asur ní raib fearí ná bean áca nac dtáinig ar air le maíraic maic.

Cuair clú tobairí Mhuirí trío an tír, asur níor b'fada go raib oilitreaca ó fad uile éonrac as teact go Tobairí Mhuirí, asur ní deacair don neac áca ar air san beic léigeara; asur faoi éeann tamail do bídear daoine ar tíorctair eile féin, as teact go dtí Tobairí Mhuirí.

Bí fearí mí-éireimeac 'na éomnuide 1 ngarí do baile-an-tobairí: Duine uaral do bí ann, asur níor éireo ré 1 léigear an tobairí beannaisce. Dubairt re nac raib ann déct pírtreóga, asur le masar do deunam ar na daoimib tús ré arall dail do bí aise cum an tobairí asur cum a éeann faoi an uirge: Fuair an t-arall maíraic, déct túsar an masaróir a-baile com dail le bun do b'róise.

Faoi éeann bliadna tuic ré amac go raib pasair as obair mar gáiríadóir as an duine-uaral do bí dail. Bí an pasair gléurta mar fearí-oibre, asur ní raib fíor as duine ar bí go mbur pasair do bí ann: Don lá amáin bí an duine uaral b'reóirte asur o'iarí ré ar a fearíróganta é do tabairt amac 'ran ngaríra. Nuair táinig ré cum na h-áite a raib an pasair as obair, fuir ré fíor: "Nac móir an truaas é," ar feirean, "nac dtis liom mo gáiríra b'reas ó'feiceál!"

Glac an gáiríadóir truaas dó asur dubairt, "Tá fíor asam cá b'uil fearí do léigreócar tu, déct tá luac ar a éeann mar seall ar a éreoram."

"Deirim-re m'focal nac ndéunfáir míre r'píreóiréacat air asur íocfáir mé go maic é ar son a truiblóirde," ar ran duine uaral:

"Déct b'éirí nár maic leat dul trío an trlige-plánaisce atá aise," ar ran gáiríadóir:

"Ír cuma liom cia an trlige atá aise má túsann ré mo maíraic dam," ar ran duine uaral:

Donir, bí oróc-clú ar an duine-uaral, mar b'raic ré a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasaigearb naimhe rin; Bingsam an t-ainm do bí air. Ar éadai ar bit glac an fasaig meirneac agus duibairt, “Díor do cóirte réir ar maidin amárac, agus tiomáinfeó mife tu go dtí áit do léigir, ní tís le cóirteoir ná le don duine eile beir i láthair áit mife, agus ná h-innir d’aon duine ar bit cá bfuil tu as dul, no ríor cad é do gnaite (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingsam réir, agus éadai ré féin arceac, leir an ngarbhóir d’a tiomáint. “Fan, tura, ann fan mbailé an t-am ro,” ar ré leir an s-cóirteoir, “agus tiomáinfeó an gárbhóir mé.” Bí an cóirteoir na bíteamnac, agus bí éadai air, agus glac ré nún go mbeirdeac ré as faise na cóirte, le fásail amac cia an áit faib riad le dul. Bí a gleur beannaisgte as an fasaig, taob-arciis de’n eudac eile. Nuair tángadair go Tobar Mhuire duibairt an fasaig leir, “Ir fasaig mife, tá mé dul le do maórac d’fásail duit ’fan áit ar cáill tu é.” Ann rin tum ré tui uaire ann fan tobar é, i n-ainm an áir an mlic agus an Spioraid Naomh, agus táinig a maórac cuise com maic agus bí ré ariam.

“Deurfaid mé ceud púnt duit,” ar ra Bingsam, “com luat agus pacpar mé a-baile.”

Bí an cóirteoir as faise, agus com luat agus connaire ré an fasaig ann a gleur beannaisgte, éadai ré go luat an dlíge agus bairt ré an fasaig. Do gabad agus do crocad é gan bíteam nac gan bíteam nac. D’feurad an fear do bí tar éir a maórac d’fásail ar air, an fasaig do faorad, áit níor labairt ré focal ar a fon.

Timcioll míora na diais reó, táinig fasaig eile go Bingsam agus é gleurca mar gárbhóir, agus d’airt ré obair ar Bingsam agus fuair uairt i. Áit ní faib ré a bfuad ann a feirbír go dtárla dhóc-rud do Bingsam. Éadai ré amac don lá amáin as riúbal tríd na páirceannair, agus do carad cailín maireac, ingean fíri díor, air, agus rinne ré marlugaó uirri, agus d’fás leat-mairt i. Bí trídí deirbhíadair as an gcailín, agus tugadair mionna go marbhórad riad é com luat agus geobairtí gheim air. Ní faib a bfuad le fanamaint aca. Gabadair é fan áit ceudna ar marlaig ré an cailín, agus éirceadair é ar éann, agus d’fásadair ann rin é na éircead.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí millúinir de míoltógaib cruinnisgte, mar énoc móir, timcioll an érainn, agus níor feud duine ar bit dul anaice leir, mar geall ar an mbolad brian do bí timcioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bit do pacad anaice leir, do dailfad na míoltóga é.



betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Tairis bean agus mac Bingham ceud púnt d'aon duine do bheirte an corp amac. Rinne cuid mairt daoine iarrtaí ar rin do deunam, aet níor feudadar. Fuair ríad púdar le crataí ar na míoltógaib, agus geuga crann le na mbualad, aet níor feudadar a ríadar, ná dul com fáda leir an scrann. Bí an bheuntar an éiríge níor meara, agus bí eagla ar na cómarannab do tciubrad na míoltóga agus an corp bheun pláig orra.

Bí an dara ríadar 'na gáirdeoir ag Bingham 'ran am ro, aet ní raib fíor ag luét an tige sur ríadar do bí ann, óir da mbeir-eaí fíor ag luét an tige no ag na rídeatóirib, do geobad ríad agus do éiríad ríad é. Cuair na Catoilcig do bean Bingham agus duabardar léi do raib eólar aca ar duine do dírbreóad na míoltóga. "Tabair eugam é," ar ríre, "agus má' fíorir leir na míoltóga do díbir ní h-é an duair rin geobair fe aet a reat n-oiréad.

"Aet," ar ríad-ran, "da mbeir' fíor ag luét-an-tige agus da ngabadar é, do éiríadar é, mar éiríad an fear do fuair ríadar a fúl ar air do." "Aet," ar ríre, "nac bheirte do na míoltóga do díbir gan fíor ag luét-an-tige?"

"Ní' fíor agann," ar ríad-ran, "do nglacamar cómarle leir."

An oirde rin glacadar cómarle leir an ríadar, agus d'innir ríad do cad duairt bean Bingham.

"Ní' agam aet beata faogalta le cáilleamaint," ar ran ríadar, "agus beirte mé i ar ron na ndaoine boet, óir beir pláig ann ran tír muna geuirte mé díbir ar na míoltógaib. Ar maidin amárac, beir iarrtaí agam i n-ainm Dé iad do díbir, agus cá muinigin agam agus doéar i n'Dia do rábáirte ré mé ó mo cuid námao. Téir eir an bean-uairt anoir, agus abair léi do mbéir mé i ngar do'n crann le h-éiríge na gréine ar maidin amárac, agus abair léi fíor do beir réir aici leir an scor do cup 'ran uair."

Cuair ríad cum na mná-uairle, agus d'innir ríad dí an méad duairt an ríadar.

"Má éirígeann leir," ar ríre, "beir an duair réir agam do, agus ordoíad mé móir-feirar fear do beir i ládar."

Cair an ríadar an oirde rin i n-urraigtib, agus leat-uair noim éiríge na gréine cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib a gleur beann-aigte i bpolac. Cuir ré rin air, agus le choir ann a leat-lám agus le uirge coirreagta ann ran lám eile, cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib na míoltóga. Tóraig ré ann rin ag léigead ar a leabair agus ag crataí uirge coirreagta ar na míoltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and



ainm an Aitir an Mic agus an Spioraid Naomh. D'éirigh an enoc míoltós, agus d'éitill ríad ruar 'ran déir, agus rinneadar an rpreir com' doirca leir an oirde. Ni ríad fíor as na daoine cib a an áit a ndéadar, áit faoi ceann leat-uairte ni ríad ceann díob le feiceál (feicint).

Bí lútgáirte mór ar na daoine, áit níor b'ada go b'acadar an rpreir díor as teact, agus glaoir ríad ar an rgarit rí leir com' tapa d'r bí ann. Tug an rgarit do na boinn agus lean an rpreir díor é, agus r'ian ann gac láim aise. Nuair náir feut ré teact ruar leir, áit ré an r'ian 'na díais. Nuair bí an r'ian as dul éar gualain an rgarit, cuir ré a lám éle ruar, agus gab ré an r'ian, agus áit ré an r'ian ar air gan féadaint taob riar de. Duair rí an fear, agus cuair rí rí a éirde, gur áit ré marb, agus d'imtigh an rgarit faoi.

Fuair na rí corp bingam, agus cuireadar ann ran uais é, áit nuair cuadar corp an rpreir díor do cuir, fuairéadar na mílte de lúcgáirte móra timéil air, agus ni ríad gheim feola ar a cnámáir nac ríad ite aca. Ni corpócar ríad de'n corp agus níor feut na daoine iad do ruasab, agus b'éigin díob na cnámáir d'fágbáil or cionn talman.

Cuir an rgarit a gleur beannaighce i b'olac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngarba nuair cuir bean bingam fíor air, agus d'iarir air an duair do glacab ar rion na míoltós do díbir, agus i do tabairt do'n fear do díbir iad má bí eólar aise air.

"Tá eólar agam air, agus duairt ré liom an duair do tabairt cuise anocht, mar tá ríon aise an tír d'fágbáil rí má g'rocfair lúct an díge é."

"Seo dúit i," ar ríre, agus féadar rí r'porán óir do:

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'imtigh an rgarit go cor na fairrige; fuair ré long do bí as dul cum na f'aince, cuair ré ar boru, agus com' luat agus d'fás ré an cuair ré air a eudais rgarit, agus tug buiréacar do día faoi n-a tabairt faoi. Ni'l fíor agam ead éarla do 'na díais rin.

Tar éir rin do bídeab daoine d'alla agus caoca as tigeact go Tobar Mhuire, agus níor fill don duine aca ariam ar air gan a beir léigearca. Áit ni ríad ruo maid ar bí ariam ann ran tír reo, náir míleab le duine éigin, agus míleab an tobar, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts \* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

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\* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beir póirta, nuair táinig fean-bean éadó éuici as iarraidh déirce i n-onóir do Dáa agus do Mhuiré.

“Ní’l don fuo asam le tabairt do fean-éadóirán caillice, tá mé boðdaraisíte ada,” ar ran cailín.

“Ná faib páinne an póirta oir a-éoirde go mbéir tu com éadó a’r tá mire,” ar ran trean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí rúile an cailín óis nimneac, agus ar maidin ’na diais rin bí sí beas-nae dall, agus duairt na cómarpanna go mbuó éoir ví dul go Tobar Mhuiré.

Ar maidin go moe, d’éirig sí, agus éuir sí cum an tobair, acé creuo d’feicreacó sí ann acé an trean-bean d’iarr an déirce uirri ’na fuide as bruae an tobair, as ciaraó a cinn of cionn an tobair beannaisíte.

“Leir-rsior oir, a cailleac sháanna, an as palacacó Tobar Mhuiré atá tu?” ar ran cailín; “iméig leat no bupfiró mé do muineul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná mear asao ar Dáa ná ar Mhuiré, d’éirig tu déirce do tabairt i n-onóir dóib, ar an áobair rin ní cumfuiró tu tu féin ’ran tobair.”

Fuair an cailín shreim ar an scaillic, as feucaint í do rtreac-aile ó’n tobair, acé leir an rtreac-aile do bí eatorra do éuit an beirte arteaé ’ran tobair agus báiteacó iao.

O’n lá rin go dtí an lá ro ní faib don léigear ann ran tobair.

\* \* \* \* \*



There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

\* \* \* \* \*

# muire agus naomh ioseph:

Naé naomta do bí Naomh Iósep  
 Inaíir dóir ré Muire Mátaíir?  
 Naé é do fuaíir an tabairtar  
 Do b' fearir 'ná an rasoíal áide [ádamh]?

Ómháltaiḡ ré do'n óir burde  
 Agus do'n éróim do bí aḡ Dáibí,  
 Agus b' fearir leir beic aḡ tpeóruḡaó  
 Agus aḡ múnadó an eólaíir do Mhuire Mátaíir;

Lá amáin o'á raib an cúpla  
 Aḡ riúbal ann ran nḡaíroín;  
 Meaḡ na reiríníó cúbarḡa,  
 Bláḡ úbla, aḡur áiríníóe:

Do éuir Muire dúil ionnta  
 Agus énuḡ rí leó, i láḡaíir;  
 O boladó bpeáḡ na n-úbail  
 Dní ḡo cúbarḡa deaḡ o'n áiríó-ruḡa

Ann rin do labair an mhaíḡḡean  
 De'n cómháó bí rann,  
 "Dain dam na reóíó rin  
 Tá aḡ fáir ar an ḡcraínn;

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\* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

## MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,\* in Erris Co. Mayo.—  
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph  
When marrying Mary Mother,  
Surely his lot was happy,  
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,  
And the crown by David worn,  
With Mary to be abiding  
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,  
And walking through gardens early,  
Where cherries were redly growing,  
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,  
For faint and tired she panted,  
At the scent on the breezes' wing  
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,  
All weary and faint and low,  
"O pull me yon smiling cherries  
That fair on the tree do grow,

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presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."



"Bain dam mo fáil aca  
Oir tá me las pann,\*  
A'r tú oibheada miš na ngráda  
As fáir faoi mo bhoim."

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph  
De'n cómhád bí teann,  
"Ní bainfid mé duit na reoda  
A'r ní h-áill liom do éilinn;

"Slaoð ar dtair ó do leinb  
Ir air ir cóir duit beit teann"  
Ann rin do corruis íora  
So beannaighe faoi na bhoim;

Ann rin do labair íora  
So naomta faoi na bhoim  
"Írtis go h-írioll  
Ann a fíadnuire a éirinn;"

D'ámlaig an crann ríor dí  
Ann a fíadnuire san máill;  
A'sur fuair pí mian a croidhe-rtis  
Slain-oipeac ó'n gcrann;

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph  
A'sur éit é féin ar an talam;  
"Sab a-baile a Mháire  
A'sur luid ar do leabuir.  
So dtéir mé go h-Iairpalem  
As deunam airtuise ann mo peacair."

Ann rin do labair an Mhaighean  
De'n cómhád bí beannuighe,  
"Ní fíacair mé a-baile  
A'r ní luidfid mé ar mo leabuir;  
Aet tá maiteamnar le fáil asao  
Ó miš na ngráda ann do peacair."

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* "Ann a g-caill" dúbairt Mac na Ruairí, aet dúbairt an Callaoileac  
"las pann" tá me ann a g-caill = "ceartuigheann uaim iat."

"For feeble I am and weary,  
And my steps are but faint and slow,  
And the works of the King of the graces  
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,  
And stoutly indeed spake he,  
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.  
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,  
Who is dearer than I to thee."  
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,  
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,  
Stoop down to herself, O tree,  
That my mother herself may pluck thee,  
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches  
At hearing the high command,  
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,  
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,  
He cast himself on the ground,  
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,  
To Jerusalem I am bound;  
I must go to the holy city,  
And confess my sin profound."\*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,  
She spake with a gentle voice,  
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,  
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,  
For the King of Heaven shall pardon  
The sin that was not of choice."

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.

Trí mí ó'n lá rin  
 Rugaó an leanó beannuigíte,  
 Thainis na trí miúgte  
 As deunamh dóraigíte do'n leanó.

Trí mí ó'n oirde rin  
 Rugaó an leanó beannuigíte,  
 Ann a rtabla fuar feannta  
 Eirir bulán agus aral:

Ann rin do labhair an máighean  
 So ciún agus so céillíde,  
 "A mic m'g na scarao  
 Cia 'n nór mbéir tu ar an traoḡal?"

"Béir mé Diairdaoin  
 Agus mé díolta as mo náimaid;  
 Agus béir me Dia hAoine  
 Mo émaḡar poll as na táirrinib:

Béir mo ceann i mbárr r'pice  
 'S fuil mo éporde i lár na r'ráirde,  
 'S an trleig nime dul tre mo éporde  
 Le r'pívealaḡ an lá rin.



Three months from that self-same morning,  
The blessed child was born,  
Three kings did journey to worship  
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,  
He was born there in a manger,  
With asses, and kine and bullocks,  
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,  
Softly she spake and wisely,  
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,  
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,  
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,  
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,  
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,  
And my head on a spike be planted,  
And a spear through my side shall go,  
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,  
And a storm over earth come sweeping,  
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens  
And the sun and the moon be weeping.  
While angels shall stand around me,  
With music and joy and gladness,  
As I open the road to Heaven,  
That was lost by the first man's madness."

\* \* \* \* \*

Christ built that road into heaven,  
In spite of the Death and Devil,  
Let us when we leave the world  
Be ready by it to travel.

## ἡ ἀομὴ πῆσθαι:

Chualairō phōnīar O Conchubair, i m'bl'áe-luam, an rgeul ro ó fean-  
mnaoi dāi b' ainm bhigro nī chačaraiš ó bhailé-óá-ábain i sconoas  
shligis, asur fuair mīre uair-pean é.

Ann ran am a pail ἡ ἀομὴ πῆσθαι asur āi Slánuigheoir as  
riubal na tíre, ir iomda iongantar do čairbeán a Mháigirtir óó,  
asur dá mbuó duine eile do bí ann, o'feicfead leat an oir, ir  
dóis go mbeidead a dótčar ar a Mháigirtir níor láirpe 'ná bí  
dótčar pheadair.

Aon lá amáin do bíodar as teacč arceac go baile-mór asur  
do bí fear-ceóil leat ar meirge 'na fuirde ar čaoib an dótčair  
asur é as iarrair dēice: Thug āi Slánuigheoir píora aigro  
dó ar ngabail čart dó: Bhí iongantar ar pheadair faoi rin, óir  
dubairt pé leir féin "Ir iomda duine bočt do bí i n-earbuir móir,  
o'eicis mo máigirtir, acč anoir čug pé dēice do'n fear-ceóil peó  
acč āi meirge. Acč b' éirir," ar pé leir féin, "b'éirir go bfuil  
dúil aige ran sčeól."

Do bí fíor as āi Slánuigheoir créad do bí i n-inntinn  
pheadair, acč níor labair pé focal d'a čaoib:

An lá ar n-a márac do bíodar as riubal ari, asur do carad  
bričair bočt orra, asur é cróm leir an doir, asur beas-nač  
nočča: O'iarir pé dēice ar āi Slánuigheoir, acč ni čug Seirpean  
aon āir dāi, asur níor fheadair Sé a imirde.

"Sin nio eile nač bfuil ceart," ar ra ἡ ἀομὴ πῆσθαι ann a  
inntinn féin; bí easla āi labairt leir an Máigirtir d'a čaoib,  
acč bí pé as caillemaint a dhótčair šac uile lá.

An trāčnóna ceudna bíodar as teacč go baile eile nuair  
carad fear dall orra, asur é as iarrair dēice. Chuir āi  
Slánuigheoir caint āi asur dubairt "creud tá uair?"

"Luac lóirčín oirde, luac fuir le n'ite, asur an oirpead asur  
bēirdear as ceartál uaim amárac; má čis leat-ra a čabairt dam,  
geobair tu cūičužad móir, asur cūičužad nač bfuil le fášail  
ar an traošal bponac ro."

"Ir mar i do caint," ar ran Tigearna, "acč níl tu acč as  
iarrair mo meallad, níl earbuir luac-lóirčín ná fuir le n'ite  
oir, tá āi asur aigro ann do póca, asur buó čoir duit do  
buidēacčar do čabairt do Dha faoi do díol go lá do beir asad."

Ni pail fíor as an Dall gur b'ē āi Slánuigheoir do bí as caint  
leir, asur dubairt pé leir: "Ni feanmóra acč dēice acč mé  
'iarrair, ir cinnce mé dá mbeidead fíor asad go pail āi ná

## SAINT PETER.

## A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—  
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

At the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,



airisio d'asam go mbainfeá díom é, 'cúsa' leat\* anoir, ní t'ear-  
tuigseann do cáint uaim."

"Go deimhin ir' dí-céillirde an fear tu," ar' ran Tigearna, "ní  
béir ór ná airisio d'asao i b'as," agus leir rin' d'fás ré an d'all.

Bhí peardar ag éirteacht leir an gcómhád, agus bí dúil aige a  
innfeacht do'n d'all gur mbuó é ar Slánuišteoirí do bí ag cáint  
leir, áct ní b'fuar ré don fáill. Áct do bí fear eile ag éirteacht  
nuair d'ubairt ar Slánuišteoirí go raib' ór agus airisio ag an  
d'all. Buó r'griopadóir millteac do bí ann, áct do bí fíor aige  
nár innir ar Slánuišteoirí don b'neus ariam. Chom' luac agus bí  
Seiréan agus Naoim Peardar imtíste, táinig an r'griopadóir cum  
an d'all agus d'ubairt leir, "Tabair d'am do cúro óir agus  
airisio, no cuirfead r'gian tré do éiríde."

"Ní'l ór ná airisio d'asam" ar' ran d'all, "d'á mbeirdeac, ní  
beirínn ag iarraid' déirce."

Áct leir rin' do fuair an r'griopadóir gheim air, do cúir f'aoi  
é, agus do bain dé an méad do bí aige. Do gáir agus do r'gread  
an d'all com' h-áir agus d'f'euó ré, agus cuallair' ar Slánui-  
šteoirí agus Peardar é.

"Tá eugcórí d'á deunam ar an d'all," ar'ra Peardar.

"Fás go fealltac, agus imteócáir ré an caoi céuna, gan  
cáint ar lá an b'heiteamhair," ar' ar Slánuišteoirí.

"Tuigim tu, ní'l don ruó i b'folac uac a mháigirir," ar'ra  
Peardar.

An lá 'na díais rin' do b'idead' ag riúbal coir f'arais, agus  
táinig leóman cíocpac amac. "Anoir a b'headair," ar' ar  
Slánuišteoirí, "ir' minic d'ubairt tu go gcaillfeá do beata ar  
mo fion, anoir teirig' agus tabair tu féin do'n leóman agus  
imteócáir mire raor."

Do r'muáin Peardar aige féin agus d'ubairt, "b'fearr liom báir  
ar bit eile d'fáigail 'ná leigint do leóman m'ite; támaoir cor-  
luac agus t'is linn iú uair, agus má f'eicim é ag teact ruar  
linn fanfáir mé ar d'eiréac, agus t'is leat-ra imteact raor."

"Bíod' mar rin'," ar' ar Slánuišteoirí:

Do leig an leóman r'gread, agus ar' go b'páit leir 'na n'diais,  
agus níor b'asao go raib' ré ag b'eit' oirra, agus i b'fogar d'óir.

"Fan riár a b'headair," ar' an Slánuišteoirí, áct leig Peardar  
air féin nac' gcuallair' ré focal, agus d'imtíste ré amac noim' a  
mháigirir. D'iomparais an Tigearna ar' a dúl agus d'ubairt ré  
leir an leóman, "Teirig' ar' air go dtí an f'arac," agus rinne  
fé é amhair.

\* "Cúsa leat" = "imtíste leat," "amac leat," no ruó de'n tróir rin'. B'éiríir  
gur "cúise leat" buó cóir do beit' ann, 7 cúis an deamair!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

D'fheic Peadaar taobh-fiair d'é, agus nuair éonnadh sé an leóman ag dul ar ais do fear sé go dtáinig ar Slánuigheoir ruar leir. “A Peadaar,” ar Sé, “o'fás tu mé i mbaozal, agus —ruo buó méara 'nā rin,—o'innir tu bpeusa.”

“Rinne mé rin,” ar Peadaar, “mar bí fíor aham go bfuil cúmáct agao or cionn gac nio, ni h-é amáin ar leóman an fáir-ais.”

“Coirg do beul, agus ná bí ag innreáct bpeus, ni faib fíor agao agus dá bfeiceá mé i mbaozal amárac do éreigfeá mé air, tá fíor aham ar rmuaintib do éroide.”

“Níor rmuáin mé ariam go ndearnaib tu don nio nac faib ceart,” ar-ra Peadaar:

“Sin bpeus eile,” ar ar Slánuigheoir. “Nac cuimhin leat an lá do tug mé déire do'n fear-ceoil do bí leat ar meirge, bí iongantar ort agus dubairt tu leat féin gur iomda duine boct do bí i n-earbúir móir o'eitig mé, agus go dtug mé déire do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí dúil aham i gceól. An lá 'na diais rin o'eitig mé an fear-bháctair, agus dubairt tu nac faib an nio rin ceart. An trachóna ceurona ir cuimhin leat creud tárla i dtail an bail. Mineócaib mé anoir duit cad fát rinnear mar rin. Rinne an fear-ceoil níor mó de máit 'nā rinne fice bháctair o'á fóir ó rugaib iao. Shábal sé anam cailin ó pian-taib ipinn. Bhí earbúir boinn airgid uirru agus bí sí ag dul peacaó marbta do deunam le na fágal, áct coirpige an fear-ceoil i, tug sé an bonn oi, cib go faib earbúir díge air féin an t-am ceurona. Maíoir leir an mbháctair, ni faib don earbúir air-fear, cib go bfuair sé ainm bháctair buó bail de'n diabal é, agus rin é an fát nac dtug mé don áir ar. Maíoir leir an bail, do bí a dhia ann a póca, óir ir fíor an fear-focal, “an áit a bfuil do éirte beir do éroide léi.”

Seal gearr 'na diais rin dubairt Peadaar, “A Mháigirir, tá eólar agao ar na rmuaintib ir uaigne i gceirde an duine, agus o'n nóimio feó amac géillim duit annar gac nio.”

Timcioll reáctmaine 'na diais-rin do bíodar ag riubal tre énoaib agus rleibtib, agus cailleadar an bealac. Le tuitim na h-oirde táinig teinntac agus coirneac agus fearrctain érom: bhí an oirde com dora rin náir feudadar corán caoraic o'feiceál: Thuit Peadaar anaíar capraige agus loit sé a cor com dona rin náir feud sé coirceim do riubal.

Chonnaic ar Slánuigheoir solur beas faoi bun cnuic, agus dubairt Sé le Peadaar, “fan mar tá tu agus faíar mife ag córuigeáct congnam le o'iomcar.”



"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it.""

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

“Ní’l don òongnam le fágail ann ran aic fíadán reo,” ar Peardar, “asur ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin.”

“Bíod mar rin,” ar ár Slánuigíteoir, asur leir rin do leis ré peao, asur táinig ceatpar fear, asur cia bí ’na cairtín orpa aet an fear do rgnor an dall real noime rin. D’aicnig ré ar Slánuigíteoir asur Peardar, asur dubairt ré le n-a cúro fear Peardar o’iomcar go cúramac go oti an aic-cómnuidé do bí aca amearg na gcnoc. “Chuir an beirt reo,” ar ré, “ór asur aigíod ann mo bealaé-ra real gearr ó foín.”

O’iomcáir fiaó Peardar go oti reompa faoi talam; bí teine bpeág ann, asur cuireadar an fear loitte i ngar ví, asur tugadar deoc dó. Thuit ré ann a córdal asur do punne ár Slánuigíteoir loig na cpoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, asur nuair dúirig ré o’feuo ré riúbal com maic asur o’feuo ré riam. Bhí iongantar air, nuair dúirig ré, asur o’fiarpuig ré cneuo do bain dó. O’innir ár Slánuigíteoir do gac nio mar tárla.

“Shaoil mé,” ar ra Peardar, “go maib mé marb asur go maib mé ruar as uorur flaitir, aet níor feuo mé dul arteaé mar bí an uorur oruote, asur ni maib uoirpreoir le fágail.”

“Airling do bí asao” ar ár Slánuigíteoir, “aet ir fíor i; tá an flaitear oruote asur ní’l ré le beic forgailte go b’pág’ mire bár ar fon peacaid an cine daonna, do cuir fearg ar m’acair. Ni bár coitcionnta aet bár náireac geobar mé, aet éireócaid mé arir go glórmair asur foirgeólaib mé an flaitear do bí oruote, asur béir tupa do uoirpreoir!”

“Óra, a Mháigirir,” ar ra Peardar, “ni féoir go bfuigtea bár náireac, nac leigrea dam-ra bár fágail ar do fon-ra, tá mé péir asur coitceannac.”

“Saoileann tu rin,” ar ár Slánuigíteoir.

Thainig an t-am a maib ár Slánuigíteoir le bár fágail. An traetóna noime rin bí ré féin asur an dá abrtal deus as reipe, nuair dubairt ré, “tá fear asaid as dul mo bpat.” Bhí trioblóir móir orpa asur dubairt gac don aca “an mire é?” aet dubairt Seirean, “an té cumar le n-a lám ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear bpaitear mé.”

Dubairt Peardar ann rin, “dā mberdeao an doman iomlán i o’asaid,” ar reirean, “ni béir mire i o’asaid,” aet dubairt ár Slánuigíteoir leir, “rul má goirceann an Coileac anocet ceilfiró (reunparó) tu mé tri h-uairé.”

“Do geobainn bár rul má ceilfínn tu,” ar ra Peardar, “go veimín ni ceilpeao tu.”

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was



Nuair tugadh breiteamhnar báir ar ár Slánuigtheoir, bí a cuio námao d'a bualadh agus as catadh rmuḡairle air. Bhí Peardar amuig ann ran gcúirt, nuair táinig cailín-aimpíre cuise agus dúbairt leir "bí tura le hÍora." "Ní'l fíor aḡam," ar ra Peardar, "cao é tá tu náo."

Nuair bí ré aḡ dul amac an ḡeata, ann rin, dúbairt cailín éile, "rin fear do bí le hÍora," aḡt tug reirean a mionna nac raib eólar ar bit aige air. Ann rin dúbairt cuio de na daoine do bí aḡ éirteacḡ, "ní'l ampar ar bit nac raib tu leir, aicnigmiḡ ar do éaint é." Thuḡ ré na mionnaib móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do ḡlaod an coileac, agus cuimnig ré ann rin ar na foclaib dúbairt ár Slánuigtheoir, agus do fil ré na deóra aicniḡe, agus fuair re maiteamhnar ó'n té do ceil ré. Tá eocraa flaitir aige anoir, agus má fileann rinne na deóra aicniḡe raoi n-ár loctaib mar do fil reirean iad, ḡeobamaoio maiteamhnar mar fuair reirean é, agus cuipiré ré ceo mile fáilte ríomáinn, nuair nacar rinne ḡo doirur flaitir:

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

## MAR TÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.\*

Uthí ár Slánuigheoirí agus Naomh Peadar as rparíveóráct trathóna, agus do carad sean-earr oirpá: Uthí an duine boct rin go dona, ní raib ár áct ceirteada agus sean-cóta rtróicte, agus san fiú na mbóds faoi n-a coraib. D'iarra ré déine ar ár vTigearna agus ar Naomh Peadar. Uthí truaig as Peadar do an donán boct agus faoil ré go vtiúbpaó an Tigearna ruo éigin dó: Áct níor éuir an Tigearna don trum ann, áct v'imtíg re cairp san rreagairt tabairt dó: Uthí iongantár ar Pheadar faoi rin; óir faoil ré go vtiúbpaó an Tigearna do gac ainveir-eoir a raib oirpá ar, áct bí faircéior ar don nio do ráó.

An lá ar na mairac bí an Tigearna agus Peadar as rparíveóráct arí ar an mbótar ceutna, agus cia v'feicfead ráó as teact 'na scoinne ann san gceart-áit ann a raib an sean-earr boct an lá poime rin áct robdáilíde agus cloirdeam nócta aige ann a láim: Tháinig ré eua agus d'iarra ré airgíot oirpá. Thug an Tigearna an t-airgíot dó san focal do ráó, agus v'imtíg an robdáilíde: Uthí iongantár vúbalta ar Pheadar ann rin, óir faoil ré go raib an iomarcuio meirnis as ár vTigearna airgíot do tabairt do gairuio ar faircéior: Nuair bí an Tigearna agus Peadar imtígte tamall beas ar an mbótar níor feuo Peadar san ceirt do éur ar: “Nac móir an rgeul a Thigearna” ar ré “nac vtuig tu vadam vó'n donán boct d'iarra déine oir anvé, áct go vtuig tu airgíot vó'n víteamnac gairuio do táinig éugao le cloirdeam ann a láim: nac raib rinn-ne 'n ár mbeirt agus ní raib ann áct earr amáin; tá cloirdeam agam-ra” veir ré, “agus v' earr an earr mire 'ná eiréan!” “A Pheadar” ar san Tigearna “ní feiceann tupa áct an taob amuig, áct éiríom-

\*Fuair mé an rgeul ro, o fear-oibhe do bí as Redington De Róirte. Druim an t-reagail, áct éualar go minic é. Ní h-íao ro na ceart-focail ann a bfuairéar é.



## HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE.  
[*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter  
Were walking over the hills together,  
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,  
Beside the border of Galilee,  
Just as the sun to set began  
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!  
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,  
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,  
Penury stared in his haggard eye,  
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,  
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.  
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—  
With hunger and cold in every limb.  
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,  
He turned away and He nothing gave.  
And Peter was vexed awhile at that  
And wondered what our Lord was at,  
Because he had thought Him much too good  
To ever refuse a man for food.  
But though he wondered he nothing said,  
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day  
They both returned that very way,  
And whom should they meet where the man had been,  
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!  
And in his belt a naked sword—  
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.  
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;  
He won’t get anything from us.”  
But Peter was seized with such surprise,  
He scarcely could believe his eyes  
When he saw the Master, without a word,  
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again  
His wonder Peter could not restrain,  
But turning to our Saviour, said:  
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taoḃ-arciṣ: ní feiceann tuṛa áct coṛp na nṛaoine nuair feicim-re an cṛoíde. Áct béirḃ fíor aṣaḃ ṣo fóil” ar Sé “cṛeud fáct do ṣinne mé rin.”

Thuit ré amac don lá amáin ’na ḃiaíṣ rin ṣo nṛeacáirḃ ar tṬigearṛna aṣur pṛeḃarí amúṣa ar na ríeíḃtib. Bhí teinnṛeac aṣur toirṛneac aṣur fearṛcain móṛi ann, aṣur bí ríad báirṛte, aṣur an bóṛarí cailṛte aca. Cia ḃ’feicṛeáḃ ríad cúca ann rin áct an ṛobáilṛde ceuṛna a ṛuṣ an Ṭigearṛna aṛṣioḃ ḃó an lá rin, Nuair táinis ré cúca bí ṛṛuaíṣ aṛṣe ḃóirḃ, aṣur ṛuṣ ré leir íad ṣo ṛci uaiṣ ḃo bí aṛṣe ṛaoi bun cailṛṛiṣe, amearṣ na ríeíḃṛeáḃ, aṣur ḃain ré an t-euḃac ṛliuc ḃíob aṣur cúirí eúḃaíṣ ṛṛime oṛṛa, aṣur cúṣ neaṛt le n’íṛe aṣur le n’ól ḃóirḃ aṣur leaḃuirḃ le luirḃe aṛ, aṣur ṣac uile ṛóṛt ḃ’ṛeud ré ḃeunaṛṁ ḃóirḃ do ṣinne ré é. An lá ar na máṛac nuair bí an ṛcoirṛm ṛaṛt, cúṣ ré amac íad aṣur níorí ṛáṣ ré íad ṣurí cúirí ré ar an mbóṛarí ceaṛt íad, aṣur cúṣ lón ḃóirḃ le n-aṣaíḃ an aṛṛṛ. “Mo cóirṛar!” ar pṛeḃarí leir ṛéin ann rin, “bí an ceaṛt aṣ Ṭigearṛna, íṛ maíṛ an ṛearí an ṣaḃuirḃe; íṛ íomḃa ṛearí cóirṛ,” ar ṛeirṛean, “nac nṛeapṛaíḃ an oirṛeáḃ rin ḃam-ṛa!”

Ní raibí ríad a ḃṛaḃ imṛiṣṛṛe ar an mbóṛarí ann rin ṣo ḃṛuaíṛ ríad ṛearí maṛḃ aṣur é ṛinte arí cṛáim a ḃṛíoma ar lárí an bóṛarí, aṣur ḃ’aiṛníṣ pṛeḃarí é ṣurí ab é an ṛean-ṛearí ceuṛna do ḃíulṛaíṣ an Ṭigearṛna an ḃéirṛ ḃó. “ḃ’olc do ṣinneamaṛ” ar pṛeḃarí leir ṛéin, “aṛṣioḃ do ḃíulṛuṣaḃ ḃo’n ḃuine boṛṛ rin, aṣur ṛeuc é maṛḃ anoir le ḃonaṛ aṣur aṛṛó.” “A pṛeḃarí” ar ṛan Ṭigearṛna “ṛéirḃ ṛailí cúis an ḃṛearí rin aṣur ṛeuc cṛeáḃ ṛá aṛṣe ann a ṛóca.” Cúairḃ pṛeḃarí anonn cúisṛe aṣur ṛoṛaíṣ ré aṣ lámṛṛiṛuṣaḃ a ṛean-cóṛa aṣur cṛeud do ṛuaíṛ ré ann áct a lán aṛṣioḃ ṣeal, aṣur ṛimṛíollí cúṛla ṛicirḃ bonn óir. “A Ṭigearṛna,” ar ṛa pṛeḃarí, “bhí an ceaṛt aṣaḃ-ṛa, aṣur cia bé ṛuo ḃeunṛar ṛu no ḃeapṛar ṛu aṛíṛ, ní ṛaṛaíḃ mé i ḃ’ aṣaíḃ.” “ḃeunṛaíḃ rin a pṛeḃarí,” ar ṛan Ṭigearṛna: “ṣlac an t-aṛṣioḃ rin anoir aṣur caíṛ aṛṛeac é ann ṛan ḃṛoll

The poor old man of yesterday,  
Why did you turn from him away?  
But to this robber, this shameless thief,  
Give, when he asked you for relief.  
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;  
We needn't have feared him, we were *two*.  
I have a sword here, as you see,  
And could have used it as well as he;  
And I am taller by a span,  
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see  
Things but as they seem to be.  
Look within and see behind,  
Know the heart and read the mind,  
'Tis not long before you know  
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day  
Our Lord and Peter went astray,  
Wandering on a mountain wide,  
Nothing but waste on every side.  
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,  
Peter followed, the Lord went first.  
Then began a heavy rain,  
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,  
Another deluge poured from heaven,  
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.  
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,  
A man came towards them through the bent,  
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,  
When he knew again the robber wight.  
But the robber brought them to his cave,  
And what he had he freely gave.  
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,  
He strewed them rushes for a bed,  
He lent them both a clean attire  
And dried their clothes before the fire,  
And when they rose the following day  
He gave them victuals for the way,  
And never left them till he showed  
The road he thought the straightest road.  
"The Master was right," thought Peter then,  
"The robber is better than better men,  
There's many an honest man," thought he,  
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground  
Above an hour, when lo, they found  
A man upon the mountain track  
Lying dead upon his back.  
And Peter soon, with much surprise,  
The beggarman did recognize.



móna éall, ní bíonn ann san aighio do minic aet mallacé móru Chruinnis Peadar an t-aighio le céile, agus éad ré do de an poll-móna leir; aet nuair bí ré dul d'a caiteam arteaé, "oóón," ar ré leir féin, "nac áidbéul an truaé an t-aighio breaé do do éur amúga, agus ir minic bíonn ocpa agus tapc agus fuaet ar an Máigirtir, óir ní tusaann ré don aipe dó féin, aet congóbóad mire cuir de 'n aighio do ar pon a leapa féin, a san fíor dó, agus b'feairde é." leir rin do éat ré an t-aighio geal uile, arteaé ann san bpol, i pioet do scluinfead an Tigearna an topan, agus do raoilfead ré do raib ré uile caitte arteaé. Nuair táinig ré ar aipann rin d'fearruis an Tigearna, de "A pheadair," ar ré, "ar éat tu an t-aighio rin uile arteaé." "Chaitear" ar Peadar, "aet amáin píora óir no dó, do congbaig mé le biaé agus deoc do ceannac duit-re."

"O! a pheadair," ar san Tigearna, "creao pát nac nvear-naid tu mar duhairt mire leat. fear rannacé tu, agus beid an traint rin oir do bpaé."

Sin é an pát faoi a bfuil an Eaglais rannacé ó foin;

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right  
To refuse him alms the other night.  
He's dead from the cold and want of food,  
And we're partly guilty of his blood."  
"Peter," said our Lord, "go now  
Feel his pockets and let us know  
What he has within his coat."  
Then Peter turned them inside out,  
And found within the lining plenty  
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.  
"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know  
Why it was you acted so.  
Whatever you say or do with men,  
I never will think you wrong again."  
"Peter," said our Saviour, "take  
And throw those coins in yonder lake,  
That none may fish them up again,  
For money is often the curse of men."  
Peter gathered the coins together,  
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.  
But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin  
To be flinging this lovely money in.  
We're often hungry, we're often cold,  
And money is money—I'll keep the gold  
To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,  
For He's very neglectful of Himself."  
Then down with a splash does Peter throw  
The *silver* coins to the lake below,  
And hopes our Lord from the splash would think  
He had thrown the whole from off the brink.  
And then before our Lord he stood  
And looked as innocent as he could.  
Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;  
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"  
"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,  
But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,  
Since I thought we might find them very good  
For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.  
Because our own are nearly out,  
And they are inconvenient to do without.  
But, if you wish it, of course I'll go  
And fling the rest of the lot below."  
"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,  
"You should have obeyed me at my word,  
For a greedy man you are, I see,  
And a greedy man you will ever be;  
A covetous man you are of gain,  
And a covetous man you will remain."  
And that's the reason, as I've been told,  
The clergy are since so fond of gold.

# FÍOĞAIR NA CROISE NAOMHA.

O námao mo éireoin, námao mo tír,  
 Námao mo éioinne 'r mo céile,  
 A tigeanna veun mo comairce  
 Le fíogair na Croise naomha:

Le báir na Croise ceannais tu  
 Slíocht [mí-] foirtúnae éba,  
 Ó foim anuar ir beannaisge  
 An comairce ro áro-naomha:

Do pleurg an éarraig, do thúib an srian;  
 Do éroic an doimán go h-éactae,  
 Nuair o'ároaisgead ruar an slánuisgeoir  
 Ar óruim na Croise naomha.

Faraon! dá bitin rin, an té  
 Naé mbéid a éroice o'á reubad;  
 A'r deoir aicruge as ríleab uair,  
 Or cómair na Croise naomha!

Ir gearr é réim an duine la'g  
 Sior le fán an t-raogail-re,  
 Ni taomann (?) an spiorad malluisge  
 Luét fíogair na Croise naomha:

Sgannrócar gac don faoi sheim an báir  
 O'á taectad ruar, as eugad,  
 —Ir doct béid lá an anara  
 San ríat na Croise naomha:



## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,  
 From the foes who would us dissever,  
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,  
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,  
 For vain was our endeavor;  
 Henceforward blessed, O blessed Lord,  
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade  
 The darkening world did quiver,  
 When on the tree our Saviour made  
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart  
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,  
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start  
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,  
 Down like an ebbing river,  
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand  
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,  
 When the soul and the body sever,  
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust  
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

# bea    a    uirí mbó. nn

So péir,    bean na uirí mbó!  
Ar do bólaet na bí teann:  
Do connairc meirí san sò,  
Bean ir ba dá mó a beann:

Ní mairéann rairbhear do gnaet,  
Do neac ná tabair táir do móir;  
Cúsat an t-éag ar gac taob;  
So péir, a bean na uirí mbó

Siuicé Eogain móir 'ra mámain;  
A n-imteacé do gni clá uóir,  
A reolta gur léigeadar ríor;  
So péir, a bean na uirí mbó!

Clann gairge tigeanna an élaí,  
A n-imteacé-ran, ba lá leoin,  
San rúil pe n-a uceacé do bráe  
So péir, a bean na uirí mbó!

Dóinnall ó Dún baor na long,  
Ua Súilleabháin ná'r t'im glór;  
Féac gur tuit 'ran Spáin pe clairdeam:  
So péir, a bean na uirí mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir MagUíor, do bí  
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;  
Féac péin gur imcís an uir:—  
So péir, a bean na uirí mbó!

Síol gCeapbail do bí teann;  
Le mbeirí gac geall i ngleo;  
Ní mairéann don uíob, mo uíe!  
So péir, a bean na uirí mbó!

Ó don boin amáin do bheir  
Ar mnaoi eile, ir i a uó,  
Do pinnir-pe iomorca a péir:  
So péir, a bean na uirí mbó!

## An Ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falluing, a ainuip ir uairbeac gnaip;  
Do bíor san dearmad dearmad buan 'ra tnué:  
Tíod an pacmur do glacair peo' buaib ar uáir;  
Dá bragáinn-pe reab a ceacair do buailpinn tú.

## THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!  
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.  
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—  
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;  
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;  
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—  
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.  
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;  
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,  
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;  
*Maurone!* for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.  
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?  
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,  
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;  
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—  
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:  
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.  
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—  
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,  
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;  
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?  
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,  
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;  
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;  
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,  
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,  
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,  
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)  
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical  
 version (pp. 68, 69).



## AN RANN SAEÜEALÁC:

Δὲ πο ρανν leat-págánta eile 'do éualar ó 'duine o Connac  
Dúin-na-ngall; buò mí-fuaimneac ríáio na h-Éireann, map ip  
cormúil, nuair rinnead é—

Nár marbair mipe 'duine ar bit  
Δ'í nár marbair don 'duine mé,  
Δét má tá don 'duine ar ti mo marbta  
So mbuò mipe marbfar é!

Δὲ πο ρανν eile ar an gcleir, 'do bí aca i gCúige Mumhan, agus  
'do veir O Dálaig 'dúinn—

Seadain feadmanar cille,  
Le buidín na cléipe ná deun coingió,  
No ip baogal 'do 'd'cuio uile  
iméadé map 'duileabair ar bárr tuile!

Δὲ πο ρανν ar an meirge, 'do éualair mé ó m' éapair Tomár  
Dárlaig. Ír beagnac i n "Deibíde é"—

Ní meirge ír mipe liom,  
Δét leirg a feicint orm,  
San ois na meirge ír mipe an gneann,  
Δét ní gnátaé meirge san mí-gneann.

Δὲ πο ρανν 'do éualar ó'n bfeair ceutna, ar mhnaoi boirb; atá  
ré aca i gCúige Mumhan map an gceutna—

Paobó teine faoi loé  
No caiteam cloé le cuan,  
Cómairle 'do éabairt 'do mhnaoi boirb  
Ír buille 'd'oró\* ar iarann fuair.

Δὲ πο ρανν mí-lágaé eile ar na mnáib, 'do éualar i gConnac-  
taib—

Tu ní ír doilig a múnad  
Dean, muc, agus múile!

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\* Aliter, "oirín," map, éualar é ó feair eile.

## IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,  
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,  
But if ever any should think to kill me  
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.\*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,  
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,  
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,  
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then  
Much mind to be seen drunken.  
Drink only perfects all our play,  
Yet breeds it discord away.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,  
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,  
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,  
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,  
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

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\* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [i.e., something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

As ro rann ar an bfeair boib, do cialar i gconrad  
Rorcomáin—

Cómaire do tabairt do duine boib  
Ni bfuil ann aet nio san céill,  
So sclaoirdear é 'na loet  
S so nigtear é 'na aím-lear féin.

As so cómaire do tug ragar i gconrad Mhuig Eó do cailín  
do bí ró gail-bearac gleurta, do cialair mé ó'n bfeair  
ceutona—

A cailín dear ná mear gur mór i do ciall;  
'S so bfuil "nócion" asao náir cleact do póir ariam,  
bólaet-bleact do b'aite leó ar rliab,  
'S ní cóta bpeac ar pleac (?) do tóna riar.

As ro focal bpiogmar ar conrad Mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," a'r "dar liom féin,"  
Ein tri fiaónuire atá as an mbriús.

Asur tubairt fear ó'n gconrad ceutona so cruinn ciallmair le  
duine a raib an-caint asur toga an béarla aise, aet do pinne  
opoc-uirgebeata—

Ni béarla gnió bpaic  
aet a ruataó so maic!

As ro rann maic ar an trior-éiroir rin atá ar bun ior an  
toil asur an tuigrint, ar ar labair an Rómánac, nuair tubairt  
fé, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nac boet an toirg a'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!  
Mo tuigrint óm' toil, a'r mo toil as opuioim óm' céill,  
Ni tuigtear dom' toil gac loet dom' tuigrint ir léir,  
No má tuigtear, ni toil léi, aet toil a tuigrióna féin.

\* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.



Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring  
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,  
His fault must find him, he must be crost,  
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.\*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,  
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,  
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,  
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

"No doubt sure," "Myself believes," "Thinks I,"  
Three witnesses these of the common lie ‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,  
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, "I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse"—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,  
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,  
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,  
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† *Literally*: "I think," "I'm near-sure," and "it seems to me," those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

As ro þann eile; yr þean-þocal coitciónn "ni tuißeann an  
rátað an þeans"—

líor dírúð an rátað ráim an t-ocrað þam,  
S ni táinið þam tráðað þan lán-muir obann 'na víaið;  
lí bíonn ráirt as mnáib le srosaipe líat,  
S ni tuið an bár rþár vo úine ar bit dþam.

As ro þann eile ar céill asur ar mí-céill—

Cíall asur mí-cíall  
Díar nað nðabann le céile!  
Ír vðis le þear þan céill  
Sur 'bé þeim úðvar na céille!

As ro þann eile ar an úine a þfuil a dípe asur a innciónn  
ar þán uaið—

Cþann toraið an t-íðvar,  
lí bíonn coitðce þan bárr glar,  
íonnann a'r þan a þeit 'ran mbaile  
Þeað ann a'r a dípe ar!

Tá moþán þann ann, as innþint vðirð neitæð an traoðail.  
Cþeivim so þfuil an úirð ír mó aca coitciónn vo'n oileán ar  
það: lí tíúþað anoir aét ceann aca mar þompla, vo þeir mar  
atá þé i sconvæ Mhuig-Éó—

Þeiræð loinge, bátað,  
Þeiræð áite, loðað;  
Þeiræð cuirð, cáineað,  
Þeiræð rláinte, orna:

Atá mar an sþeuvna a lán ve þannþaið as toruðað leir an  
þþocal "Mairis" as vðeunam truaíðe þaoi neitíð eusþamla: As

\* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann : "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,  
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,  
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,  
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.\*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible  
Never foregather,  
Yet the senseless one thinks  
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,  
It is green to see, and grows never gray,  
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam  
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,  
The end of a kiln is burning,  
The end of a feast is frowning,  
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally* : The end of a ship—drowning ; the end of a kiln—burning ; the end of a feast—reviling ; the end of health—a sigh.



ro cúpla rompla díob ro, ar an gconradé Rorcomáin, mar do  
cualar iad—

1r maiṡs do ḡnib bṡannṡa ḡan-ṡiol,  
1r maiṡs bíor i dtír ḡan beit tṡeun, (a)  
1r maiṡs do ḡnib cómpáib ḡan ṡlacṡ,  
Aḡur dá maiṡs nac ḡcuṡeann ṡmacṡ ar a beula

Aḡur aṡír—

1r maiṡs a mbíonn a cápaṡ ṡann;  
1r maiṡs a mbíonn a élaṡ ḡan ṡac;  
1r maiṡs a bíṡear i mboṡán boṡṡ,  
Aḡur dá maiṡs a bíṡear-ḡan oíṡ ná maíṡ.

1r íomṡa ṡann ann, mar an ḡ-ceutṡa, tṡarṡḡear le “1r fuat  
líom.”

1r fuat líom caíṡleán ar mṡoin,  
1r fuat líom ṡóḡmaṡ beit báíṡṡe;  
1r fuat líom bean buinneac (?) ar bṡón;  
ḡur 1r fuat líom ṡíaca ar ṡaḡarṡa

Aṡír—

1r fuat líom cú tṡuaḡ  
Aḡ ṡeac (ṡit) ar fuṡ tṡḡe;  
1r fuat líom buíne-uaral  
Aḡ ṡṡearṡal dá mṡaol

Tá ṡann corṡúil leir ṡeṡ i ṡṡaíṡ ṡhinn mṡic Chumail—

Ceíṡe níṡ dá ṡṡuḡ ṡíonn fuat—  
Cú tṡuaḡ, aḡ eac maíṡ,  
Tṡḡearṡa tṡṡe ḡan beit ḡlic,  
Aḡur bean ṡṡ nac mbéarṡaṡ élaṡ

Buṡ ḡnáṡac leir na uaoíníṡ beíṡíṡeac éíḡín do mṡarṡaṡ aḡur  
oṡíṡe oíṡṡe ṡhéile mṡarṡaṡ: Tháṡṡa, an oíṡṡe ṡeṡ, nac ṡaíṡ  
le mṡarṡaṡ aḡ mṡaol an tṡḡe acṡ muc bṡeac, aḡur níṡ maíṡ léi  
ṡín do ṡeunaṡ. Acṡ buṡ mṡan leir an mac beíṡe maíṡ do beíṡ

(a) Aliter, tṡeíṡeac.

*Literally:* Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],  
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes  
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no  
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,  
For the weak who go through a foreign land,  
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,  
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.\*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,  
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,  
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,  
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,  
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,  
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,  
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house  
That drag their mangy life,  
I hate to see a gentleman  
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,  
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,  
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,  
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

† Literally: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχης 'ης η δεσποιας*.]

‡ Literally: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a \* \* \* (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ Literally: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| Literally: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aíse agus éadair pé i bfolac ar éul an tíge, 'd'áiríais pé a súit  
agus túbairt pé de glór gránna uatbárac an rann ro—

Míre Mártan 'deas Dia,  
Agus ar sac realb buainim feoil,  
Mar nár marb turá an muc breac  
Marbfaid míre do mac Coirímac ós.

'Do r'annraigead an mádar, óir faoil rí gur b'é Naomh Mártan  
féin do bí as labairt, agus marb rí an muc.

As ro r'eul do r'griob mé ríor o beul míceáil mhic Ruairíus  
"an file ar éndae mhúig-éó," mar leanar:

"Bí beirt r'asair as r'pair-deórac, don lá amáin, agus conn-  
airc riad [as] tígead 'na n-áirí leat-amadán naé riad don éall  
aíse, áct bí pé an gearr-rioballac [gairr-rioballac], agus arpa  
ceann de na r'asair leir an b'ear eile, 'cuirfid mé ceirt ar  
Dhiarmuid anoir nuair éirífid pé i n'gar d'áinn.' 'I' r'earr  
duit a leigean éirí' ar ran r'ear eile. Nuair éirífid Dhiarmuid  
i n-íntig (?) [= i n'gar] d'óib, arpa ceann do na r'asair leir, 'larr-  
amadóir oir [= r'asairígidóir d'íor] cad é an uair b'ídear a éaint  
as an b'péadán duib'? 'Deair Dhiarmuid r'uar ann ran áirí  
ar an r'asair, agus 'innpéadair mé rin duit,' ar r'earan

Nuair éomnócar an t-íurac [t-íurac] ar an n'gleann,  
Nuair glanfar an ceó de na cnuic,  
Nuair imteócar\* an t'raint de na r'asair  
Déir a éaint as an b'péadán duib'.

'Noir,' ar ran r'asair eile, 'nár b'earr duit éirtead le  
Dhiarmuid!', "

As ro rann eile do r'uar mé ó'n m'áiríleac—

Seallfaid an r'ear breusac  
Sac [a] b'péad a éiríde,  
Saoilfid an r'ear rannac  
Sac a sealltar go b'fuid.†

As ro ceann eile ó éndae mhúig éó—

An té léigear a leabair  
Ár naé r'cuireann é i meabair,  
Nuair éallleann pé a leabair  
Bionn pé 'na baileabair (?)

\* "áct go n-íntig," túbairt mac uí Ruairíus, áct ní léirí d'áinn rin.

† = go b'fuidfid pé sac n'ó sealltar.



wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,  
Out of every herd one head is mine,  
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day  
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.\*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,  
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,  
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,  
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid!'"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised  
Whatever thing he could,  
The greedy man believes him,  
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took  
His learning from his book,  
If that from him be took  
He knows not where to look.‡

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\* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *reab* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† *Literally*: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ *Literally*: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁGAN AN OÍOMAIS,  
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN.  
CONÁN MAOL;

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Cait. 1.

bile na coille:

Ir iomrha fear sairdeamail do h-oilead i n-úlad ó Coin Cúlaimn anuar go dtí Seágan an Oíomais. I bpad inr na cian-taib do rugaó ann Niall naoi nGiallae, ní cúmáctae do bí i dTeamhair. Ir minic do mótuig na Rómánaig i mBreatain a corghairt ríú. I gceann o'a tupaib tug pé leir mar cime buacail ós o'ar b'ainm 'na diair ríú páoruis. Do b'é an cime úo an Taitgín sup innir na dpaioite roim iae a teact. Tá a clú, 7 a ceannar go h-aibíó fór imearS Saedéal, aet dála Néill naoi nGiallaig ir beag náe bfuil a ainm dearmadta. Ar a fion roim ba móir le iad an ní úo lá, 7 ar a learrada o' fár an aicme ba cumaraiSe 7 ba calma o'a iuib i nÉirinn le n-a linn féin, 'na b'féidir ar dpuim an domain. Cuaroadis rtair na gcrioc eile, péac imearS aicmib adur 7 tall 7 ní bfuigfir fir o'aon cinead amáin do b'áilne dpeac, do ba calma i ngleó, do ba gléir-inntineac i gcómairle 'na na páir-fir do fiolpáir ar fead na gcéadta bliadan ar an bpréim uapail rin Muinir Néill.

Fá mar do liúga nn an gaot móir timdeall crainn daire i n'adonar ar lár macaire, gan baint le n-a neart aet amáin na duilleoga do rsiobar de 7 po-ceann o'a géasuib do buprad le h-áir iarract, do ba mar rin do na Sapanais ar fead ceitre céad bliadan o'a mbargaó féin i gcoinmib na gcuirde úo do táimS ó Niall naoi-nGiallae; 7 ir é mo cuairim ná buairpíde coirde opta ríú muna mbéad sup eirigeadar i n-agaíó a céile.

Ní iuib fear ar an gcinead ba mó cáil 'na an Seágan ro do luadmúo. Éireannaé 'na ballaib do b'ead é, cóm maic 'na loctuib 7 'na tréitib fearamla. Ní iuib pé cóm glie i gcómairle 'na cóm gear-cúirpeac i gceirt le h-dor ó Néill o'fogluimíó cleapáirdeact iuaSla i dtig Elípe, bainpíogain Sapaná. Ní iuib bun-eólar cogairó aige cóm clirve le h-eógan Ruad, aet níor páruis don duine aca ro é i ngairSe, i ngníom, 'na i ngráó o'a tír. Tá don rmál amáin ar a ainm. O'foillirig













## SHANE THE PROUD.

## A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages : and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais go poitéir an ríal roin dúinn go h-ádhad, mar ba deas oíra Seághan Ó Néill. D'fuaadais ré bean Caldaig Uí Dómnaiill, deirbhíur do Tigeapna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ir dóic le n-a lán úgdaí sup éaluis ríre leir le n-a toil féin. Ir ruadaí nác faib ré cóim h-óic leir na Sapanais féin ar an gcuma sain, áct amáin go n-ádhócaíó reiréan a dhóic-éleáctad mar níor ba fímineac é, áct fear fíunneac ná ceirféad a cáim.

## Caib. 2.

### Éire le n-a linn:

Ní fearaíó imir fáil lá ruaimnir riam "ó gab reóita na Noimánac i gcuan ar "Tráig an Uainb" le Diarmair na nGall imir an mbliadain 1169. Táinig na Noimánais go Sapana ó'n bfrainc céad bliadan roim an am roin, fá ríuághaíó Liam buadótai, 7 do ríáiréadair na Sapanais i n-aon bhuigín amáin. Bí na Sapanais fá coir san moill 7 Noimánac 'na rí 7 'na buanna oíra feara. Níor ba ádala roin d'Éirinn. Ó'n rí rin an dapa Hanpí go dtí an t-octmaíó Hanpí bí ríste Sapana 'na "otígeapnaib" ar Éirinn. Ní faib ré i mírneac don rí aca Rí Éireann do glaothad air féin sup ceap an t-octmaíó Hanpí sup cóir do féin beir 'na rí dáiríur ar Éireannais.

Ar an adbar roin cuir ré ríam ríóile amac go faib ré ríáctanac ar áaoiréacáib móra Éireann cruinníúghaíó ar don látair go mbponnfaíó ré tíodail 7 talam oíra.

Do b'é nóir na áaoiréac roin go dtí ríu beir 'na ríinn ar an dtreib 7 ríoinnead a dtreibe féin do tógháil. Bí Ó Dhian mar ceann ar Muinirí Dhian, Ó Néill mar ceann ar Muinirí Néill, 7 mar rin dóib. Cuiríó an t-octmaíó Hanpí deiréad leir an nóir roin feara, 7 d'á réir rin cuiréann ré ríóga as ríall ar áro-áaoiréacáib Éireann nác bhuil uair áct ríotéáin do déanaíó leó, 7 go ndéanfaíó ré tígeapnaí móra díob, 7 go mbponnfaíó ré talam na treibe oíra áct ríillead do. Do ríáctnuis na áaoirí. Do réir nóir na h-Éireann an uair rin níor' leir an áaoiréac talam na treibe, áct leó féin 7 leiréan i ríeannra cáile. Bí reiréan mar ceann oíra mar d'áruigéadair féin é ar cóingéall go átabarfaíó ré ceap dóib. Ar an adbar roin bíodair raor 7 ní leóirfaíó an áaoiréac a ríeair

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

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## CHAPTER II.

### IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,\* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

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\* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.



talman do baint díob mar bí an oipead eirt aca féin cum na talman roin 7 bí aigepean.

Ácť féac an dlíge reo do ceap an t-octmáđ Hanpí 7 a minir-  
teir glie Wolsey. Bead an taoipeac fearda mar máigirtir ar  
sac treib 1 n-ionad beit mar do bí ré so dtí ro 'na uacdasár  
ortá. Níor taitnig an gnó 1 n-aon cor leir an dtreib, ácť do  
féirdig ré so dian maít leir na taoipeadaib, 7 do rmuainib sác  
ceann aca ar a fón féin so maib ré 7 a dtáinig roimír tndite,  
cuirpeac le cómpac 1 n-ásgaib na Sapanac, 7 sup mictio corp do  
cup leir an impear.

D'á cionn roin léigimí sup triall taoirig móra na h-Éireann  
anonn so lánúuin cum Hanpí inr an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na meafg  
Conn Ó Néill; 7 so maib an pí so rial, fáilteac, upraimeac leó,  
7 so ndéarnair ré iarlai 7 tigeapnai díob do péir a gcéim 'ra  
traogal.

Da túbairteac an turur é mar do deagail ré sác treib 1 n-  
Éirinn ó'n nór do bí aca leir na ciantaib—ré rin flait do  
deanaó díob féin ar an dtreib san rpleadócar do nig Sapaná.  
Caítrío ríad fearda úmalúgáó do'n iarlá nuad ro do cum an  
pí díob, 7 muna mberó ríad úmal do cuirpear raigdiúirí Sapaná  
cum cabruigíte leir an iarlá nuad 1 gcómair rmaect do cup ar an  
dtreib ndán. Ní fuláir do'n iarlá nuad leir aipe tabairt do  
féin nó ápódcaib Sapaná iarlá eile 'na ionad a beiró úmal 7  
muintearda do'n riasgaltar.

### Caib. 3:

### GRUAIM 1 DTÍR EÓGAIN:

Níor b'iongnad so maib riormapnaig 1 dtíir Eógain ar ceact  
ar n-air do'n iarlá nuad, 7 cogapnac 7 crotad ceann 7 lám-  
reail clárdeam so bagartac abur 7 tall. "Ir é an Conn ro an  
céad Ó Néill do epom a glán cum nig iardaeta," ar ríadran, 7  
tugadar rúil ar Seásgan, aoránac Cuinn. "Tá adbar nig ann,"  
adubradar le céile; "ran so bparad ré. Féac an gruais fada,  
fáinneac, fionn roin air, 7 an dá rúil larmapa glara roin aige.  
Tá ré ag boprad so tuig. Tá breir 7 ré troigíte ar áirde ann  
ceana féin: féac so cruinn air, náe leacan-guailneac fuinnce  
feapradac atá ré; cóm dípeac le rleig, cóm lútmair le ríad;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

cóm d'an le tarb tána. Beir Seághan mar flait orainn 7 caite-  
pió lapa nuad an octráid Hanrí greadaó leir."

Cualaio Conn Ó Néill an coḡarnac 7 'oo ḡoil ri air.  
Cualaio pé pír aḡ caint le céile 7 faobair 'na maóarc. "Ir  
annra leir an mac coḡaríca, Matú an fearuoríca, 'ná Seághan  
a mac uiríneac péin 'oo tuḡ a bean-tiḡearna 'óó, an bean ir  
uairle i n-Éirinn leir." 'Do b'i mácair Seághan inḡean an ḡear-  
aitaíḡ, lapa Cille Dara, an fear ba cúmaótaíḡe i n-Éirinn.

'D'iair an coctráid Hanrí ar Conn a oíḡre 'o'ainmniúḡaó.  
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 pinnead barún Óunḡeanainn 'oe Matú  
láiríeac. "Caitíeac-ra mo céarí 'o' fáḡail," aóeir Seághan.  
Connaic Conn Ó Néill an lapaí i fúlaib a míc. Connaic pé an  
ḡruaim ar an uiríeib. "Beir Seághan mar oíḡre orí," aóeir  
pé fá 'oeiríeac, tar éir móran tafaínt.

'D'iair Matú cabair ar Sarena 7 fuair pé i ḡan moill mar  
ba maíe leir na ḡallaib an leatḡeal cum muintir Néill 'oo  
cúir ar céaraib a céile. Cuiread pír láiríeac ar Conn Ó Néill  
i ḡcómair páraim 'oo baint 'oe i 'ótaó 'ílatú 'oo 'ó-lácairíḡaó,  
aóe ní maóad pé riar ar a ḡeallamaint 'oo Seághan 7 buailead  
vá ḡlar i m'baile-aó-a-cliaé é.

#### Caib: 4:

#### FAOBAR CLAIÓIM:

'Do blaóim Seághan an Diomair ruar 7 ḡlaódaó pé ar a  
muintir eiríḡe amaó, le n' aóair 'o'fuarḡlaó. Níor b'fearr leir  
na Sarenaíḡ ḡnó bí aca. Seólaó pluas ó tuair ḡo cúḡe Ulaó  
i ḡcómair rmaíe 'oo cúir ar an b'fear óḡ baóe ro, aóe 'oo táinḡ  
reiríean anair oríca ḡo n-obaínn, 'oo ḡab pé 'ríota, 7 bíorair  
aḡ baint na pála 'o'á céile aḡ teiríeac uair. 'Do ḡléaraó pluas  
eile ar an mbliadain 'oo bí cúḡainn (1552), aóe 'oo éiomáin  
Seághan poimir iad 'nór rḡata ḡabair. Bí fear i n-aḡair na  
Sarena an cor ro. ḡḡaóilead Conn Ó Néill le tí ríotcána  
'oo 'óanaó aóe ba beas an maítear é. 'Do blaí Seághan an  
Diomair fuil.

"Caitíear an fear mórbálaó boirí ro 'oo corḡ," aríran fear-



Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "*I must get my right,*" said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

Ionad ó Sàpàna, 7 do cùirig 7 do gléar ré plóigeach láròir. Bì a sguairt ó tuairt i n-airdear mar do buairead Seághan leo 'ra n-àit nàc faib coinne leir, bainead ré seic arda, bainead ré se arda, 7 òruirdead ré leir so d'án, míocuibearac.

Bailig Matú òream de'n t-reib, mar do lean cuir aca fá na b'ac-ran, 7 do gluair ré cum cabrugad leir na Gallaid, aet d'éaluis Seághan 'na t'reo i lár na h-oirde 7 do eir ré ar Matú so tapaid. "Óeanfam daingean i mbéalfeirde cum a rmaetuisge," aoir an ruidre William b'rabaron. Òuir Seághan irteac oirca inr an d'ún neam-criocnuisge úo 7 do mill ré a b'rupmóir. Òuir ré ar an s'cuma s'céadna irteac ar òream eile do luét conganca b'rabaron coir Doirde 7 do r'gair ré iad. Níor d'iongnad sup táimis eagla ar na Sapanacaid 7 sup r'geinneadair leo ar n-air so baile-ata-cliaet.

Leigead do ar fear ceit're mbliadn 'na diad rúo (1554-8), aet ní faib don fonn ruaimnir ar Seághan an Dìomair. Cúimnis ré sup le n-a f'innreap cúige Ulad. Bíod an lám láròir i n-uacóair, aoir ré leir féin. B'ead ré maetanae ar na taoirig eile géillead do. Dá mb'ead ré cóm glie le n-d'ó Ó Néill do óeanfad ré ceangal 7 capadair leir na taoirdeacaid b'orba úo i n-ionad do eir d'fiacaid oirca géillead do.

Dubairt O Riagallais, iarla nuad b'p'imi, leir nàc géillfead ré féin i n-aon eor do, aet léim an fear teinntead t'rio, 7 do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallais beir umal do fearda. Níor mar rin de Ó Dómnail i d'Tip Conail. Ní mó 'nà géill an Clann Dómnail ó Albainn d'áitig na gleannca coir f'airge i n-dontuim, aet eus Seághan a'gar oirca so léir roir s'adail 7 sail. Níor eirig leir so maet inr an iarract do g'níó ré cum clanna cruada Tip Conail do tabairt fá na ruagail, mar p'reab Calbac Ó Dómnail i san f'ior air 'na cában ir oirde ag baile-a'gar-daoir 7 ba beag nár mill ré Seághan. Do tuit a lán d'á cuir fear inr an ruagad obann úo, 7 do cáill ré airn 7 capail, 7 'na mearg a eac eiorud féin. Do b'é an t-eac cogaid úo an capail ba b'eadó i n-éirinn. Mac-an-fiolair do tugadair uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air a'ir i. Níor eir an bac úo coir a'fad leir an b'ear s'cumarac n'án.

Do tuit Matú i n'gárgar éigin le cuir de muintir Seághan inr an mbliadn 1558, 7 do g'níó na Sapanais iarract ar an s'coir do eir i leir Seághan féin aet dubairt ré nàc faib don baint aige le bár Matú 7 so s'caitfeoir beir párt leir an b'p'eadra roir. Fuair Conn Ó Néill bár ar an mbliadn do bí eúgairn. "Ta an bótar réo do Seághan anoir," aoir an t'reib; "ní beir iarla mar óeann oirann a tuitleat."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

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## CHAPTER V.

### O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And



## Cairb. 5.

## O néill uladh:

Amac leat ar bàrr Tulaigòis, a Seághan an Dìomair! Tà an leac pìogach ann a' seirceam leat leò' coir veir do buaidh uirte mar ghrèad do fìnnear pìgte rómach! Agus do fearann Seághan O Néill ar Tulaigòis, agus do rìneadh rìat b'ann d'ìneadh cuise mar còmharta cotraim eiric d'á t'èir; buaidh clòca ghrèach ar a fìnnear eumach a' catbàrr ar a ceann. Caiteadh rìpèir a coire rìar ar a gualainn: Capadh mìle claidheamh d'òr cionn ceann g'òirgheadh mac alla na gceannar le fuidh-gìor mìle rìghach—"O Néill abú! Go marbh ar b'fàit a toga!" Do tairneim an grian ar ceannaghe d'atamail, luirneamail Uí Néill, g'òr coir coir mòra ar iallaib amartach arda rìe mar eualadh ualparach an mactìpe 'ra coill g'èim na h-eilite ar an ghenoc.

"Do b'òirghe liom veit am' 'O Néill uladh' 'na am' rì ar Spáinn," arda doò tìr eòghain tamall mar 'na d'ìar rìo. "I' mò le h-ùltaich an ainm 'O Néill' 'na 'Caerap' le Rómànach," arda an rìghach Mountjoy.

## Cairb. 6:

## "DEARBHÀCHAIR TAIÒS DÒMHALL."

Caitheadh Máire, bainneach Sàra na fà'n am ro, g'òr eir 'na h-ionadh. Do b' i an bean m'banamail rìe an eirde clòiche g'na rìghach p'air an bean ba mò inntleacht le n-a linn. Do eir rì fèin g'na rìghach l'ìrteach ar eir irteach ar Seághan. Sydney do b'ainm d'á fear-ionadh i n-èirinn. Gluair rì o' eir do Dòmhach g' eir rìghach eum Seághan teacht 'na g'òr. Nìr leir Seághan ar g' eir eualadh rì an rìghach a' eir rì eirteach eum Sydney teacht eum a tìge g' veit 'na d'air bairtìe d'á mac ós. Nìr d'ùltaich an fear-ionadh doò g' do fearann rì leir an mac: "Tàim-rì am' O Néill i n-ùlth le toil na t'èir rìe," arda Seághan. "Nì t'èirgheann uaim còmhach le Sàra na m' leirtear dom, a' m' eirtear oim, b'òr o'air fèin." B' Sydney r'arta leir rì g'òr rìghach ar feadh tamall i n-ùlth

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

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## CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

suir táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionad go h-Éirinn. "Ní béad aní fuaimnear," aoir pé, "go mbeid Ó Néill pá coir," 7 do gléar 7 do cóirigh pluas le h-aíad an gnóta. Fear fealltae, boirb, glie, do b'ead Sussex ro aet ní raib pé com gear-inntineae le Sydney. Do cabruis Calbae Ó Dómnail leir, 7 mar an gcéadna clann Dómnail na hálbann, i ndontuim. Do gearán Seághan-an-Oíomair go rabtar as cup air gan cúir. Bí a cúise as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maitear. Tagad teactaire Elíre 7 féadad pé. Níor cúir Elir ruim 'na cúir cainte aet leis rí o'á fear-ionad gluairead o tuar go h-Áir-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

Pheab Seághan go h-obann irtead go Tír Conaill rui a raib coinne leir 7 do ríob pé leir sean Calbae Ó Dómnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úo o'fás an rmal ar a ainm. Do cúir an clea coisad obann roin meapbtail ar na Tír Conailliz 7 do tocuir Sussex a ceann le canagar. Car Seághan o deap pá mar do b'ead pé ar tí iarraiet do tabairt pá Baile-ata-Cliae. Bí Mac-an-Fíolair pá 7 níor b'ionntaoib Seághan ar muin an eic rin ar ceann oreama oirgineae o' Ultaeab. Níor tuiz Sussex cad é an fuadar do bí pá Seághan. Pá deiread do filid pé go raib Seághan 'na glaise aise 7 do beartuiz pé inml oó. Do oiruo pé mile fear irtead go Tír Eogain as creada 7 as corraire, 7 o' fan pé féin coir Áir-Maca as feiteam le Seághan. Baile an mile fear na céadta ba dúbá, na caoirigh bána, 7 na capail, 7 do gluaireadar ar n-air go buacac. "féad Mac-an-Fíolair," arpa duine éigin, "tá Seághan an Oíomair cúsaib!" Ní raib le Seághan ar an látair úo aet céad 7 ríde marcae 7 o'á céad coirbte, aet gairgíobiz blorgbéimeada do b'ead iad. Bí cinn 7 cora 'na gcápnánaib ar an macaire úo pá ceann uaire an clois, 7 an fuigleae beas creada, rtoillea, as rgeinnead go h-Áir-Maca, na biailib faobhada o'á n-gearrad 7 o'á n-éirleae, 7 an gáir-cata uaimnac úo—"Lám dearg abú!" 'na gcluaraib. innreann Sussex féin le crad croidé an raon-madma do cuiread air.—"Ní raib pé i mirneae don Éireannaiz riam rór fearam am' aiaid-re, aet féad inoiu Ó Néill reo 7 gan aise aet a leat n-oiread fear liom, as brúctad irtead ar mo arim briedz ar macaire péid leatan. Do guirpinn cum Dé faili o'fágail air 'na leitéir o'áit gan coill i ngiorraet tri mile oó le ríad do tabairt o'á cúir fear. Mo náire é, o'fóbaí na páspa pé aicid dom' arim beo i n-uair an clois, 7 ir beaz ná ríac pé mé féin 7 an cúir eile amac leir ar uaingean Áir-Maca."

Ní oimpraó Sussex ar Tír Eogain do creada go fóil ari. Cúir an bpirleae úo rgannrao oíca i lánouin 7 o'iarri Elir ar



notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lám deaḡs abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him\*:—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

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\* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.--ED.

làrla Cilleòara, bràtair Seáḡain an Dìomair, riòtcaín do deánad. Cuir pì teactaireact maiteamhair cum Seáḡain 7 cuiread cuise teact so lúnduin le labhairt léi. “Nì corprócad cor,” a’deir Seáḡan, “so d’uigair airm Sàrana a mbòtar oirca ar ulad.” “Bìod mar rin,” a’duhairc Elìr.

Nuair do meac Sussex ceap ré a cleap feill do cup i bpeidm: Tá a rḡuibinn féin cum Elìre mar fìadhnairc ar an bpeall. 1 mí na lúgnara 1561, rḡuibann ré cum na bainisogna rin sup tairis ré luac céad marc ‘ra mbliadain de talam do niall liat, maortige Uí Néill, ar coingcail so muirbheócad ré an flait rin. “Do múinear do cionnur d’éalócad ré leir tar éir na bearta,” a’deir ré. Nì fìor dúinn an paid niall liat d’airíuib, aet sibé rḡéal é nì cloirtear sup ḡnìd ré, iarract ar Seáḡan do dúnmarbúgað.

### Caib: 7:

## seáḡan-an-dìomais i lúnduin:

Rinne làrla Cilleòara riòtcaín ioir Ó Néill 7 Sàrana, mar ba mór le h-Ó Néill é, 7 do feoladar a’raon anonn so lúnduin, 1 nveiread na bliadna, 7 ḡáirva ḡallóglae i n-éirfeact leo.

Dubartar le Seáḡan nác b’fillead ré ar air so deó, toirḡ so paid an tuag 7 an ceap ‘na cómar aḡ Elìr, aet bì muinigin aisepean ar a teanga liomta 7 bì d’óic aise nár meac ré ruam, 1 n-aon cùmangaac.

Dean uallac do b’eac Elìr: Bì pì datamail, ḡruais ruac uirte, 7 rúla ḡlara aici, an t-éadac ba b’eaḡda 7 ba d’aoir le páḡail uirte, 7 an iomac de aici le h-i féin do cópúgað so minic ‘ra ló. Péacós do b’eac i le péacaint uirte, aet bì c’porde an beataoais ailita, ḡan truaḡ, ḡan truaḡmél aici, 7 innctin 7 aigne tar mnaib an domain. “An labartair b’éarla cúici?” arpa duine éigin le Seáḡan. “Nì labórad so deimin,” ar reirean, “mar leónrad an teanga duairc ḡránna roin mo córpáin.” Bì f’páncir 7 Spáncir 7 laireann aḡ Seáḡan i dteannta a teanga binn blarva féin. Dean teangaaca do b’eac Elìr leir, 7 dubartar sup fáruis Seáḡan ‘ra b’f’páncir i 7 sup eitig pì cómpad leir ‘ra teanga roin.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as



Là Nòvlas beag inr an mbliadhain 1562 do buail ré irteac go reómra ríogaíochta Elír. Bí sír calma ré troisgte 7 níor mó na cuideachta, go móir móir Herbert ós, aet connacatar láirthead náe raiú ionnta aet rppearáin i n-aice Seághan-an-Dìomair. Tugann rtaíri na Sapanac cúntur ar a cuairt 7 ar a éruit: “Bí falluings buirde-dearg do déanmúr daor ar ríleat riar ríor go calam leir, 7 spuas fionn-ruat go cupineac, cam-appac tar a flinneadnaib ríor go láir a dhroma, rúla glara ríadaine aise d’féac amac oir cóm lonnriac le sac spéine; corp fuinnite lútmair aise 7 ceann-aigte dán.” Bí na céarta as iarrair ríadaine d’fágail air féin 7 ar a gallóglaia: Deir a tuairpís go ríadair po ceann-lomnocta, foit fionna oita, léinteadá lúirg ó muneál go glún oita, cpoiceann mactíre tar fúailníb sac sír aca, 7 seárr-tuas cata i láim sac don aca. Níor b’ ionntaíob fearg do cup ar a leitéiríob ríú. Ir deall-ríac go ríadair i mbuigín dhroma. “Úmaluigíó!” arra Seághan de fúit glórac 7 ní raiú an focal ar a béal nuair do bí na gallóglaia ar a leat-glúin. Stao ré i gcómgar do’n cátaíob ríogaíochta mar a raiú Elír, asur i éaduirgte ar nór péacóige, do érom ré a ceann, do érom ré a glún, 7 do fearaim ré annpoin cóm díreac le gáinne. D’ féac ré féin 7 Elír roir an dá fúil ar a céile. Labair sí i laireann leir 7 d’ fneagair reiréan i go binn-díreac. Do mói ré a mórdact 7 duairt ré gur dall a rgeím 7 a éruit é, mar ba mín i a teanga le mnáib. Níor luig rúil Elír ríam ar a leitéiríob d’ fear 7 ba dhinn léi é beir ‘gá bréagad. Do tearbáin sí dó i n-aindeoin a cómarpleóirí gur taitn ré léi, gur go raiú na cómarpleóirí rin ar tí a cuir foia do dhórtad. Duiradar leó féin go raiú spéim aca anoir nó ríam air, 7 gur gur túsadar na coingíl dó ná bainpíde leir ar a cupur, meadarar, mar ba gnáac, an glar do bualaí air. “Tátaí ar tí an coingíl do buprad,” ar Seághan go dán. “Leisfeair ar n-air tú uair éigin,” ar Cecil leir, “aet ní fuil don am díurgte ceapuirgte ‘ra coingéall poin!” “Meallad mé,” arra Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail ré irteac go látaíri Elíre 7 d’iarr ré coimíre uirte: “Ní leómtar don dháiréann do déanaí duit,” aoir sí leir, “aet cairpíri fanamaint agáinn go fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do meall Seághan í: Ba maíe léi le n-a n-air é, 7 meartar go raiú ríagair spáirí ainmíde aicí dó, 7 ir é iongnad sac leigíteóra gur rígaíil sí uairte é fá deiréad ar seall go mbéad ré úmal dí féin amáin 7 san baint ‘gá fear-ionad i n-éirínn leir. Deirtear go raiú eagla uirte leir d’a gcuirpíde i gcuirpíde é go ndéanrad Muinríri Néill flait de Coirdealbac lúneac Ó Néill ‘na ionad

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

7 'do b'annra léi Seághan 'na eipean. B'i Sussex as cogaint a teanghan le buile toirg na'p baineadh an ceann de colainn Seághan i lánvuir, 7 cuir pé rgeala cum Elípe go raib pé leattha ar fuo Éipeann sup meall Seághan i o'a feabhar i a h-inntleact 7 sup gnió pí pí ar Ulaó de. O'iarri pé ceao uirte é meallaó go Baile-áta-Chiaó i gcóir spreama o'págaíl air, aet b'i Seághan ró-amaparaé 7 níor gab pé i ngorp do Baile-áta-Chiaó, gró sup geall Sussex a deirbfrúir map mnaoi do aet teact o'a feicpint:

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Caib: 8:

nim 7 fuil:

Inr an mbliadhain 'na diaid rúo (.i. 1563) do epom Sussex ar cur irteac ar Seághan 7 ar uirge pá talam do deanaó roir é féin 7 Elír. Do cabruig pean-námaíoe Seághan, na Tip-Connailig 7 Albanaig Montpuim, le Sussex, 7 do gluarir reirpan ó tuaró go h-Ulaó inr an Abpán 1563, aet má gluarir do gnió Seághan liatpóro coirpe de féin 7 o'a fluasg, 7 b'i Sussex an-buirdeac go raib pé 'na cumap teiceadh le n'anam. Sgríob Elír cum Sussex píotcáin do deanaó le Seághan, map nac raib don maic do beic leir.

Do gnió Sussex fuo ar Elír, 7 ar an am gcéadna cuir pé feipín píotcána cum Seághan—ualac piona mearguighe le nim: O'ól Seághan 7 a linn-tíge cuir de'n pion 7 o'póbdair go mbéad pé 'na pleirt. B'i pé as cómpac leir an mbár ar feadh dá lá, 7 nuair do táinig pé cuige féin níor b'iongnadh go raib pé ar deapg-lapaó le feirg 7 sup gléar pé a buirdean cum cogairó. Leis Elír uirte go raib pí ar buile i otaob an feill-beart úd 7 do geall pí go otabarpaó pí ceap do aet a fuaimnear do glacaó. Do glaoódaí pí abail ar Sussex. Leis pí uirte sup map páram do Seághan é, aet do b'é an cúir do b'i aici ar Sussex sup meac pé. Do pnaíom pí píotcáin 7 capadar map o'ead le Seághan aipr, 7 b'i pé 'na písg oáipíuib ar Ulaó anoir 7 leigead do. Aet map rin féin b'i a fuat do'n Gall cóm gear 7 b'i pé píam: O'a cómapta poin cum pé cairleán ar bpuac loca n-eaac. Fear tagartha do b'ead é 7 ceap pé sup deag ar na Sapanais padapic an cairleáin rin 7 do bairt pé air "fuat na nGall." Deirtear sup ceap pé an uair peo píogaet na h-Éipeann do



King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gàbail ùige féin, 7 na Sapanais do glanadh amac aiphe. Aet nìor càbhuis na h-Èireannais leir. Do rìghib ré cum miz na fìain e as iarraidh congnaim aip. “Mà tugann tu dom ré mìle fear aip iarpact,” aip reirean, “tiomáinfeadh na Sapanais ar an tìr reo irteadh 'ra bfairrge.” Do gheobadh ré a òeic n-oirteadh roin i n-Èirinn féin d'a mb'ail leò eirge leir, aet nìor còrruigeadh ar cor.

### Caib: 9.

## ÌÀM DEARG ABÀ!

Muna gcabhuisgò Èire linn, mar rin féin caiteam dui ar agharò. Bì an Clann Dòmnaill reo i n-dontpuim ó uair go h-uair as càbhuisgò leir na Sapanais. Amharanna do b'eadh na fìr calma ùo. Cànghadhar ó Albain aip ùirteadh Ùinn lli Néill 7 a aet, 7 do ùirteadh fùta i n-dontpuim 7 i n-dairmadh. Nì raiò Seághan rárta 'na aighe fadh do bìodhar 'ra tìr. Do géill-eadh ar dó 7 do càbhuisgadh leir don uair amáin, aet nì raiò don ionntadh aighe arda. Dubhadhar leir nàc raiò don rmaet aighe oirte, 7 nàc raiò ré maetanae oirte càbhuisgò leir, aet le n-a òtoil féin. Do ghrìoraidh bainneogain Èir idh i san fìor. “Seadh m'ar eadh,” aet Seághan leò, “gheadhaidh lli abaille. Nì fuit don ghrò dhampa oib fearda.” Aet do euir na h-Albanais colg oirte féin 7 dubhadhar leir go bpanfadhur mar a raiò aca san rpleadhachar dó roin: “Do buadhmar aip d'atair-re ceana 7 aip Sussex 'na ceannta,” aet na h-Albanais dhána.

Do leat Seághan-an-Dìomair a cora aip Mac-an-Èiolair, bailig ré a fhuairghe timcheall aip 7 do bhré ré irteadh go h-dontpuim aip nòr tuinne fairrge. Duail na h-Albanais leir i n-Èleanntaire 'na nòreamaidh nòirgheada 7 do fearadh cat fuitteadh eatort. Tá rean-bòtar dia tuar de'n baile rin Dun-abann Duinne, i gcondae dontpuim, 7 do euir Seághan-an-Dìomair a ead ciordub, Mac-an-Èiolair, aip cor-in-àirde tar còrraidh Albanac ann, 7 rá meadhon lae bì Clann Dòmnaill 'na rraetaidh rinte timcheall aip. Do marbuisgadh annrò donsur Mac Dòmnaill 7 readt gceadh d'a euir fear, do gabadh 7 do gonaò Séamur Mac Dòmnaill, 7 do còg Seághan leir Somairle Durde, an tairteadh eile bì oirte. Do b'fearr dhóid d'a òtòghfadhur a

## CHAPTER IX.

Lám beap̃s abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"



cómairle 7 greadaó leo ar a flíge, 7 do b'feáirín do roin leir é, mar do b'iaó fuigleac na buirne úo do mairb le feall é féin dá bliadain 'na diairí rúo.

Ní raib pé an uair peo aet oet mbliadna déas ar fíeio d'aoir, 7 ní raib don fear 1 n-éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaet 'na é. leir na Sapanais oíra go rabadar go móir leir. Bí átar oíra ar oúir gur mill pé Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáireadar leir: Tuig Seághan go dian maít iao. Ní gan fáet do cúmaó an pean-focal úo—"dhanntán maíra gáire Sapanais." "Ir maít an rúo," ar ríatoran, "Clann Dómnail do beít claoirde mar níor b'fíor dúinn cá h-am do cábrócaóuir leir na h-éireannais, aet mar rin féin beít O Néill ró-láirín ar fáo anoir."

Ir truaó ná'r gúo pé capadar le taoiréacáib éireann an uair peo. 1 n' ionaó roin érom pé ar a cúir d'fíacáib oíra géilleaó doó gíbe oíe maít leo é. "Caitéir taoiríó Conaet a gcaín bliadantaímaít do tabairt domra mar ba gátae leo do fuíctib Ulaó," ar reiréan. D'eitíó na Conaetais é 7 ppeab pé go h-obann 1 látair éigearna Cloinn Ríocáro, an fear ba éreire 1 gConaet, 7 mill pé é gan puinn rúaró. Do éreac pé Tíí Conaill inr an mbliadain gceáona (1566), 7 táiníó ríannraó ar Sapaná. Do gúioraó Elíí íapla fearn Muineac, Maguiríí le h-eiríge 'na aóaró, aet do meileaó an Maguiríí fá mar do meilpeaó b'ó múilinn doinnán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney bí 'na Aróuirrííí aríí ar éirinn an uair úo 1 n-ionaó Sussex, 7 bí áitne maít áige ar Seághan. Cúir pé teactaire ríagaltair d'ar b'ainm Stukeley cúige le h-áiteam air beít péro. "Ná h-eiríó amac 1 naóaró na Sapanac 7 geobair gíbe níó do tearóuigeann uait," ar Stukeley. "Déan-far íapla Tíí Eogain díot má'r maít leat é." Cúir Seághan ríann ar 7 labair pé go neamaeac. "D'éagán ir eaó an íaplaet roin," ar reiréan. "Do gúídeabair íapla de m'ac Cáptais 1 gcúige Muman, 7 tá buacailí aimpíe 7 ríí capall aóamra aet cóm maít d'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé érocaó nuair do bí gúeim aóaíb oíim. Ní fuil don múníóín aóam ar buí ngeallamna. Níor íarpar ríotéáín ar an mbainríogáín aet d'íarí rípe oíimra 1 7 ir ríbre péin do búir í. Do tíomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbair 7 ar Dúndroma 7 ní leirpeaó dóib teact ar n-air go deo. Ní leómpaó Dómnail beít 'na flait aríí ar Tíí Conaill mar ir liomra an áit rin fearó. Ná bíó do don meapb'eall oíe gur liomra cúige Ulaó. Bí mo rínnfear ríomam 'na fuíctib uirce. Do buaóar 1 lem' clairdeam 7 lem' clairdeam do coingbeócaó í."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked *i* of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Sìò so naib Sydney 'na fear an-mìrneamail, èirean, bì a èiríòde 'na beal aise nuair v'innir Stukeley d'ò an còmrad roin. "Muna n'èantair àrò iarpaect beirò éire imtígte ar àr lám. Ir le n-ò néill ulaò so léir 7 caitear é corḡ," ar Sydney le n-éire. "Buail é láirneac," ar ríre. Do feól rí vream Sapanac anall 7 do bailiḡ Sydney rí ar ḡac àirò 1 n-éirinn, Sapanais 7 éireannais, mar ir iomda taoirneac do cabruis leir. Do bì cuirò aca leirḡeamail so leor cum an ḡnóta aet do b'éirgean d'óib beartúḡaò orḡa cum cabarḡa le Sapan fà mar do ḡnóirò inoiu.

Tàtar cūḡac, a Seáḡan-an-Dìomair, a maircais an élaróim ḡeir, ḡléar Mac-an-ḡiolair, 7 cóirḡ do burdean beas laoc. Ní fuil aḡaib aet neart bur ḡcuirleanna féin, mar nác bfuil cabair 'nà conḡnam d'ib ó éinneac larmuic.

An ḡáðail do ḡoiríòde ar éeannḡaib na Sapanac timdeall baile-ata-Clia. Do léim Seáḡan irteac innte ar nór cóirniḡe do naob 7 v'arḡain ré i so ballaíòde baile-ata-Clia. ḡus ré iarpaect fà dainḡean na Sapanac 1 n'Dunbealḡain 7 bì bpuirḡean àir aise le Sydney coir an baile rin. Bítear ḡó-mait do Seáḡan annrúò, 7 cuirneac ar ḡcúl é le duac, aet v'imir ré éirleac ar fluaḡḡaib Sydney rui ar dpuiró ré leir. lean Sydney ar aḡaib. Do ḡluair ré ère ḡir Eḡḡain, 7 ar roin so ḡir Conaill, 1 n-aindeoin Seáḡain, aet do lean reiréan ḡac órlac ve'n trlige é 7 ba beas an ruaimnear do ḡus ré d'ò ar feac an turuir. Níor tearbáin ré riam roime rin cleara còmraic níor feair 'nà an uair reo. Bì Sydney 7 a fluaḡ lionmair cparóte turpreac ó ḡoḡanna obanna Seáḡain. Do dpuiró ré 1 nḡáir d'óib lám le Doiré 7 ḡus cat d'óib. Bpuirḡean ḡarḡ do b'eaò i, mar do tuit a lán fear ar ḡac taob, 7 famluis Seáḡan so naib an buac leir, aet fairé so brát! féac an vream ro aḡ teacé amair air—na ḡir Conaillḡ éruaò fà ó Domnaill do bì 1 ḡcóm-nurde 'na cóinnib—7 bpuiréac ar Seáḡan fà deiréac.

Do dpuiró ré leir ar ḡcúl so bealaḡe ḡir Eḡḡain aḡ vpanntan ar Sydney. Bì ré còm neameaḡlae roin, 7 còm muinḡneac roin ar féin so naib paicóir ar na ḡallaib teacé 'na ḡoiré 7 do ḡluairéadair orḡa so baile-ata-Clia arir ḡan puinn do báir a vcuruir aca. "Cuirneac riam mo lám orḡa rór," adeir Seáḡan. "Ní paacá aitíò aca ar n-air muna mbiaò na cuirpéirḡ rin 1 vḡir Conaill; tá raite beac annroin atá am' éraò 7 am' éealḡ le fada, aet bain an éluar díom, ḡo múcraò iadran ar ball."



make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See this company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

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## CHAPTER X.

### CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

## Cap. 10.

## SĠAMAILL AĠUS BĀS.

Bí Seághan go foluigtheac 'sá ullamúgadh féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na scoola. Bíodair aġ cabrúgadh le h-Ó Dómnail 1 san fíor, 7 'sá ġríoradh 1 ġcoinnib Seághain. Aod do b'ainm de'n Ó Dómnail do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar caillead Calbad le déirdeannaighe. Níor b'fuláir do'n triac nuadh ro éadct éigin do déanadh 1 uoradh a maġla, mar ba ġnátac le ġac plaic an uair úd. Buir aod irthead go Tír Eóghain ar órvúgadh na Sapanac 7 do éread pé an taob tiar tuaid oi. Do dúb 7 do deaġ aġ Seághan-an-Diomuir. Dar claidéam ġairġe Néill naoi nġiallaig, díolfaid Ó Dómnail ar an ġcorġairt reo !

Do éirā troigtheadā 7 marcaig aġ triall ar ġac áirv pá déin tġe móir deinnboirb roim eirġe ġréine 1 uoradh na Dealtaine inr an mbliadhain 1567. Ġrom na coin móra ar uail le teafbad ar teadct na rluag, 7 aġ lúctail 7 aġ croctadh a n-eapball, mar do fíleadair go mbiaid reitġ aca mar ba ġnátac. Rit an fiaid ruadh 7 an maectġe 1 b'rolac inr na coilltib mórvctimceail mar fíleadair roin leir le tuigrint an ainmíde go raibtar ar a uóir.

Ní raib dúb 1 reatġ aġ Ó Néill an cor ro, mar bí deabad air cum Ó Dómnail do traodadh, 7 do buail pé féin 7 a flóigeadv tri mile fear riar ó tuaid. Déarfadh daoine pírreóġada go raib na cáġa aġ rġréadacig ór cionn tġe Seághain-an-Diomair an maidean ro, 7 náir éualaid pé cedl na cuaidé ná píobairéadct an loim dúb inoiu.

"Nac dán iad na Tír Conaillig reo, 7 nac móir an triuag dóbv beit 'sá ġcur a rliġe a marbta," ar reirean, nuair do connaic pé Ó Dómnail 7 a buidean deaġ ruirctv ar áirv an ġáire ar an uoradh tuaid d'inbeair Súilig 1 nDún na nġail.

Bí an taoirde tráigctv ar an inbeair 7 do filid Ó Néill ġur ġainm tírm do bí ann 1 ġcómnuide. Níor mar rin do Ó Dómnail. Bí aicne maic aigerean ar an áit úd, 7 do toġair pé 1 1 ġcómair é féin 7 a cuir fearv do coraint ar Ó Néill, mar eirġeann an taoirde go tiuġ 7 go h-obann annrúv.

Aġur réac 1 n-árpann le céile an rliodct do táinig ó beirt mac Néill naoi nġiallaig—na Tír Conaillig ó Conail ġulban 7 na Tír Eóghainig ó Eóghan, é rúv do buir a éoride le b'ón 1 noiaid Conail nuair do marbúigead an curadh roin.

Deirtear nac raib aon fonn bhuighe ar Ó Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did



connaic pé an fhuasg beas do bhí ag Ó Dómnail 'na coinnib, 7 sup b'fearr leir dá ngeillfíoir, áct mar rin péin do bheartuis pé a cuio fear go cruinn 7 do rtiúraib pé 'na n'oreamaib 7 'na n'oirmaib tarfna an cuair fairsge iad. Tug Ó Dómnail poza feargac fá'n gcéad cuio do fíoré anonn 7 do b'ur pé iad. Muna faib móran fear aige, caic f'adais do b'ead iad go léir. Rinne pé mar an gcéadna leir an darna cipe calma. "Caic-fear iad do cup ar roin," arfa Ó Néill, 7 do buail pé é péin ar ceann cóir capall, áct do p'reab marcais Uí Dómnail amac ar los air 'nór gála gaoite, 7 d'á feabhar é Seághan-an-Dìomair 1 ar éigin do bhí pé 'na cumar corz do cup leó. D'féac p's timcheall air. Bhí cuio d'á d'preamaib meargta t're n-a céile 7 a tuillead aca f'garfa ó n-a céile. Níor tuis Seághan fáct an mearbdaill go b'feacair pé an taoire ag eirge 7 r'geoin ag teact ar a cuio fear, 7 Ó Dómnail le n-a buirdean laoc ag cup oirfa go dian. Níor meac c'poid Seághan inr an amgar úd, 7 do éiom pé ar éirleac le n-a marcais go f'adain, 7 a d'ul ar éorandáirde annro 7 annru ag glaothac ar a éinnfeadna a geuio fear do cóiríugad. Do g'níó pé péin iarract ar an fhuasg do bailiúgad leir 1 n-eagar cóir, áct ní faib f'lige cum capad aca, 7 bhí cuio aca go glúnaib 1 n-uirge 7 an taoire ag pómar timcheall oirfa. Fíor ó lár tuata do b'ead a b'urpíór. Táinig r'geoin níor mó oirfa 7 b'ure dar.

Dáta 7 marbúigead t'pí céad d'as fear aca. Do b'é cat deirdeannac Seághan-an-Dìomair é agus an tubairte ba mó do tárluis fiam do. An méio a cuair t'rearna plán tar inbair miltac Súilg do teiceadair leo, agus do r'einn a b'faiat ruar coir na habann ag cuaradac áta, agus doirn marcad leir. Do t'arbdain Tíir Conallac d'ar b'ainm Gallcabaair at 'ran abainn do d'á míle ó páirc an bualaó agus do tug Seághan Ó Néill a cúl ar Tíir Conall, allur air, a teanga agus a capbail cóm te, t'rim, le r'méapóro teine, agus cnar na f'górnaiz le buairpíre aigne.

Bhí Ó Dómnail 7 a f'ár-fíor go meirdeac, 7 a d'ceinnnte cnám aca d'eir an buair, áct ní faib f'ior aca go rabadair ag d'eanad oirbe na Sapanac, obair do t'eir ar na f'ail rin ar fead cúis bliadna d'as poime in, g'níó sup cáilleadair na miltac fear 7 dá milliún púnt cuise.

Cad do d'eanfáir Ó Néill Ulaó anoir? Deir leabair na Ceit're Ollamain go faib pé éadcpom 'na ceann dar éir b'ruighe áirio an f'áir, áct ní fuil 'ra méio rin áct cor cainte. Bhí an cupad úd ró-aigeanamail 7 ró-láir 1 g'poid 7 a g'corp cum cpomad ar plubairgeal agus ar éneadais 1 d'caob b'ur ad don b'ruighe amáin. Ní faib pé dá f'icead bliadán d'aoir fóir 7 bhí m'irneac an leomáin 1 g'comnuirde aige. D'iarf cuio d'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oiriúeadá coisair ari gáillead do Sárana áct níor b'é rin intinn Seágan i n-aon cor. Sgaroil pé Somairle buirde do bí mar éime aige le dá bliadain, 7 cuir mar teactaire go Cloinn Dóinnail i n-Albain é as iarrair coisanta oíra. Do gáilladar do í, 7 gáir pé féin 7 gáirda marcad ionas coinne leo i mBunabann Duinne, i nAontuim. O' úmluigeadar go talam do 7 gléaradar pé rda i gcábán fáirring do. Táinis fear eile ar an láir leir, o'ar b'ainm Pierce, brataoóir ó Éilpe do cuaird car do bí ar riub i as Seágan. Ní fuil aon rgribinn le fágar do dearbuis ann gur tug an captaen Pierce úo díol pola do na hAlbanais, áct tá mpar gear as gac úgdar ari.

A Seágan-an-Oíomair, tá do gáir deanta.

Deir do námaide féin amain, go raib do lám láir mar rgar i gcóinnirde as an bpar las, 7 nác raib gáirde ná fear mí-maíalta io' ceanntaraib leo' linn. Deir rard, leir, gur b'é do gáir gan rirde cum bío go mbiaó a ráir de'n fear do b'fear, mar deirteá, as boct io' Cúir, do cruinnigead ar do táirris. Áct tá deirde leo' féileact 7 leo' gáirge láirde, mar tá na hAlbanais go cíoraé as coisairais le Captain Pierce inr an gcábán. Ní cíoirpí uail de conairt asur ní lean-par an rard raib ére coiltib enó na Tríúca go deó arir. Ní cíoirpí rluigte Trí Eógan do gáirdeá níor mó, mar tá ríde Albanda ar do cúl a gan ríor ruit 7 Pietee o'á ngriogad gur marbuisir a n-aíreaca i mbuisin Gleanna taire. Preab io' rirde o'n mbóir poin a Seágan-an-Oíomair 7 péac dia tíar díot mar tá an trleas i ngrioraé oírais deo' órom leatán.

Asur liúgan an coirpíuín amuic ar Spuit na Maoile, 7 bupreann na tonna bána ar an oíraís le fuaim coir Bunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánnann na daoine annpuo capn cloé i los mar a bfuil Seágan-an-Oíomair 'na coíla le bpeir asur trí céat bliadán.

“Seact mbliadna Seapcatt cúic céo  
Míle bliadain ip ní brécc,  
Co báir tSeadín mic mic Cuinn  
Ó toirdeé Cúirpí hi ccolainn.”

Tos Pierce leir an ceann do b'áirne i nÉirinn 7 bainead an t-éatad daor de corp díceannta Uí Néill. Fuair Pierce a míle punt mar díol ar an gceann o'n mbainriogain, 7 buairead an ceann cáirdeá úo ar díor ar an rinn do b'áirde ar cáirleán Baile-áta-Chiaí.



# DECLARATION

STATE OF NEW YORK

I, John Doe, of the County of Albany, State of New York, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original thereof, as the same appears by the records of the County of Albany, State of New York, and that the same is a true and correct copy of the original thereof, as the same appears by the records of the County of Albany, State of New York.

## STATE OF NEW YORK COUNTY OF ALBANY

IN SENATE, JANUARY 1, 1900.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE, IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE, MARCH 1, 1899, RELATIVE TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

ALBANY	ALBANY	ALBANY	ALBANY
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# A PROCLAMACYON



As toucheth the Right Honorable George & Anne Ladye of Lennox and  
 Countesse of the Marches Daughters of our said most  
 Excellent and sovereigne the King our said Emperour  
 of this Realme.



Whereas most excellent majestie calling to remembrance the perversities argu-  
 mented records & traicteous beautes of Sir John Cresset under the first reygning that this  
 our said most Excellent & victorious Emperour is a Reuerend generall of this Realme and  
 his said Countesse her grace honorable and reverend beautes with her said young son  
 Sir John Cresset & his wife the Countesse have therewith thought good to put to her good and  
 loving subjects the story of her gracious & merciful proceeding with him to reforme him to the  
 amending of the true the honor & duty of a Christian subject as also of his honorable & traicte-  
 rous beautes to the good of this Realme as a foote to the advancing of the honorable name of this Realme  
 the betterment of all her most chaste good and faithful subjects and the great power and daunt of  
 her most honorable Daughters & Countesse of this Realme contrary to his duty to almightie  
 god and his allegiance to his sovereigne Ladye the Countesse.

First upon an hosting called and a Joyned made by her majesties said Reuerend Anno  
 against James mar Connell and his Brethren forren enemies then reputed & have not  
 only come to repaire to her majesties said Reuerend but also under a traicteous & perversitee  
 forre power of men of warre repaire to James mar Connell conspiring a countenancing with him  
 against our said Emperour and Ladye Countesse and therein perished to fare as he most humbly  
 traicteous to James mar Connell with the said James then an aged enemy against her majesties said  
 Reuerend & the Countesse of this Realme then assembled with him and the Countesse that he got it  
 giving the victory he was forced to fight at the return of her majesties said Reuerend & the  
 suite made by James for his pardon with his promise & otherwise taken to be a true and faithful  
 subject & true to them therewith he was then in respect of common quiet that the re was hoped to  
 come honorable graciously and mercifully received & pardoned of his handes offences past & their  
 and was then referred to his own habitation where he owed to him all the love he could under call  
 to be the better able to serve when he should be commanded.

Anno. After an other hosting called and a Joyned prepared against James mar Connell  
 and his Brethren then reputed as forren enemies & have not only contrary to his duty return  
 repaire to her majesties said Reuerend then being at the Seewie accompanied with Charles of  
 York and Edmund and Desmond and others the Nobles of this Realme upon our protection  
 or assurance that they could make into him but also when Charles of York and Edmund  
 with a great part of the Army were sent through Devon to pacifie that waies to the Countesse he for  
 feare of losing of his goodes repaire upon suite to them with all his force and promised to go  
 with it to her said Ladye Countesse and after it. 0. m. dayes abode with them he turned to Charles of  
 York and to lacke vicuals and promising to the said Earl to fetch vicuals & return immediately  
 he departed the Camp without farther knowledge and to receiving presently into his fostering  
 and keeping the goodes and cattels of James mar Connell & his Brethren he as a traitor & perversitee  
 traicteous enemies robbed with them & procured an assault to be made in a place apd her majesties  
 Army in their retourn and therapd did not only feloniously & traicteous cause his men to pray  
 and booke the possessions of divers her majesties true and faithful subjects within the English  
 pale but also did contrary to the lawes of this Realme expose Thel of Tyron his father & the  
 Baron of Downe and his brother honorable faithful and true subjects & servants to her majesties

GOD SAVE THE QUEENE.

- |                      |                     |                    |                      |
|----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| H. D. Cancell.       | E. Ounob. & Offery. | Gerrald, Desmond.  | John Sir. Somaston   |
| Rowland, Baitiglas.  | Richard. Montgaret. | James. Slane.      | Christofer. Donlany. |
| W. B. of Tymmersted. | James. Ryllin.      | Christofer. Houche | John. Curraughmore   |
| W. Fitz. Wyllams.    | Henry. Radetlis.    | George. Stanley.   | Jagues. Wynyghid.    |
| John. Plonker.       | Robert. Dillon      | James. Bath.       | John. Parker.        |
| Thomas. Cusake.      | John. Trauers.      | Fraunces. Harbart. | Fraunces. Agard.     |
| Humphrey. Warne.     | John. Challoner.    |                    |                      |

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 Humphrey. Powell.





as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“Seven years, sixty, five hundred  
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,  
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn  
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

## (D) CAILÍN NA MBRÁITRE.

Séamur ua Dubháill.

Bí cailín fadó ó i dtí na mbráitire agus ní bíod don teóma leir an méio oibre bíod rí a cur poimprí le déanamh.

Ir cuma cad a beaó gan déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeaó ré gan déanamh ar feaó náite, nuair déarfaió leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an freagra bíod aici i gcóinnuidé : "Ó bíor cum é rin a déanamh mé féin." Cear na bráitire ar dtúir go raib cailín anadiceallac aca, agus ir mimic a bíodir as molaó an cailín agus as maoidéam airtí le bráitirib eile.

Don lá amáin a táinig rean-bráitair eua ó mainitir eile, agus, nuair a euala ré an t-áir-molaó ar cailín na mbráitire, "Beid fíor asam-ra," ar reirean, "an bfuil rí com maic agus deirtear liom i beic."

"Cosar," ar reirean le ceann de na bráitirib, "abair leir an scailín teacó irteac i reóma na leabair agus, nuair a beid rí irtis ann, abair léi gur ceart di na leabair a nige."

"Agus cad eise go gcuirfinn obair ónirige mar rin poimprí ? Beaó fearis uirtí agus b'féidir go b'fágraó rí rinn. Ní cuirtear cailín mar i 'fáil scallaim duit."

"Déan fuo oim," ar' an rean-bráitair.

Do glaoóir ré ar an scailín agus ní raib rí i b'fao as teacó, agus, nuair a táinig rí, duhairt an rean-bráitair léi go bog réio : "Cloirim gur anacailín tú. Ir móir an t-iongnad liom, a b'igro, na leabair reo beic gan nige asat fóir."

"Bíor díreac eun é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a atair."

"Ó ní fábaó duit é, a b'igro," ar' an bráitair eile go rearb: Ó 'n lá rain go dtí an lá inoiu tá Cailín na mbráitire mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "eun é rin déanamh" i n-ionad é beic déanta:

## (F) AN FAD MARA

nó

## AR LORG AN BÉARLA:

Séamur ua Dubháill.

Tamall maic ó foir anoir bí daoine 'na gcóinnuidé i n-oileán beas i n-íocair na héireann agus ní raib aca acó an fáeróis. Mar scailín ar go mbíod daoine raibóir as teacó ar cuairt ar



## THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

## THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A good while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís ceap na daoine bocta ná raib uata áct an Béarla o'rógluim agus go mbeoír rairbhín go deo. Leanann an galair céadna móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille beic aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin.

"Áct cá raib an Béarla le fágáil?" b'in i an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'ríor aca go raib Béarla i n-Éirinn, áct eualadar go raib an Béarla doob' féarr 'ra dothan i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comráid focuigeadar ar duine aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an Béarla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteacht baó dóig leat sup go hAimeirice a bí ré ag dul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoir ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus críonna, go dtí Port na hÉireann agus cuiread an fear anonn ar an dtír móir ar an mbáó ba mó ar an oileán.

O'fás teachtair an Béarla rian aca agus o'imtíg air go Baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beic tamall 'ra catair bí Béarla aige, dá focal, "Good-morrow," agus ceap ré go raib ré i n'am aige fillead a baile. Bí ré cuiread go leor ó beic ag coiridheacht, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí féic an Ciotaig i n-aice na fairsge, fuir ré ríor.

Bí na focail go cruinn garta aige, 7 le heagla go mbead ríad caillte aige, bíod ré ag ráó mar rairbhín "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an aimpirí fluic agus bí féic an Ciotaig bog. Go deimín, bí rí 'na tóin ar bogad, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag dul trarna, euaíó ré ar lár agus o' fóbair do beic báidte. Tarrainis ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talam tirim. Áct, mo éreac ir mo éar! bí an Béarla caillte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair o'innir ré a rseal do muintir an oileáin, bíodar buaidhearta go leor, agus 'ré duhairt gac duine aca leir féin sup móir an truas nac é féin a cuiread go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Áct car a bí le deanam anoir? Bí an Béarla caillte i b'féic an Ciotaig agus b'féir go mbéad ré le fágáil fór.

Do gluair reirpar de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báó go dtí an dtír móir agus fear an Béarla le n-a goir. Tearbáin ré doib cáir caill ré an Béarla i lár na féite.

Crómadar go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a éoragad agus níor b'fada doib ag fábáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail gao mara leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," sprateachtair an Béarla, "gao mara," "gao mara."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."



## FÁIT-SGEAL:

ní macaíó mire go b'fát ar gcúl  
ma' r éigin beic úmál daob' r mói mo leun,  
muna dtis liom riúbal, muna dtis liom riúbal,  
muna dtis liom riúbal ar mo páirc-pe féin.

Cáinís an tpaenóna teit, 7 fín mé riap ar banca bpeáí fíir, ar  
taoib' an bótair, agus níor b'fada sup tuit mo córlaó oim.  
Agus im' córlaó connaic mé aipling.

Do bí mé as riúbal, mar faoil mé im' aipling, i dtír anaicnir  
nac faib mé ariam' ioinne reó i n-aon tír córmúil léi, bí rí cóm  
bpeáí rin. Bí bóirpe caola dó-riúbalta as dul t'pó an tír  
áluinn reó, agus do bí páirceanna glara agus feara bog uairne,  
agus h-uile fóir blát d'a b'facaíó rúil ariam', as fár ar gac aon  
taoib' de'n bótair. Aet do bí an bótair féin cam corpac cloacá,  
agus bí rppúilleac as réirdeat air, do loit agus do dail rúile  
na ndaoine do bí as riúbal ann.

Agus níor b'fada go b'facaíó mé feara ós lútmair láirir amac  
rómam, as gabáil an bótair mar do bí mé féin. Agus connaic  
mé an t-ógánac ro as fearam' go minic cum an púdar t'pim do  
bí d'a réirdeat ar an mbótair do cuimilt d'a rúil. Agus do  
bí an bótair cóm h-aírpéiró agus cóm cloacá rin sup tuit ré  
anoir agus ariap mar bí ré as riúbal. Agus an uair deirceannac  
do tuit ré níor fáat ré éiríge no go dtáinís mire cóm fáda  
leir, agus tugar mo lám dó sup tós mé ar a d'a cóir ariap é,  
agus tudaic mé leir go faib rúil asam nac faib ré gortuighe.  
D'fpeasair reirdean de b'facaíó binnne blarta nac faib ré gortuighe  
go móir, aet go faib faicéir air nac deirceat ré go  
deirceat a aicir an lá rin, mar do bí an bótair cóm garb agus  
cóm cruair rin. Agus d'fíarpuig mire de an fáda do bí le dul  
aige. Tudaic reirdean náir b'fada, aet sup mian leir dul go  
baile-móir do bí cúis míle amac uainn, pul cáinís an oirde air,  
oir buó mian leir ruó le n'ite, agus leabuir, fágáil, agus gan  
an oirde do caiteam' amuig ar an mbótair fíadain rin.

Agus nuair eualair mé rin do bí iongantap oim, oir bí d'a  
uair de'n lá asainn fóir, ioinn luide na gréine, agus b'fopur do  
duine ar bit do bí cóm lútmair láirir leir an ógánac rin cúis  
míle do riúbal in ran am rin, d'a b'fáíat ré an oirdeat agus  
d'a riúbalat ré ar an macaire b. eáí réir do bí le n-a taoib';  
agus tudaic mé rin leir.

"Ná bíod iongantap oir fúm-ra," a deir ré, "oir ní réirir  
le duine ar bit in ran tír reó an bótair fágáil. Cóm cloacá  
enapac corpac agus atá an bótair, caicéir duine fanam'aint air.

## AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

má fágann ré an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire bheadh séir, iocparó ré ar go gear. Tá luét gearóda ar an mbótar ro agus ar h-uile bótar in ran tír seo, raigsiúparó móra duba. I r iad na raigsiúparó seo do rinne gac don bótar ann ran tír seo agus i r oic do rinneadór iad, aét má fágann duine tuirpreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire, leantar é leir an gearóda dub ro, agus beirio air, agus tiomáinir nómpa é, go gcuirir ar an mbótar ariú é, gan buirdeacór dó.”

“Aét,” ar ra mire leir an rtrairéar, “ni féidir go bfuil an oiréar rin de raigsiúparó duba ar gac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbailta na mbótar do rmaétugeth agus do fárugeth mar rin. Nac mbionn luét-riúbailta na mbótar níor iomadóamla ná an gearóda dub ro, agus nac bheadhóda ríad an lám uactair fágail orra, agus bhuiréad arteac, in a n-aimdeoin, ar an macaire min áluinn rin, agus gan fanamaint ar an mbótar gíanna púdarac poll-lionmar ro?”

“O’bheadhóir rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rtrairéar, “oir bionn fide fear láirir ar an mbótar i n-gearóda an don gearóda amháin, aét atá ríor thraoirdeacta gearóda as an gearóda dub, ann ran rpeir or cionn na mbótar, agus i r dóig leir an luét-riúbail nac bfuil don neart aca na bóirre o’fágáil, agus tar éir gac oit agus doctair agus doctair o’á otagann orra ann rna rligéib millteada malluighe seo, ní an cpoirde ná an coráirte aca iad o’fágáil, agus i r dóig gur ab é rin mar gearóda ar an thraoirdeacta do gear na daoine duba. Aét i r é an puo i r iongancaige aca uile, nac bfuil in ran scu o i r mó de na raigsiúparó seo aét corráir eacta raigsiúparó; i r gearóda gan buig gan rubrtaint iad, aét i r dóig le luét-riúbailta na mbótar gur fuil agus feoil iad, agus go loitiró ríad an duine fágpar an bótar le n-a scuio arim.”

Do riublamar ar ár n-gearóda le céile ann rin, 7 níor bheadh go rabamair com fáruighe rin gur b’éisir dúinn fuirde ríor ar an mbótar, agus do góil an tarac agus an tuirpre orrainn go móir. Dubairt mé ann rin leir an ógánac, “Ni béinn com dona ro dá mbeir deoc uirge asam.”

“Tá tobair bheadh ríor-uirge,” adubairt ré, “fá bun crainn bheadh úball, ceatramha míle amac nómainn, aét tá ré ar an taobh arciú de’n élaide, in ran macaire, agus ní olirdeannac é dul com fáda leir.”

Aét do góil an tarac orim com móir rin go noubairt mé, “Caiciró mé ól r, dá marbócaide ar an móimio mé. Treoiruig mé go oit an tobair ro.” Táinig raicior ar an ógánac, agus dubairt ré, “I r i mo cómaire dúit gan dul ann, aét má r éigean dúit, ni bacparó mé tu. Fágparó mé do cuirdeacta nuair



he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

tiuepar mé com fáda leir an tobair. Marb tu féin, má'r mian leat; aet ni marbódaíó tu mire."

D'éirigeamar ann rin, agus siublamar le céile, go bpacamar crann móir áluinn as éirige ar an macaire, timcioll fice péirre arteac ó'n mbótar. Cuair mé ruar ar bárr an élaíde do bí ar éaoib an bótaí, agus connaic mé tobair glan glé-geal fíor-uirge d'á rgeitead amac fá bun an érainn áro áluinn, agus connaic mé bíáta bána agus úbla beasa agus úbla leat-apuir agus úbla móra deapísa lán-apuir, as fáir le céile ar an gcrann rin. Aet do bí an oiréad rin de rmaet agus de rḡannrao ar éaoimib na típe rin náir baimead oiréad agus don uball aca, agus ba léir dam, ar an bpeir fáda páramail do bí tarct timcioll an tobair éaoim-áluinn rin, nac tóainis don duine i n-aice leir le h-ól. Aet nuair connaic mire an méad rin do geit mo éroide i lár mo éleib, agus dubairt mé 's or-áro, "Dainpíó mé cuir de na h-ublaib rin agus ólpaíó mé mo dótain de'n tobair rin, má 'ré an báir atá i n'óan dam."

Agus leir rin d'éirig mé de léim áro éarcom aépac de bárr an élaíde-teópann agus arteac ar an macaire mín áluinn. Agus nuair connaic an t-óganac an nio rin, do leis ré orna ar, óir ba dóig leir gur b'é mo báir do bí mé d'á tóuigeaet.

Agus nuair táinis mire leat-bealaig ioir an gelaíde agus an tobair, d'éirig raiḡoiúir dub, mar beit appaet árobéal úr-ḡáanna, ruar, ar an bpeir fáda, agus do tós ré claióeam móir le mo éeann do rḡoltao, mar fáoil mé. Agus do éualao mé ar mo éil an rḡpead do cuir an t-óganac ar an mbótar ar, le teann-faictíor: Níor lúga 'ná rin an faictíor do bí orim féin, óir ni faib arim ar bit asam le mo éoraint. Aet do érom mé ar éloic maic móir do bí fá mo éoir, com móir le mo dōir féin, agus éus mé toga upcair de'n éloic rin leir an raiḡoiúir árobéal. Do buail an éloc é, mar fáoil mé, i gceart-lár a éadain, agus cuair rí amac trío a éeann, amail agus nac faib ann aet rḡáile. Agus ar an móimio níor léir dam cruic ná cuma an traiḡoiúira, aet do bí puo gan cruic ann amail plám de'n ceo, agus do leas an ceo rin, agus do rḡap ré ann ran rpeir, agus ni faib dādaíó eadpaim-re agus an tobair. Tuig mé ann rin nac raiḡoiúir ná fear cogair do bí ann, aet puo bpeasac 7 rḡáile do pinnead le tpaoidaet, cum na nōaoine do rḡannpuḡad ó'n tobair. Cuair mé go tōi an t-uirge agus níor bac puo ar bit eile mé. Éromar ar an uirge agus d'ólar mo fáit dé, agus dar liom-ra go faib ré com maic le fion. Bain mé úball móir deapig de'n épann ann rin agus d'itear é, agus do bí ré com milir im' beal le mil. Nuair connaic mé rin, glaoó mé ar an óganac agus dubairt mé leir "teaet art ac éusam, óir nac faib dādaíó

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate



le n-a bacadó.” Com tuat agus tug ré rin fá deapa, táinig ré féin arteaó tar an gclaióe, agus é fá easla mói, agus rinne ré ar an tobair. D’ól ré a fáit ar, agus d’it ré a fáit de na h-úblaió, agus fineamair riari le céile ar an bfeáir bpeáó bog, agus coruigeamair as caint. Agus d’faiaruió mé de ainm na tíre rin, “óir” ar fá mire leir, “ir i an tír ir iongantaióe d’a bfuil ar an domán i.”

Toraió ré ann rin as innrint rgeula na tíre rin dam, agus duhaió ré, “Tá an tír reó na h-oileán, agus do éruaió Dia i amuió ann ran aigéin mói ar an taioib riari de’n domán, an áit a gabann an grian cum a leaptán ann ran oiróe. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úire i d’a bfuil fá’n ngréin. Agus deir tura gur tír iongantáe i, áet ni tuigeann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneáa uirri, banba agus fóbla agus éire.”

Nuair éalair mé rin, do tug mé léim, agus buail mé mo éeann le géagán de’n érann, mar faoil mé,—agus dúirió mé.

Agus ar bforóailt mo fáile dam, riúó mé mo luirde ar an gclaióe ar taioib an bótar, iorí bail-á-cliaó agus bótar-na-bhuighe, agus mo éara Diaimuiró bán ‘s am’ fátaó i m’ ear-na-éaió le maíoe. “‘S miteró duit beirí dul a-baile,” doeir ré.

“Óra a Diaimuiró,” ar fá mire, “ná bain liom. Ni fácaíó mac mátar ariam a leiríoe d’ ariung agus éonnaic mire.” Agus leir rin d’innir mé mo bhuonglóio dó, ó túr go deiríoe.

“Maíoe! mo fáio tú,” ar fá Diaimuiró, nuair bí mé léio, “agus b’ fíor do bhuonglóio. Fáio agus fále tú,” doeir ré.

“Cionnur rin?” ar fá mire, “miníó dam é.”

“Ir ar éalam na h-éireann do bí tu gan don amhar,” ar fá Diaimuiró, “áet do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-éireannaíó uile as riúbal, ar na bóiríó do rinne na Sacpanaíó le n-a gcuio vlighe agus le n-a gcuio fáiriún féin, agus rin bóiríe nac féiríe le gaeóeal riúbal orra gan tuirliugáó agus gan tuicim, gan doóar agus gan dólar. Áet má éirígeann riáó bótar an tSacpanaóar agus an éarílaóar, agus íao do dul arteaó ar a macaíre bpeáó feuríari féin ni beirí riáó as riúbal go éruaió ar feaó an laé iomláin, mar an t-éireannaó bóet rin do éonnaic tura, le leabuiró agus le ruipéar d’fáóil ran oiróe; áet do fácaíoir fá dó níor fáioe, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíor-uirge rin do éonnaic tu, an tobair nac leiríoe do gáíraíó duá rin do na daoiníó d’ól ar, nac tuigeann tu gur tobair na glan-gaeóeilge é rin, agus cia bé éireannaó ólfar deoó ar, bíonn ré mar fíon in a béal, d’a neartuáó agus d’a fíonn-fuaraó. Agus an fáigíoiríó duó rin d’éiríó iorí tura agus érann na n-úball, b’ é rin an fáiriún Sacpanaó, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é 'o iméig ré ar amarc mar ceó, óir tigeann na páiríúin mar ceó, agus má corann duine é féin oirra iméigean riad mar ceó arís. Agus na bláta bána, agus na h-úbla, do connaic tu ar an gcann aró aluinn, rin é an torad atá ag fáir ar mácaire na Saedaltácta, agus má págann na Saedeil na bóitepe ip ar cuir na Sacpanais iad le dul ar teac ar a otalam féin ara, na h-úbla rin náir blar riad le dá céad bliadan bainirí riadparís go tiug iad. Agus ag rin duit anoir, a Craobín, mar míni gim re 'o'airling," ar ré.

"M' anam a 'Dia, a 'Diarmaid," ar ra mire, "níl do samail de míniéteoir ar talam na h-Éireann, agus an céad airling eile béirdear agam ip eugad-ra tiucpar me. Ip fearr 'ná Daniel tu. Bhoruig oir anoir agus béirimid ag dul a-baile."

## T A O ḡ S A B Á .

### CALIBOIL 1.

Bí Taoḡ Ua Bhoim 'na sabá, agus bí a ceapóca ar taoib an bótar 1 n-aice le 'Droicead na Seadaige, veic mile 1 otarib tair do Cill Áirne.

Ceapóige maic do b'ead Taoḡ. Ní raib 'na páiríúirde féin, ná b'féirip 1 gCiarrairde, fear do b'fearr a cuirpead crúó pá capall ná clár ar céadta. Aet mar rin féin, ní raib Taoḡ gan a loctarib féin. Ip dóca náir táinig riad lá donais ná marraib ná feicirde Taoḡ ar rriar Cill Áirne, agus ip ró-annam a bí ré ag teact abaille tráctóna gan veit rúgac go leor, nó b'féirip ar meirge. Dá n'óarpar don'ne le Taoḡ ar maroin lae an donais, "An bfuilip ag dul go Cill Áirne inoiu, a Taoḡ?" "ré an fpeagra a geobad ré, "Ní fearar," nó "b'féirip dom"—'ran am céadna ag buataib buille dá cáirip ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, com maic ip dá mbéad ré ag riad, "Ip móir atá rior uait."

Nuair a bí lá an marraib ann bí 'fir ag fac uile duine goe raib gnó aige ar an gceapócaim go mb'fearr do fuirdeac ra bail dá mbaib maic leir a gnó veit véanta 1 gceairt. Ip iomda rgeal gneannmar a bí ar ruar na páiríúirde timceall Taoḡ agus a cuir oirpe maroin lae donais, mar ar cuir ré tairnge 1 mbeo, lá, 1 gcapall Seagáin léit, agus mar ar póil ré ar móir otuatacl clár a bí aige dá cur ar céadta le Domnall Ua Bhuigín.



go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now; Δ Ἐραοισβιν, how I interpret your dream,” said he.

“My soul to God, Dermot,” said I, “there isn’t your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, ’tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home.”

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### TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O’BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, “Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?” the answer he would get would be, “I don’t know,” or “Maybe I would”—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, “It is much you want knowledge” (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bí feirmeoir beas 'na cónnaíde i mbéal na Seandaise dár̃b ainm d'ó Míceál Crón, aet níor tugad ruam air aet Míceál na gCear. Dá mbéad don gnó as Míceál na gCear ar an gcear-ócain ní párócaí don lá d'ó d'ul ann aet lá an donais nó an lá go raib 'fíor aise go raib Tad̃s as d'ul go Cill Áirne nó go Cill Orslan.

San am ro bíod maraíó Cill Áirne ar an Satharn asur bíod donac ann an céad luan d'ó'n mí, mar atá anoir.

Mairtin lae donais bí Míceál as an gcearócain cun p'p'míní 'p'agáil d'á muca, asur cónnaic pé ná raib puinn le d'éanam as Tad̃s.

"Ír d'óca, Tad̃s," apra Míceál, "go mbéid t' ar an donac."

"D'féidir dom," apra Tad̃s. "Bí Seamur Táillúra as ráó iom inb' go mbéad pé as sa áil roir timceall an t-don uair d'eas, 7 d'á mbaí máit liom d'ul leir go b'raiginn marcaídeac uair."

"Má'r mar pin atá i'n p'seal," apra Míceál, "ní'l don máit dom mo céad d'á b'p'eit anuar cun é 'cup i d'p'eo."

"Ní'l, go d'eimín; táim san gual, asur caic'p'ro m d'ul a d'iarrad beagáin guail asur ád'bar iarrainn."

Nuair a bí Míceál na gClea as d'ul a baile d'ó car pé i t'eac cun tise p'ilib óis, p'ei meoir beas eile bí 'na cónnaíde i n-aice le Míceál p'eín.

"Cá pabair, a Míeíl?" apra p'ilib.

"Bíor as an gcearócain as p'ea aint an mbéad an sab uillam i mbárac cun pionnai 'cup im' b'p'aca. Bí Tad̃s as taéant oim é 'cup eirge inoiu mar ná raib mópán le d'éanam aise."

"Nac b'p'uil pé as d'ul go Cill Áirne?"

"Cuata é as ráó go mbéad iacall air an t-apal a cup go Cill Orslan a d'iarrad beagáin guail."

"Ír máit liom sup sabair i t'eac eugam. Bíor as caint le Tad̃s áp'ugad inb'e, asur 'p'é d'ubairt pé liom ná bead am aise don ní a d'éanam lem' céad d'á go d'í Dia Céad d'ain p'eo eugainn. Tá an ainp'ir as p'leamnuagad uaim asur san puinn d'éanta agam. Sé ír p'ad'p' dom a d'éan m mo cé d'á a b'p'eit eirge anoir ó tá caoi as an ngaba. Ní b' d'ó don'ne as t'eac eirge inoiu."

Do d'eas Míceál a p'ioipa, asur d'im'eis pé air a baile.

Nuair d'p'as Míceál an ceap'oca, asur ó ná raib don ní eile le d'éanam as Tad̃s cuair pé i t'eac cun é p'eín a beap'ad 7 a glanad i gcomair an donais. Ní raib pé aet leat-beap'ca nuair d'ó cup p'ilib a ceann i t'eac an d'opar as ráó, "D'ul ó Dia ainp'o."

"Dia 'r Muirne d'uit," apra Tad̃s, aet ní ó n-a ép'oirde, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.



tuaipim aise náir táinis Pilib san gnó; "ir dóca go bfuilir as toul ar an tppáiró."

"ní'lim, go déimín; tá a malairt de gnó agam 'ná ppáiróis-eacé," arpa Pilib.

"Ir iomrú lá beir tú ar taobh an teampaill, a Pilib."

"Má 'reacó féin, 'ré ir ceart dom mo 'dócaill a déanam an fáir acáim ar an rasoal ro, 7 anoir baó maic liom dá gcuirfeá mo céacra i tpeo dam. Cím naé bfuil tú ró-gnóac."

'Ir truaig liom, a Pilib, naé féirir liom don ní a déanam leó' céacra inoiu—ní' l don gual agam, agus tá iacáil oim toul go Cill Áinne dá iarrairó."

"Ní gábadó duit don trioblóir a beir ort mar gheall air rin; tá máilín suail ra trucaill agam."

"Droic-éiric ort féin ir do céacra," arpa Tadh 'a n-a fiac-lairb. "Cao tá le déanam ar do céacra, a Pilib?"

"Tá clár a cur air, cruair a cur ar an roc, 7 é 'cur beagán ra bpo. Teartuigeann beagán cruairé ó barr an cóitair 7 caiteir bolta nua a déanam do'n iaca."

"Ní l don cruair agam acé don rmuicín amáin a gellar a cur ar iann-aicín do Seagan Séamuir," arpa an gaba.

"Tá lán mo dócain cruairé agam-ra ra baile," arpa Pilib.

"Bi-pe as baint an tpean-cláir do'n céacra; beac-ra ar n-air leir an gcuairó san moill."

"Buó maic liom, dá mb'féirir liom é, do gnó a déanam inoiu, acé do rsoil cor m'úir noé nuair a bior as cur iarrann ar ioc le Seagán bpeac, agus beir iacáil oim cor nua cur ann. Bior cun cor a bpeir ábail liom inoiu ó'n donac."

Peap beag canncapac do b'ead Pilib óg. Connaic ré go maic sur a o'iarrairó leir-rgeil do déanam do bi Tadh Saba, agus bi a cócal as éirge.

"Sé mo tuaipim, a Tadh," ar peiréan ra deiréad, "naé bfuil don fonn ort m'obair do déanam. Baó cóir go mbéad mo cuir airgíó-pe cóim maic le hairgead míicil na gcleap, acé cím naé mar rin acá an rgeal, agus ó tá mo cor ar an mbócar tá gairne eile 'ra parróir-de cóim maic leat-ra."

"Déan do roga iuto; ní'lim-pe a' bpeir ar do cuir airgíó, a rzanngóir! Beir leat do fean-céacra pé áit ir maic leat,' arpa an gaba.

"Ir maic é mo buiréacar, a Tadh; acé ir dóig liom go mb'féar duit panamaint 'ra baile 'ná beir ro' maróirín laicise ar ppáiró Cill Áinne, as caiteam do cóo' airgíó 7 do pláinte."

"Ir cuma duit-pe, i n-aínm an triabail! Ní hé do cuir airgíó-pe a bím as caiteam, a rppuínlóigín. B'féirir naé é gac don gabá beac cóim bog leat ir bior-ra as déanam cruiróte uoó'

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crook' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghosa ar do bailiúghaó fean-iarraiminn. Imtís leat anoir, agus b'féidir go fágáí fean-éirí capall ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dhún Caois an doiar.

Bí Pilib as cur de gur bain ré amac ceapóca áir-a'-Cluigín. B'é an gaba bí i n-áir-a'-Cluigín fear ós a bí tamall maid ó poin 'n-a púncíreac as Caois Saba. Ó d'fás ré Caois bí ré tamall dá ainm i gCorcais i bliathain nó dó i nAibain. Buacail ciallmair do bí ann i ceapócaíde maid. Eogan Ua Laoisair do b'ainm dó: Ní raib móran fáilte aise iomá Pilib nuair do éannaic ré é as teact, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aise iomair nuair d'innir Pilib dó ar an gcairmir do bí iomá é féin i an fean-gaba.

Dubairt an gaba ós le Pilib go raib easla air ná béad caoi aise ar don ní do déanam le n-a céadca go dtí deirlead na reactmaine. Níor maid leir Pilib d'eirlead, act bí púil aise ná béad Pilib fáil le reicéam com fáda rin agus go mbéad ré as breit a céadca leir ar n-air go dtí Caois nó go dtí gaba éigin eile, act ní raib don maid dó ann.

"Fágfaí-ra annro mo céadca," arfa Pilib, "dá mb'éigean dom fúireac leir go ceann coisctíoir ó 'nóiu, i tar éir an doirde béil a fuairéar ó Caois Saba an lá ro ní baogal dó go brát arir pinginn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a Pilib," arfa Eogan, "tá a fíor asat go maid nac bfuil Caois ró-buirdeac díom-ra i tcaoiú teact annro, agus ní'lim a pád act an fírinne nuair a deirim go mb'feair liom go móir ná fágfaí-ra ceapóca Caois cun teact cun mo ceapócan-ra."

"Ar an fírinne ir córa raí a beir," arfa Pilib, "act deirim leat muna mbéad don gaba eile ar ro go catair Corcais ná faigead Caois Ua b'poin don ní le déanam uaim-re."

Bí a réarfún féin as Eogan Ua Laoisair. Ní raib do élainn as Caois Saba act don ingean amáin. Ní raib í act 'n-a gearraicte as dul ar ríoil nuair do bí Eogan 'n-a púncíreac as a hacair. Bí í ana-éannaíle ar Eogan, agus níor b'áon iongnáó é. Buacail ghrádmair púáilceac do bí ann; níor b'feair leir beir 'measg buacailí eile mar é féin 'ná beir i láir ríata páiróí agus gleó aca do éurpead allairóir opt. Mar gheall air reo ní raib leant 'ra baile gan beir éannaíle ar an n-gaba ós, agus bíodar go léir go han-uaigneac nuair d'fás ré Caois Ua b'poin. Da mó an t-uaignear do bí ar Neilli b'is a' gaba 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair d'ímtís Eogan, agus éoin í go fúireac 'na díar.

D'fás Neilli ruar 'n-a cailín deir ghrárcamail. Do caillead a mátar nuair bí í react mbliathna déas d'aoir, agus ó b'ar a mátar í Neilli bí mar éann-tíge as Caois, agus ní mirde a pád go raib í 'n-a mnaoi-tíge maid. Ní raib ar pobal na Tuairce



Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

peap ba deire ríoca 'nà a'air Neilli, agus ar fion go raib Taobh 'n-a Shaba, agus gan cpoiceann nó-geal air, ní raib léine an tpeas-airt féin níor gile 'nà a léine ar maidin Dia Domhnaigh.

Ir beas an t-iongnadh nuair táinig Eoghan Ua Laoisair abairle go n'ubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aise, agus ir dóig liom go raib ríre ar an aigneadh céadna, aet níor mar rin do'n tpean-shaba. Ní raib don deabad air eun cleamhnair do déanamh dá ingin, mar bí a fíor aise go maic go mbéad ré an-leatclámae gan Neilli, aet i n-a aigneadh féin ba'd maic leir, dá mbéad fonn póirta uirri, go mbéad Séamur Táillúra mar élamain aise.

Bí seim beas talman as Séamur, aet ba minice é Séamur as an gceapócaim, a píor 'n-a béal aise agus é as féirvead na mbuilg do'n shaba, nó a' buala'd do nuair do bí Taobh as cur cruaid ar painn nó as déanamh cru'd do éapail, 7, ar nóir Taobh féin, bí an-dóil aise i ríadúirvead. Bí trí pabailíní bó aise agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar tógáil ar tead na máirta. Ní raib pílib i b'ead tar éir imteadta nuair do bí Séamur Táillúra agus a tpucaill as doir ar an shaba.

"Bfuil tú ullam, a Taobh?" arfa Séamur.

"Táim i ngorpact do," arfa Taobh; "níl agam le déanamh aet mo b'póca do cur orm. Bhoruig opt, a Neilli; tá an b'póca rin maic go leor anoir. Cá bfuil mo éapabac? Ná bac leir a' r'gácan. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam."

"Nac bfuil tura a' tead linn, a Neilli?"

"Nílím, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féirir ar ball go raigainn féin le coir máire Éiríon, agus béir a' t-aral againn."

"Ir feárr duit tead linn-ne. Dá olcar mo éapail, ir feárr é 'nà arailín máire."

"Go raib maic agat, a Séamur. Do geallar do máire fúirteac léi. Déam i n-am go leor i gCill Áirne; níl puinn le déanamh agam-ra ar an donac."

"Beata duine a toil," arfa Séamur, agus ar ríubal leó.

Nuair a bíodar tamall beas ar a' mbócar ubairt Taobh le Séamur, "Ar buail pílib ós umac?"

"Níor buail; cad 'n-a taobh?"

"Bí ré annso tamall beas ó foin le n-a céadna: Do geallar do, tá feactmain ó foin, go mbéinn ullam Dia Céadaoin; aet ní béad ré páirta gan tead eugam ar maidin, agus mé tar éir m'icil na gCear do leigint abairle mar geall ar ná raib don gual agam. Bí gac re fead againn le 'n-a céile go raibamar ardon feirgac. D'áruig pílib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná béir ríad leir go mbuailfead ré ceapóca Eogainín Uí Laoisair."

"Raib m'icil na gCear as an gceapócaim ar maidin iníou?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,



“Nac bfuilinn, tar éir a pád leat go raib cun puo éigin do déanam le 'n-a céadóa.”

“Díod seall,” arsa Séamur “suarab é Míceál do cuir i gceann filib teact éugac.”

“Ar m'anam 7 san d'roic-ní ar m'anam, go mb'féidir go bfuil an ceart agat, agus má'r mar rin atá an rgeal nára fada go bfaigí Míceál topar a deag-oibneaca. Dubart le Míceál féin na raib don gual agam, agus eus filib máilin suail 'n-a tpucaill leir. San ampar 'ré Míceál bun a' tubairte.”

“Ní cuppinn tairur é.”

“I'r dóig liom féin ná beaó ré pápta san béit ag déanam miorghair imearag comarpan,” arsa Taois.

“I'r píor duit rin. Ar eualaidir cad do dein ré ar Dómnall Ruab? Bí Dómnall ag dul le roc go dtí ceapóca na Ceapaise nuair táinig Míceál na gCleap ruar leir, agus é ag dul a d'iarraidí páil móna ó'n bpoitac.

“Cá bfuil tú ag dul? ” arsa Míceál.

“Táim ag dul leir seo go dtí an ceapóca cun é cup blúipe beag 'ra bpó. Támaoio ag treabaó páircín na gCloc, 7 i'r ana-deacair i treabaó le roc atá beagán ar a bpó.”

“Cait do roc 'ra tpucaill agus tar irteac tú féin. I'r móir an ní anró na marcaideaca.”

“Go raib maic agat, a Míicil; agus b'féidir ó táim leat-lámao go bfaigí an roc ag an gceapóca; abair le Tomár é cup píor-beagán 'ra bpó.”

“Déanfao é rin agus fáilte,” arsa Míceál, agus d'iompuig Dómnall Ruab abailte. Acé cad do dein an cleapáide acé a pád leir a' ngaba roc Dómnall do cup beagán eile ar an bpó, i rligíó go raib a céadóa go móir níor meara ná bí ré.

“Lá eile bí Míceál a d'iarraidí rleagáin eall ar an nGort mhuirde. Car ré irteac i ndorag Séamur Maol. Bí Séamur 'n-a fuirde ar ríol ar aghaio an dorair irteac ag cup taoibín ar a bpoig. Ó bí an lá go han-bpoitallac, agus Séamur ag cup allair de, do bain ré de féin a peirbice agus éioc ré ar éioca é i rtaoib tíar do'n dorair. Do dearg Míceál a píor agus bí ré ag gabáil dá cuio bheartaidéaca, mar ba gndac leir. Tar éir leat-uair nó mar rin do dhuio ré píor i n-aice an dorair. O'fan ré ag an dorair tamall beag agus a lám ar an leat-dorair. O'féac ré ar an gcrúca, ag leigint air go raib náipe air. ‘S amlaio,’ ar reirean, ‘do cuir Máipe anonn mé féacaint a bfaigí ann iapaet na puoa rin (an peirbice) cun ceapic do cup ag gort ann.’

“Bí Séamur Maol ar dearg-buile, agus léim ré 'n-a fuirde, acé má léim bí Míceál imigce. Do cait Séamur a carúr leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"Where are you going,' says Mick.

"I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit "in the sod." We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod."

"Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift."

"Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod."

"I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

áct, i n-ionad micil 'do bualað leir an sgarúr, 'd'aimpiz pé corpán mór bí ar iaracht ag a mnaoi cun ollan 'do dachuð. 'Bfuil eógan ua laogaire 'na ceapdaige maít ? ”

“Cá b'fíor dam-ra roin,” arsa Tadó, 7 ní go ró-mílir; “áct ní dóig liom supab é feabhar a ceapdaíveáct' atá ag carriac na ndaoine cuige; 'ré a cúro bladair meallann iad. Bí an teanga go pleamain niam aige. Dáð cuma liom dá gcuirfead ré ruar dó féin ag Droicead na leamna nó tíor ar a Mianur, áct ir dóig liom-ra sup mór an náire 'dó teáct 7 ceapda 'do cup ruar cóm atcumair dam agus tá ré 'noir.”

## CABIDIL 11:

Cartar na daoine ar a céile,  
áct ní cartar na chuid ná na pléibte.

Nuair 'do buail an beirt Cill Áirne b'éigean dóib 'deoc beít aca i dtig Séamuir Uí Bpuigín 'ra Spáio Nuair, agus níor b'fada dóib go faib bpaon eile aca i Spáio na gCeapic nuair capad oppa beirt nó triúr eile agus tarb oppa. Ní faib leat an lae caíte nuair bí an gaba rúgac go leór.

Ní faib Neillí i bpa ar a' rpaio sup connaic pí a haðair agus é ar leat-meirge. Ir gairio 'do bí pí féin agus an cailin eile ag déanam a ngnóca. Nuair 'do bíodar ullam cun teáct abaile 'do 'dein Neillí a 'dócaill a haðair 'do meallað léi, áct ní faib maítear oi beít a tatant air; 'd'fan ré féin agus Séamuir ar an rpaio go dtí tuicim na hoirdce agus go rabadar apoon ar meirge nó i ngnóiract 'dó.

Bí capallín beag cneapca ag Séamur Táillíura. Bí an bótar piéir agus an oirdce geal, 7 dá mbéad an beirt pártca leir an méir 'do bí ólta aca nuair págadar rpaio Cill Áirne béad an rgeal go maít aca, áct ní rabadar. Nuair tángadar go Droicead na leamna bí 'deoc le beít aca, 7 nuair bí an gaba ag teáct amac ar an tcrucail tuit ré ar flearg a 'droma ar an mbótar, agus 'ran am céadna 'do cuir iud éigin an capall ar riúbal. Cúair an pot tpearna láime Tairó. 'Do rsgaad an fear boct cóm géar rin sup iut na daoine amac cuige, agus nuair connacadar é pinte ar an mbótar faoileadar go faib a lám buprte, áct ní faib.

Ba mór an ní go faib an doctúir 'n-a comnaide ar taob an bótar ag Droicirín na Spioóige; bí ré ag baile. Tar éir féacaint ar lám an gaba 'ré duðairt an doctúir, “Ní'l don énam buprte, áct béir ré tamall go mbéir gpeirém agat ar carúr, a Tairó.” 'Do b'fíor dóran; bí an gaba páite gan don níð 'do déanam map geall ar a lám.



loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

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## CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Là'ri na bàrac tap éir lae an donais, agus daoine as teac't go dtí ceáiríochá Taòs bí ré buadharta go leór. Cuir ré rígeala cun gaba na Cearaige bí an-muintearta leir i gcóinnaithe, as féadaint an gcuirfeadh ré a mac cuise ar feadh reachtmaine cun go mbéadh am aise ar fear éigin eile do foláchar.

'Sé an freasra fuair an teactaire go rabhadar ró-leat-lámh ar an gCearaige, aet b'féidir i nveirfeadh na reachtmaine go mbéadh an fear ós ábalta ar dul ar feadh lae nó dó cun cabrugeadh le Taòs.

"An rpreallairín rugaig," arfa Taòs, nuair a éuala ré cao dubhairt a duine muintearta, "tá fíor agam-ra go maith cao tá 'n-a ceann; aet beir an rígeal go cruaidh oim-ra nó rapócao-ra é." Nuair éuala Eoghan Ua Laochairne cao to tuic amac ar áchar Neillí níor b'fadh go raib ré as doim ar tige an gaba. Ní raib móran fáilte as Taòs roimh, aet rap ar fás ré an teinteán bí taob eile ar a' rígeal.

"I' rruas liom," arfa Eoghan, "tura beir mar 'taoi, 7 san don'ne agat aet tú féin. An féidir liom-ra don nío do déanamh duic?"

"Ní feadair," arfa Taòs; "i' dóca go bfuil do dóctain le déanamh agat féin, agus beir níor mó agat anoir ó táim-re mar a bfuilim.

'An té bíonn fíor buailtear cor air,  
Agus an té bíonn ruar óltar deoc air."

"Ní beir i b'fadh fíor, le congnam Dé; agus mó lám i' m'focal duic nac bfuil don traint oim-ra obair a b'beir uat-re. Mar a bfuil don gaba eile agat fíor cuirfeadh-ra mo p'rinteiread eugat san móill."

"Go raib maith agat," arfa Taòs, as cur láime rlan amac agus as b'beir gheim daingean ar lám Eoghan.

Nuair bí an gaba ós as imteact ruig Neillí ar lám air agus aouubairt "Mile beannaet oit. Bíor a' cuimneam oit; bí fíul agam leat, aet bí eagla oim dá dtiocfá féin go mbéadh m'áchar ró-foirgeadh leat, mar bí fíor agam go maith ná raib ré ró-buirdéad díot."

"Ní móir i' féidir liom a déanamh, aet déanfaid mo díceall; agus tá 'r agat-ra, a Neillí, go ndéanfaidm móran ar do fon-ra."

"Táim go han-buirdéad díot, a Eoghan," arfa Neillí, 7 luirne 'n-a cionnacaid.

Cuair an gaba ós ábailte 'r níor b'fadh tap éir imteact' do go dtáinig Séamur Táillúra irthead. Bí Neillí as an doim ar.

"Cannor tá t'áchar, a Neillí?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;  
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.



“Τὰ ἴ’ ἄσας σο μαῖτ’ καννοῖ τὰ πέ, ἃ Σέαμυρ. Τὰ πέ ’να λυῖς ἀπὶ ἃ λεαβαῖὸ ἄσῃ τὰ εἰσλὰ οἷμ σο μβεῖρὸ πέ ἀνν σο πόλλ. Βυαῖλ πυὰρ εἰς; τὰμ-πε ἄς οὐλ ἃ ὀ’ιάρηαῖὸ κανα υἱς ο’ν ἀβανν.”

Ὁ’ἄν Σέαμυρ ταμὰλλ μαῖτ’ ἄσῃ νυαῖρ βῖ πέ μτῖςτε το ἡλαοῖ-αῖς Τὰὸς ἀπ’ Νεῖλλι εἰν θεοὸ υἱς πυαῖρ το ἑαβαῖτ’ το. “Συρὸ ἀπ’ ἃ’ ἡαῖαοῖρ σο πόλλ, ἃ Νεῖλλι, ἃ εἰρὸ; τὰ πυὸ εἰς ἄσῃμ λε πὰὸ λεατ.”

Ὁο ἴρὸ Νεῖλλι ἀπ’ ἃν ἡαῖαοῖρ ἄς ταοῖβ’ να λεαβῆ, ἀετ ἡαν εἰννε ἀεὶ καὶ το βῖ ’ν-ἃ ἑανν.

“Τὰ εἰσλὰ οἷμ σο μβεῖρὸ ἰμ’ ἡαῖτῖνεα, ἃ Νεῖλλι, ἃ ν-εαῖβαλλ μο παοῖαῖ; ἀετ βαὶ εἰμα ἡομ τὰ βῖεῖρῖνν τυρὰ ἄσῃ το ἑεῖντεῖν πέμ ἄσας. ἴρ τοῖα τὰ μβεῖρὸ σο παῖςῖνν-πε εἰννε υαῖτ’ ἀνν.”

“Τὰμ πὰρτα μαῖρ ἃ βῖυῖλμ,” ἀρρα Νεῖλλι; “ἄσῃ ὀταοῖβ’ τυρὰ βεῖτ’ ἰὸ’ ἡαῖτῖνεα, νῖ μαῖρ πῖν ἃ βεῖρὸ ἃν ἡῖεῖλ ἄσας, ἑε κοῖνῃμ ὀε.”

“Ὁ’βῖεῖρῖνν πῖν, ἃ ἡῖαὶ; ἀετ μαῖρ πῖν πέμ βαὶ μαῖτ’ ἡομ τὰ βῖεῖρῖνν εἰρὸρτα.”

“Νῖ’λ ἀοῖν ποῖνν πόρτα οἷμ-πα, ἃ ἀῖαῖρ, ἄσῃ τὰ μβεῖρὸ πέμ νῖ ἀοῖρ ἃν τ-ἃμ εἰν βεῖτ’ ἄς εἰννεῖμ ἀῖρ.”

“Τὰμ-πε οὐλ ἃ ν-αοῖρ, ἀετ βαὶ ἡοῖρ ἃν πὰρῃμ ἀῖςῖνν οἷμ εἰ τὰ μβεῖρῖν-πα ἃ ὀ’αῖτ’ βῖς πέμ. Τὰ πῖρῖμ βεῖς ὀεῖρ ἄς Σέαμυρ. Τὰλλῖῃρ, νῖ’λ εἰρὸρ τῖομ ἀῖρ, ἡ τὰ πῖορ ἄσῃμ νὰε βῖυῖλ εαῖλῖν εἰτε ἴρ παῖρῖορ το ὀ’βῖεῖρῖνν λε Σέαμυρ ἃ βεῖτ’ μαῖρ ἡῖαοῖ ἀῖςε νὰ εἰρ πέμ.”

“Τὰμ ἃν-βῖρῖνν το Σέαμυρ. Νῖ λε ἡεῖρῖνν ἡῖα τῖς ἃ βεῖρὸ πέ ἄς πόρτῃ; τυῖανν ἃ ἡῖαῖρ ἀῖςε τορ να βυαῖβ’ ἄσῃ λεῖτῃν ἃ ὀεῖρῖνν ἃν τ-αοῖλεα ἀπ’ να πῖαῖ. ἃν βεῖν-τῖεῖνν ἀτὰ υαῖρ ἀοῖρ?”

Ὁ’οῖςῖνν Τὰὸς ἃ πῖν. Νῖ πῖν ἀοῖν εἰννε ἀῖςε νὰ βεῖρὸ ἃ ἡῖεῖνν πὰρτα λε Σέαμυρ το πόρτῃ. Βαῖν ἃ νουβαῖτ’ πῖ ἃν τ-ἃνῃ το ἄσῃ νῖ πῖν’ πῖορ ἀῖςε καὶ το ὀ’βῖεῖρῖνν το ὀ’ πὰὸ ἀετ ἃ ἡεῖνν ταμὰλλ νουβαῖτ’ πέ—

“ἡαοῖλεῖρ, ἃ Νεῖλλι, σο πῖν ἄσῃ Σέαμυρ Τὰλλῖῃρ ἡῖντεῖνν το λεῖρ λε ἑεῖλ.”

“Τὰμῖν, ἀπ’ ποῖν νὰε βῖυῖλμ πῖ-βῖρῖνν το ὀταοῖβ’ οἰβῖε ἃν λαε ἡνῃ.”

“ἡοὸ εἰ ἃν λεῖςῃ ἃ βῖ ἀῖςε ἀῖρ?”

“Ὁὰ μβεῖρὸ πέ ἴρ βαῖλε ἄς ταβαῖτ’ ἀῖςε τὰ ἡῖν πέμ, ὀ-ἃῖτ’ βα ἑοῖρ το βεῖτ’, ἑοῖρῖνν-πα ἀβαῖλε ἡομ-πα, ἄσῃ νῖ βεῖρῖνν μαῖρ ἀταοῖ ἡνῃ.”

“Ταοῖ πῖ-εῖνν ἀπ’ Σέαμυρ βῖετ’, ἃ Νεῖλλι. ἑῖννε εἰ ἡῖν ἡῖν ἃ ἡῖεῖνν πέ εἰν κοῖνῃμ ἃ ταβαῖτ’ τοῖ-πα νυαῖρ ἃ βῖν

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

as cup iarrainn ar poctaid nó nuair a bíonn obair tróm mar rin roir lám' asam."

"B'fearra dó go mór air a tabairt dá páirde beas talman. Nác minic ro' beal 'An té bíonn 'n-a d'pocfeiribíreac dó féin, bíonn ré 'na feiribíreac maít do na daoine eile."

"Iz beas a faoilead, a Neilli, ná déanpá fuo oim."

"Dad maít liom fuo a déanam oit, a dcair; déc mar a mbé ro ar talam' a' domain déc é féin amáin ní déinn mar céile aige Séamur Táillúra."

Le n-a linn rin d'fás Neilli an reómra, asur do sol ri go fuigeac ar fead tamail.

Nuair d'fás Séamur teac an gaba bi ré pártá go leór. Saoil ré ná paib anoir le déanam aige déc dul asur an "páiréar" do bpeit abail leir cun Neilli an gaba do pórad. Bi ré san tobac asur car ré irteac i riopa Seagán an leara cun blúipe tobac do ceannac.

"An fíor," arfa Seagán an leara, "sur bpir an gaba a lám as teact ó Cill Áinne apéir?"

"Ni'l ré fíor asur ni'l ré bréagac," arfa Séamur. "Ni'l a lám bpirte, déc tá ri goiritighe com mór rin go bfuil eagla oim ná béir don maít ann go deó. Tá an fear boct buadairta go leór, déc 'ré an fuo iz mó tá cup air anoir, san Neilli beir pórtá."

"B'fearra duit féin i pórad, a Séamur. Ni fuláir nó tá múirle beas airgid as Taois, asur tá Neilli 'n-a cailín éailmar."

"B'féirir go b-pórfainn," arfa Séamur, asur d'iméig ré air abail.

Lá ar na bárac bi ré leacta ar fuo na parróirde go paib cleamnap déanta roir Séamur 7 ingin an gaba.

Ar fead reactmaine tar éir goiritighe láime Taois do vein Eogan Ua Laoisair asur a pprintíreac obair an dá ceapócan cun go bfuair Taois gaba ós ó baile an Muilinn. Iz beas laete rit na reactmaine ná paib Eogan tamall as ceapócan Taois asur tamall beas as caint le Taois féin asur b'féirir le Neilli.

Nuair táinig an gaba eile ó baile an Muilinn d'iair Taois ar Eogan teact anoir asur air nuaí a bead am aige, asur táinig go minic. Nuair bíod an beirt 7 duine aca ar gac taob do'n teine iz mó fuo do bíod aca as cup tré 'na céile, 7 Neilli i mbun a ngnóca féin timceall na cipóineac. Nuair fuair Eogan rgeala go paib cleamnap pocair roir Neilli asur Séamur Táillúra bi iongnad air, déc dúbairt ré leir féin má'r mar rin do bi an rgeal ná paib ré ceart dó-ran a beir com minic irteac 'r amac i



"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

οτις na ceápoćan. 'O'imtiς lá nó 'óo map peo 7 san tuuar aς Eoćam ap an gceápoćam. Appa Taυς le Neilli:

"A bpeaca tú Eoćan inoiu nó inóe?"

"Ní feaca," appa Neilli.

"Tá púil aςam nać bpuil don ní aip. Ní paib pe annpo 'nir ó aςpućao 'noé; ní feaoap cao tá a coimeao."

"Ní'l fíor aςam-pa," aoubaipe pipe, aćt bí ampa ap aic, map cuala pí pśeal an cleamnap.

Ip 'óoća ná paib Eoćan pś-fapca 1 n'aigneać: Bí ponn ip faic-ceap aip. Bać maít leip tuuar 'oo tabaipe anonn go ceápoćam 'Taiς, aćt map pin péin bí beaśán náipe aip géilleao go paib buaćaipe aip. Bí pé aς obaip go 'dian, aćt ba cuma 'óo beít 'oíomaoim nó gnoćac, níopi b'féioip leip pśpać Neilli 'oo cup ap a ceann.

Tráćnóna an tapna lá, nuair 'oo bí 'oeipeao le hobaip an lae aςup an ceápoća 'óunta, buail Eoćan tpeapna na páipceanna, aςup bí pé aς cup 'oe go 'otánis pé amac ap an mbóćap 1 n-aice tiςe na ceápoćan. Bí Neilli aς an 'oipap.

"Cannop tá t'atáip, a Neilli?" appa Eoćan.

"Tá pé 'oul 1 bpeaoap. Tap ipceac. Ní'l pé leat-uair ó bí pé aς caint opć. Bí iongnać aip go paбай eóhí paća san bualać ipceac cuige."

"Ní béao aς 'oul ipceac anoip, a Neilli. Ta 'oeaćao opm."

"'N é pin Eoćan, a Neilli?" app' an śaba.

"'Sé, a atáip."

"Cao 'n-a 'aoć nać bpuil pé teacć ipceac?"

"'Oeip pé go bpuil 'oeaćao aip, a atáip."

"'Abaip leip teacć ipceac. Tá gnoć aςam 'oe."

'Oo buail Eoćan ipceac.

Appa an śaba, "Cá paбай le peacćmáin? 'Óiop cun pśeala cup anonn eúćac pśeacaint cao a bí opć."

"Ó! ní paib pioc opm, aćt go paбай an-gnoćac, aςup śup paoileap go mbéao puo éisin eile búip ścup tpe 'n-a céile 'ná píb a beít a cuimneam opm-pa."

"Aćt go mbéao mo lám bacac plán aςam apíp, aςup bui'oeacap le 'Dia tá pí 'oul cun cinn go maít, ní béao don ní aς cup buać-apea opainn."

"Go 'oeimín, ní cúip buaćapća an pśeal aςaib, aćt a málaipe, aςup go n-éipúćó búip bpópać lib," appa Eoćan, aςup toćć 'n-a cpoi'oe.

"Apú go'o é an pśpać?" appa Taυς Śaba.

"Nac bpuil Neilli aςup Séamup Táilliúra le beít pśpća 1 'noiać an 'Capaićip?"

"Píappaiz 'oo Neilli péin an fíor é nó bpeaς."

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he could not put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."



“An fíor é, a Neillí?”

“Ní’l, aSúr ní béid go deó,” arsa Neillí, aSúr amac an doimair léi.

An fearó tamail níor labair don’ne do’n beirt focal:

“B’féidir, a Tairís,” arsa Eogan, “go dtadairfa Neillí dam-ra?”

“Sé ir fearra dúit an beirt rin a cup cuici péin.”

aSúr do cuir, aSúr ní gábad innpint cao é an freasra fuair pé ó Neillí. Bí an páiróirde as masad pá Séamur Táillúra; áct fuair pé rtoróisin beas ó Gleann na gCoileac ná raib ró-ós áct go raib píce púnt rppéiró aici.

### Τ Α Σ Ρ Α :

Αλλαιόη—deafness.

Rabalíní bó—miserable cows.

Ar tógáil—“lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Γάε ar a fearó or γάε me fearó—every second word, “one word borrowed another.”

Ir gearro = ir gearr = ir goirro—soon, **very soon.**

Ar m’anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

Paipéar—dispensation from banns.

múirle beas airisio—a little lump of **money.**

Toct ’na éiríde—a load at his heart.

Sean-ghoḡa—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

# ΔΙΤΡΙΣΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΩΡΑΙΣ:

Α Ρίξ τὰ ἀρ νεμ' ῥ α ἐρυταῖς Ἀδὰμ,  
'S α εὐρεαρ κάρ ι βρεακὼ ἀν ὕβαιλ,  
Οὐ! ῥῥεαδὼιμ οῖτ ἀνοῖρ, οῖ ἄρῳ,  
Ο ἱρ λε ῶο ῥῥάρα τὰ μέ αῖ ῥύιλ.

Τὰ μέ ι η-αοῖρ, ἀ' ῥ ῶο ἐπίον μο βλάτ,  
ἱρ ιομῶα λά μέ αῖ ῥυλ ἀμύῖ,  
ῶο τuit μέ ι βρεακὼ ἀνοῖρ ηαοι ῶτράτ,  
Δετ τὰ ηα ῥῥάρα ἀρ λάιμ ἀη ὕαιν.

ἡυαῖρ βι μέ ὄῖ β'ολε ιαῶ μο ἐρεῖτε,  
ῶυῶ μῶρ μο ῥπέῖρ ι ῥελέῖρ ῥ ι η-εαδῥανη,  
ῶ'ῥεαῖρ ἡιὼμ ῖο μῶρ αῖ ἡιηῖτ ῥ αῖ ὄι  
Αῖρ μαῖοῖν Ὀῶμῥαῖς ηά τῥαλλ εὐμ Δῖρῥῡν.

ἡῖορ ῶ'ῥεαῖρ ἡιὼμ ῥυῖδε ῥ η αῖε εαῖλῖν ὄῖς  
ἡά λε ἡῥαοι ῥῶρτα αῖ εῖλῖδεαδτ ταμὰλλ,  
ῶο ἡῖονῥαῖβ μῶρῶ ῶο βι μέ ταδῥατῶ  
Αῖῥῥ ῶρῡῖρ ηο ῥῶῖτε ἡῖορ λεῖς μέ τῥῥμ.

ῥεακὼ ἀη ὕβαιλ, μο ἐῥάῶ ῥ μο λευη!  
ἱρ ἔ ἡῖλλ ἀη ῥαῶῖαλ μαῖ ῥεαλλ ἀρ βεῖρτ ι  
Α' ῥ ὄ' ῥ εοῖρ ἀη εῥαοῖρ ατὰ ἡῖρε ῥῖορ,  
ἡῡηα βῥῶῖρῥῖῶ ῖορῶ ἀρ ἡ' ἀηαῡῥῶετ.

ἱρ οῖρ, ῥῥῥαοῖρ! τὰ ηα εοῖρεαδῶ μῶρῶ,  
Δετ ῶῖλτῶεῶῶ ῶῶῖβ ἡά ἡῖῥῡμ ταμὰλλ,  
ῖαε ἡῖῶ βυαῖλ ἀηυαῖρ ἀρ μο εῶλαῖηη ῥῶρ,  
Α Ρίξ ηα ῖῶῖρε ῖῥῥ τῥῥῥεαῖς ἡ' ἀηαῡ.

\* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my



# RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create  
 The man who ate of that sad tree,  
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,  
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.\*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,  
 And though in truth our sense be dull,  
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,  
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,  
 Caught by the devil I went astray;  
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,  
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,  
 Each in her way was loved by me,  
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,  
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,  
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,  
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone  
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,  
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,  
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,  
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

---

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

D'éalais an lá a' r nìor tòs mé an fál,  
 No sup iteadh an bàrr ann ar cuir tú d'úil,  
 Aet a dhìo-mis an òir, anoir péir mo éar,  
 A' r le rruic na ngrápa rluic mo fúil:

Ir le do ghrápa do glan tú Mairie,  
 A' r fàor tú Dáibh do pinne an aithrise,  
 Do tuis tú Maoire rlan ó'n mbátao,  
 'S tá croctusaò láoir sup fàor tú an gaoithe.

Mar ir peacaic mé nac n'earra rtor,  
 Ná rólar mór do Dia ná Muire,  
 Aet rāt mo bhoín tá mo coipeaca mómam,  
 Mar fèoil mé an rtor ar an méar ir fuioe.

A Rìg na Glòire tá lán de ghrápa,  
 'S tú pinne beoir a' r fion de'n uirge,  
 Le beagán aráin do mar tú an rluas,  
 Oé! fhear-dail fòir d'gur rlanais mire.

O a fòra Crìort a d'fulaing an páir,  
 A' r do d'laic, mar do bí tú úmál,  
 Cuirim cuimrù\* m'anama ar do rghat,  
 A' r ar uair mo báir ná tabair dam cúl.

A Bhainneogain párrtair, mātair a' r maighean.  
 Sgātán na ngrápa, aingeal a' r naomh,  
 Cuirim coraint m'anama ar do lámh,  
 O tòs mo páirt, 'r beir mé fàor.

\* "Cuimrù" i gConnactaib, i n-ait "comairce," .7. ríoiomh.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,  
 The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by ;  
 O King of the Right, forgive my case,  
 With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,  
 And David was saved upon due repentance,  
 And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,  
 —O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store  
 By holy lore, by Christ or Mary ;  
 I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,  
 With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,  
 Who madest wine of the common water,  
 Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,  
 Must I be led to the pen of slaughter !

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will  
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,  
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands  
 Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,  
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,  
 I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,  
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief ! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water ; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.



'Noir tá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an báir,  
'S ir gearr an rpár go dtéigim i n-úir,  
Acht ir gearr go dteicennac ná go bpad,  
Aghur fuasruaim páirt ar Rí na nÓul.

Ir cuaille san maic mé i scoinneall fáil.\*  
No ir cormúil le báo mé a cail a rtiúr,  
Do bhríde arceac a n-aghaid caprait 'ra bhráig!  
'S do bheicéad dá báicéad 'rna tonntaib fuar.†

A íora Críort a fuair báp Dia n-Doine,  
A d'éirig arís ann do miz san loct,  
Nac tú euz an trlige le aithrise do d'éanam,  
'S nac beas an rmuáinead do jinnear ort!

Do árla, ar dtúr, mile 'r oet sceud,  
An píce go beac, i sceann an do-déas,  
Ó'n am tuisling Críort do reub an seatair;  
Go dti an bliadain a n-dearaid Reacúrtais an aithrise:

\* Aliter, "ir cuaille cori mé i n-éadan fáil," G.

† = fairrise. Aliter, "ar bhuac na trá."

‡ Aliter, "beicéad 'sá báicéad 'r a cailleac a rnaí"; aliter, "reól," aliter, "ríúbal"; acht d'árait mé an líne le comfuaim do d'éanam."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death  
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,  
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark  
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,  
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,  
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,  
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,  
And hast risen again without stain or spot,  
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,  
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,  
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,  
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,  
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

---

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee ? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

# AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(Leir an Reachtúraic.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra as teannaó uib,  
 Bíod cloídeam a'r pleas asuib i bpaobair seur,  
 Ir gearr uaid an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caitte,  
 Mar rghíob na hAbroail na naoim 'r an éleir;  
 Tá an éoinneall le múcaó eus lúiteir larta leir,  
 Aet téiríó ar buir nglúnaib a'r iarríaró atéuinge,  
 Suiríó an tUan 'r beirí an lá as na Catolcais,  
 Tá an Mhumhan tpe lapaó 'r an Chúir d'á pléir.

Tá 'n dá Chúise Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaofair  
 So leasgarí dóib deacmáó a'r cíor dá péir,  
 'S dá otugfairíe dóib congnam a'r éire [do] fearam  
 Dheirí' sáiríaró las a'r sac beapna péir.  
 Dheirí' sail ar a s-cúl, a'r san teact ar air aca,  
 Asur ' Orangemen' bhrúigte i scíúmar\* sac baile 'sainn  
 Dheiríeam a'r Júry† i deac cúirte as na Catolcais'  
 Sacrana marb, 'r an éróin ar Shaedéal.

\* Sghíobta "ingdeón" 'ran ms. mar labhairtear r3-Connactaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coitíonn aet veirí an Reachtúraic "Júry" le "comharra," no com-ruaim, no déanam le "cúl" asur "bhrúigte."

\* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Koosh daw play," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given



## THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(By RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,\*  
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,  
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,  
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.  
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.  
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns.  
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,  
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§  
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||  
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,  
 The guards of England must fall away.  
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,  
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;  
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,  
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Béiró aḡainn faoi Chárḡ pléaráca 'r cuirdeáca,  
 Ól a'r imirte a'r róróit oá péir,  
 Béiró maire 'ḡur bláḡ aḡur fáir ar ériannaib,  
 Snuaḡ 'ḡur rnar aḡur oirúet ar féur.  
 Féicfiró riḡ fán a'r neam-áiró ar Shacranaig',  
 Áir náimáiró le fán aḡur leaḡaḡ a'r leair (?) orra,  
 Teinnteaáca enám ann ḡac áiró aḡ na Catolcaig',  
 'S nac rin í ḡan brabaḡ (?) an Chúir o'á pléiró:

1r iomḡa fear bréaḡ faoi an trát ro teilḡte\*  
 O Chorca ḡo h-innir 'r ḡo Baile Roircé,  
 Aḡur buacáilliró bána le fán aḡ imteaḡ  
 O íráiró Chille-Chainniḡ ḡo "Dantiri Baé."  
 Aet iompócairó an cáiró 'r béiró lám máit aḡainn-ne  
 Seairrairó an máḡ ar élar na h-imirte,  
 Oá bfeicfirinn-re an pára o Phhorcláirḡe ḡo Dorrna 'rra  
 Sheinnfirinn ḡo veimín an Chúir o'á pléiró:

\*Labairtear an focal ro maḡ "teilḡte." 1r focal coitḡionn i ḡConnactaib é.  
 1r ionnann "bí ré teilḡte" aḡur "Chuaib bfeiteammar na cúirte 'na aḡaib."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,  
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,  
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,  
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!  
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,  
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,  
 But all that's past is but a *token*,  
 To what we'll *show* them at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,\*  
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,  
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,  
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†  
 We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,  
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,  
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,  
 Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining  
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,  
 And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying  
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.  
 But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,  
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,  
 Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,  
 It is I who shall lilt for you the Cúis dá plé.‡

---

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

\* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the Cúis dá plé.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.



Éirighíde ruar, a'r gluairíde uile,  
 Céiríde ar an gcnoc agus glacaig buir ngleur,  
 As Dia tá na spáira a'r béir pé 'n buir gcuirdeacta,  
 Bíod agus meirneac, ir breágh an rgeul é.  
 Gnótócair rib an lá ann gac áirí de Shacranaig,  
 Duailir an clár 'r béir na cáiríde teact eugair,  
 Ólaid ar láim, anoir, pláinte Raiteirí,  
 'S é cuirfead d'aoib bail ar an gCúir o'a pléir.

---

\* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,  
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;  
God is around us and in our company,  
Be not afraid of their might this day.  
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,  
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,  
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"  
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.\*

---

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

## IS FADA O CUIREAD SIOS:

(Leir an Reachtúrac.)

Ir fada ó cuiread ríor go dtiocfaid ré 'ran traoḡal  
 Go n-óirpíde fuil 'r go n-deunfaide rleuēta,  
 Do réir mar rḡríob na naoim l mbliadain an naoi\* tá 'n  
 baḡal

Má gēillimid do'n rḡriortúir naomēta:  
 An balla deuntar fuar ni fanann ré a bfaḡ fuar,  
 ḡriortann ré ó'n t-rioc-“foundation,”  
 Aēt an áit a n-deadaid an t-aoi ni corodaid cloē ar corodē,  
 Tá an cārrais faoi 'na ruidē naē bpleurḡfaid.

Ir ríorruide rean an Chúirt do raoilead tabairt anuar  
 Aēt 'ré mearaim-re ḡur nio naē réirir,  
 Tá naoim readar le n-a bhuac aḡur Crioirt [do] ceur an rluag  
 A'r congḡodaid ríad na h-uain le céile.  
 Adaltanur 'r t-riur do t-riais an rḡeul ar t-riur,  
 Aḡur Hanḡraoi an t-Oēt do t-riēis a céile,  
 Aēt oioḡaltar ríe a'r ruias ar “Orangemen” go luac  
 Naē bfuair ariam an “consecration.”

\* Ir corḡúil go raib an t-rean-tārraingíeāc reo i ḡ-cuime aḡ an Reachtúrac.

nuair cailtíear an leóman a neart  
 'S an pótanán bheac a bḡis,  
 Seinníro an élaíreac go binn binn  
 t-riur a h-oēt aḡur a naoi.

Ir corḡúil go mearḡann re an rḡriortúir aḡur rean-tārraingíeācra le  
 céile! Labairíear “baḡal” mar “baoiḡeal” ann ro, aēt “naomēta” mar  
 “naémēta.” Dá bfoirpead ré o'á pann deunfaḡ ré “baēḡal” ve “baḡal”  
 aḡur “naomēta” ve “naomēta”!

\* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

“When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,  
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,  
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,  
 Between the Eight and the Nine.”



## HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,  
 And blood flow red like a river?  
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,  
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).  
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt  
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,  
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide  
 and time,  
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport;  
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?  
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,  
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.  
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,  
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation;  
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,  
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

*Literally*: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally*: It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by it side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Aṣ ʔiṛiṣe ṓaōiṓ 'r aṣ lūiṓe, ʔmuaĩniṓiṓ aṛ an ʔiṣ,  
 'O ʔpuṓaiṣ aṛ ʔaṓ an cine ṓaonna,  
 Iṛ iomṓa coṛ 'ʔan ṛṣaōiṓ, aṓṓ ni lia 'nā 'ʔan ʔpaōṣaṓ,  
 'Ṣuṛ iṛ beaṣ an ʔaōi le' ṓʔuiṣimīʔ ʔiēiṓṓeāṓ;  
 Iṛebēi ṓo ʔaōiṓ an eaṣlaīʔ ʔaṓaiṓ ʔaōi ṓliṣe  
 Aṣ cuṛ anaṣaiṓ an beaṓa naomṓa,  
 Tā ʔi i ṛṣēibionn ʔiōʔ a'ʔ lūiteīʔ le n-a ṓaōiṓ,  
 'Ṣ ioc ṣo ʔpuaiṓ ʔaōi an "reformation." \*

A ṓhia, naṓ mōʔ an ʔpōʔiṓ an ṓʔeam ṓo ʔaōiṓ aṛ nṓṓṣaṓ  
 Ṣo mbuṓ ʔiṣin ṓōiṓ a ṓṓṓa ṓo ʔēunaṓ,  
 A'ʔ uilliam ṓo ʔionṛṣain ṣlēṓ a'ʔ ṓo cuīʔ na Ṣaēṓiṓ ṓ'a  
 ṓṓṓeṓiṛ  
 Ni ʔeīṓṓiṓ ʔiaṓ niōʔ mō é ṣleuṓṓa.  
 ṓainṓeap cloṣ 'ʔan Rōim, beīṓ teinnṓe enām a'ʔ ceṓl,  
 Ann 'ʔ ṣaṓ beaṣ aṣuṛ [ṣaṓ] mōʔ ʔṛṓ ʔiṛinn,  
 O ʔāimṣ Seṓiṛṓ i ṣ-ṓṓiṓn tā Opangemen ʔaōi ṓṓiṓn;  
 A'ʔ ṣan neapṓ aca a ʔṓiṓn ṓo ʔēiṓeāṓ.

A ṓoṛa ʔeuṓṓa i ṣṓṓann nā ʔeuṓ aṛ lāṛ an ṓʔeam  
 Nāṛ ṓiṓl an bean ṓ'oīṓ ṓu aṛ don coṛ,  
 Aṓṓ lūiteīʔ 'ʔ a ṓliṣe cam 'ʔ an buṓaṓ ʔṓeṓeap ann  
 Naṓ oṓ an ceapṓ ṣo ṓʔuiṣiṓiṓ ṣēilleaṓ.  
 Má'ʔ ʔiōʔ ṓo Opangemen ni'l maiṓ ṓo'n ʔlēiṛ i ṣeaint  
 'Ṣa ʔṓoṓuṣaṓ aṛ ʔiṓ ṓe léiṣeāṓ aṣ ʔiṛinn  
 Ṣuṛ euṣeṓiṛ ʔionṣaiṓ 'ʔ ʔeall aṣuṛ ʔṓeṓāṓ ʔṓainne Ṣall  
 ṓ'iompaiṣ an ṓiṓṓia anonn 'ʔan mbēapṓa.

\* Tā ṓiṓl mōʔ aṣ an Reaṓṓṓṓaṓ, maṛ ʔiṓmṓiṓ, ann ʔna ʔoṓlaṓ ṓṓo-ṣlōṓaṓa ṣallṓa ʔo ʔṓiṓṓuṣeap i n-"aṓion" (= "ʔiṛinn"). Na ceuo ʔiṓiṓe ṓe na Ṣaṓṓalaṓ ṓo ʔṓiṓṓ i mbēapṓa ʔuṣaṓap na ʔoṓla ʔo aṓṓeāṓ ann 'ʔ ṣaṓ ʔann, beaṣ-naṓ!

\* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (i.e., Elizabeth), who thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,  
 And practise all his virtues—we need them—  
 This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast;  
 From a small thing may arise our freedom.  
 Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,  
 And who harassed all the just of the nation,  
 In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,  
 They are paying for their "Reformation."\*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,  
 But their courage ebbs away down to zero;  
 Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,  
 They shall never again see that hero.  
 A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,  
 With bonfires, and music, and cheering,  
 Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,  
 They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,  
 Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee;  
 But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,  
 Shall their impious petitions reach Thee!  
 The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,  
 Insulting us since Luther's arrival;  
 May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame  
 Of turning into English the Bible. ‡

+ Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.



Chualaid mé, munab breus, go dtiocfaid ré ran tréigal  
 Go g-cuirfidhe máigirtir léigín ann gac cúinne,  
 Ní bfuil 'ran gcár aet rheim\* as meallad uainn an tréio  
 Asur diúltaiasíó do ghnótaisíó lúiteir.  
 Creitíó do'n éleir 'r ná téiríó ar malairt féir,  
 No caillíó ríó Mac Dé 'r a cúmácta,  
 'S an long ro cuairí a léis (?) má téirdeann ríó ann de léim  
 Iompócaíó rí a' r béirí ríó fúite:

Altaisíó le Dia, tá an t-atairí bairtelíó ríar,  
 'S congobócaíó ré ar na caoréaíó gáiríó,  
 An ríuict i g-caí ná i ngliat náir díol an páir ariam  
 Asur fearfaíó ré anagáirí búrcaíó a' r Dálais.  
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ár ndiaíó mar beirdead maoira alla ar ríab  
 Dheiríó as iarraíó an t-uan do foiríó ó'n mátair.  
 Aet [r] O Ceallais deunfaíó a bfaíóac san cú san eac san  
 rrian  
 Le toil a' r cúmáct ríó na n gáiríó.

Ní' l fígeadóirí láun na bfeiríó ná gáiríó an d'iaíó a láe  
 Nac mbionn as píocaíó breus ar úgdaíó,  
 A mbiobla ar báirí a méar, as dearbhuíó 'ran éiteac,  
 Aet íocfaíó ríad i ndeiríó cúire.  
 Fear san maíóac san léigean a mínígearíó d'aoiríó an rgeul,  
 Raíreiríó d'éiríó le ar' duíraíó,  
 '[S] aoiríó go flaítear Dé nac maíóac neac go h-eus  
 Dheiríóac as plé le leabhaíó lúiteir:

\*= an focal béarla "scheme."

\* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,  
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;  
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,  
And to train up the spy and suborner.  
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,  
Our church has God's own arm round her;  
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,  
It shall turn in the sea and founder.\*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,  
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;  
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,  
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†  
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,  
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;  
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,  
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,  
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—  
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!  
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.  
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,  
Rafferty, whose heart in him is burning,  
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go  
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

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† The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

‡ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Rafferty, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡað an bōeir ar śacsanaib;

(leir an "nḡeasān ḡlar.")

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru  
An uair 'r an lā  
Δ bḡeicḡimiv śacraḡa  
leasḡa ar lār!

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru  
An lā 'ḡur an uair,  
Δ bḡeicḡimiv i  
Δ'r a cḡoirde-re ḡo ruar.

ḡo ruar Δ'r ḡo cḡapḡa,  
'S i cḡairōte ḡan bḡuḡ,  
ḡan cor ann Δ lāmair  
ḡan cor ann Δ cḡoirde:

bairḡiōḡain bi innti;  
bairḡiōḡain ḡan bḡōn;  
Δēt bairḡimiv vi-re  
ḡo fōill Δ cḡōin.

bēiv an bairḡiōḡain āluinn  
ḡo cḡairōte Δ'r ḡo vūbāc;  
ōir ḡeobair rī cūciugāð  
An lā rin, Δ'r luac;

luac na fola  
Do vōirḡ rī 'na rḡuḡ;  
fuit na bḡear bān  
Δḡur fuit na bḡear vub;

luac na ḡcḡoirde rin  
Do bḡur rī ḡo tiuḡ,  
Cḡoirōte bi bān  
Δḡur cḡoirōte bi vub:

luac na ḡcnām  
Tā v'ā mbānuḡað anoir;  
Cnāmā na m bān  
Δḡur cnāmā na nVub:

luac an ocapair  
Cuir rī ar donn,  
luac na bḡiaḡḡar  
ḡḡaon rī le fonn:



## THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY )

O God, may it come shortly,  
 The hour and this day,  
 When we shall see England  
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,  
 This day and this hour,  
 When we shall see her  
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,  
 A Queen without sorrow ;  
 But we will take from her,  
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful  
 Will be tormented and darkened,  
 For she will get her reward  
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood  
 She poured out on the streams ;  
 Blood of the white man,  
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts  
 That she broke in the end ;  
 Hearts of the white man,  
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones  
 That are whitening to-day ;  
 Bones of the white man,  
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger  
 That she put on foot ;  
 Her wage for the fever,  
 That is an old tale with her.

Luac na mbaintreabac  
 Ů'fās ri šan ri,  
 Luac na nḡairḡiḃeac  
 Cuir ri ar biot.

Luac na nḡilleaceta  
 Ů'fās ri fā epāḃ;  
 Luac na nḡibirtac  
 Cait ri ar fān.

Luac na n-Inḡianac  
 (Ṭruaḡ a ḡcār),  
 Luac na n-ḡirpiceac  
 Cuir ri cum bāir.

Luac na n-Šipeannac  
 Šeap ri ar epoir,  
 Luac ḡac cinḃ  
 Ů'a nḡeapnairḃ ri rḡpior.

Luac na milliūn  
 Ůo lūb ri 'r Ůo ḃur,  
 Luac na milliūn  
 fā ocup ar anoir.

Δ Ṭḡeapna ḡo ḡuitirḃ  
 Δri mullaḃ Δ cinn  
 Mallaḃt na nḡaoine  
 Ůo tuit le n-Δ linna

Mallaḃt na ruapac  
 Δ'r mallaḃt na mbeaḡ,  
 Mallaḃt na n-anḃpann,  
 Δ'r mallaḃt na laḡ.

ni ēirteann an Ṭḡeapna  
 le mallaḃt na mōri,  
 Δet ēirtrirḃ Še corḃce  
 le opna faoi ḡeōri.

Širtrirḃ Še corḃce  
 le caoinead na mboet,  
 S tā caointe na miltirḃ  
 Ů'a rḡaoitead anoet.

Her wage for the white villages  
She has left without men ;  
Her wage for the brave men  
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans  
She has left under pain ;  
Her wage for the exiles  
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India  
(Pitiful is their case) ;  
For the people of Africa  
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,  
Nailed to the cross ;  
Wage for each people  
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands  
She deceived and she broke ;  
Her wage for the thousands  
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall  
Straight down on her head  
The curse of the peoples  
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,  
And the curse of the small,  
The curse of the weak  
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen  
To the curse of the strong,  
But He will listen  
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen  
To the crying of the poor,  
And the crying of thousands  
Is abroad to-night.



Éireócaíó na caointe  
 So Dia, tá fuar,  
 Ní fada go rroirfir  
 Sae mallact a éuar.

Béir cúmaect, an lá rii  
 As sae uile deór  
 Long-cogairó do bátaó  
 'S an bfairrige móir.

Asur tuirpio, marí mallact,  
 So trom ar an luect  
 O'pás airrie 'na fárac  
 A'r bóraitg so boect.

### CUMHA ÉIROIDE ÉAILIN:

Donnéatá ua Dargáin o'aireir, 7 Taobg ua Donnéatá do éuir ríor.

A Dóinnaili óis, má téiróir ear fairrige  
 Beir mé péin leat, ir na déin do dearmat,  
 Ir béiró asat péirín lá donaitg ir marigairó,  
 Ir ingean Ríog Spéirge máir céile leaptá asat.

Má téiróir-re anonn tá comairtá asam oir;  
 Tá cúl pionn asur óá fúil glara asat  
 Óá éocán déas io' cúl buirde bacallaé,  
 Máir béató béal-na-bó nó ríor i ngairraite:

Ir déirdeanac aréir do labair an fadair oir;  
 Do labair an naoragac 'ra' éurraicín doimín oir;  
 Ir tu io' "éaogairde donair" ar fuo na scoilte;  
 'S go rabair gan céile go brát go bragair me.

Do seallair dam-ra, asur o'innir bréas dam,  
 So mbeiteá romam-ra as éró na searagac;  
 Do leigear feat asur trí céat glaothac éugat,  
 'S ní bfuair ann aet uan a' méiró.

Do seallair dam-ra, ní ba deacair duir,  
 Loingear óir pá éranne-reoil airgíó;  
 Óá baile déas do bailtib marigairó;  
 Ir cúirte bréasg aolá coir taob na fairrige.

That crying will rise up  
To God that is above ;  
It is not long till every curse  
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear  
Shall have power in that day,  
To whelm a warship  
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse  
Heavily upon the people  
Who have left Africa a waste  
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

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### THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dam-raid, ní nár b'féidir;  
 Go dtuairteá laimhinne do éirícean éirí dam;  
 Go dtuairteá bróga do éirícean éan dam;  
 Ir culair do'n trío-da ba daoire i nÉirinn.

A Domhnall óig, b'féidir duit mire aghat  
 'Ná bean uasal uairneac iomarcac;  
 Do éirídeáinn bó aghat do-ghéanainn cuisean duit;  
 Ir, dá mbaó éuaró é, do buailfínn buille leat.

Oc, ocón, aghat ní le hocraí,  
 Uiríarba bíó, díge, ná coúlata,  
 Fá ndearr damra beir tanairde truaíalá;  
 Ácét gráó fíri óig ir é breoiró go follur me!

Ir moé ar maidin do éonnac-ra an t-óigféar  
 Ar muin éapail aghat dail an bótaí;  
 Níor éruir pé liom ir níor éuir pé ríróó orim;  
 'S ar mo éaró abairt dam 'r ead do góilear mo bótaí:

'Nuair éiríom-re féin go Tobair an Uairí,  
 Suiríom ríor aghat déanaim buadairtá,  
 Nuair éim an raogal ir ná feicim mo buadail;  
 Go raib ríáil an ómaí i mbairr a ghuadna.

Síú é an Domhnac do éugar gráó duit,  
 An Domhnac díreac roim Domhnac Cársa;  
 Ir mire ar mo gláimib a' léigead na páire,  
 'S ead bí mo dá fúil a ríor-tadairt an gráó' duit:

Ó! adé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do,  
 Ir tabair a bhuil aghat do'n traogal go léir do;  
 Éirí féin aghat iarráir déirce,  
 Aghat ná gab ríar ná amair im' éileam:

Dubairt mo máirín liom gan labairt leat  
 Inniu ná i mbairneac ná Dia Domhnais,  
 Ir oic an tráct do éug rí roga dam,  
 'S é "dúnaó an doirair é tar éir na roga."

Tá mo éiríde-re com dúb le háirne,  
 Nó le gual dúb a béad i gceáirdeáin,  
 Nó le bonn bróige béad ar hallaib bána;  
 'S gur deimí lionn dúb díom or cionn mó pláinte:

Dó bainir roim díom, ir do bainir ríar díom,  
 Do bainir romam, ir do bainir im' díar díom,  
 Do bainir Seatac, ir do bainir Srian díom,  
 'S ir ró-móir m'eagla gur bainir Dia díom!



You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

# bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG.

(Le Donnchad Mac Conmair.)

Beir beannaect óm' éiríde go tír na h-Éireann,  
     bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!  
 Cum a maireann de fíolrao ír a' r Éibir,  
     Ar bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG.  
 An áit úd 'nar b'aoibinn binne-geit éan,  
 Mar fáin-éruit éaoín as éaoinead saodal;  
 'Sé mo éar a beir míle míle i gcéin,  
     Ó bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:

Birdeann bairra bog ríim ar éaoín-énoic Éireann,  
     bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!  
 'S ír fearra ná 'n tír ro'it sae pléibe ann,  
     bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!  
 'Dob áro a coillte 'r ba díreac péir,  
 'S a mbláct mar aol ar máoilinn geis;  
 Tá srao as mo éiríde i m'íntinn féin  
     Do bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:

Tá sarrá lionmair i dtír na h-Éireann;  
     bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!  
 A' r fearaóin sroide ná claoirfead ceorta  
     Ar bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!  
 m' fadóirre éiríde 'r mo éuine rgeul,  
 Iao as sallaóic ríor fá sgeim, mo leun i  
 'S a mbailte o'á poinn fá éir go daor,  
     bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!

Ir fairring 'r ír móir iao cruaca na h-Éireann,  
     bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!  
 A geir meala 'sur uactair a'gluaiseact 'na plaoda,  
     Ar bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:  
 Raóad mé ar cuairt no ír luac mo faogal,  
 Do'n talam beas fuairc rin ír dual do saodal!  
 'S go mb'fearra liom 'ná duair dá uairleact é  
     Beir ar bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG.

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\* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Ham-  
 burg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic  
 and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe,  
 Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the  
 penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

## THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(By DONCADIH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.\*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,  
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—  
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,  
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,  
 The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe  
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,  
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,  
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,  
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—  
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

---

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.



Sgairpeann an bhrúct ar gheamair agus féarí ann;  
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg;  
 Agus tagairt rin uíla cumha ar geugaib ann;  
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.  
 Bíolar agus pána i ngleannuib ceo  
 'S na ríota 'ran trámha a' labhairt ar neoin;  
 A'r uirge na Siúire a' bhrúct 'na flóis,  
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Ir orgailte fáiltéad an áit rin Éire,  
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!  
 Agus toirad na pláinte a mbáir na déire,  
 A mbán-énoic Éireann óg.  
 Ba binne 'nád meura ar téadaib ceoil,  
 Seinn 'gur géimpead a laos 'r a mbó,  
 Agus taitneam na gréine oíche dorad 'r ós  
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,

Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,

While the great River-voices roll their music grand

Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold

Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—

Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.

'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

## SEATHA:

(Coir na teinead: pèg, nòra, fobnuir, sìle beag, càit nì bhuaicalla).

Nòra: A pèg, innir rgeul d'inn.

Pèg. B'ait liom rin! Innir fèin rgeul:

Fob. Nì't don mait innti, a pèg; b'fearr linn do rgeul-ra.

Sìle. Dèin, a pèg; beòmhò ana-focair.

Pèg. Nac mait nàr fanaid focair arèir, 'nuaid bi "Maora na n-Oet 5Cor" a'gam d'innrint!

Sìle. Mar rin nì rcaorad Càit nì Bhuaicalla ac am' p'riocad:

Càit. Thugair d'èitead! Nì fadhar-ra ad' p'riocad, a cailt ièin!

Fob. Nà bac i fèin, a Càit; nì fad' doinne' d' p'riocad ac i d' leigint uirrit.

Sìle. Do bi, artoin; a'gur muna mbeirèad go fad, nì liug-fainn:

Nòra. Abair le pèg nac liugfair anoir, a Shìle, 7 inneorair pì rgeul d'inn.

Sìle. Nì liugfad, a pèg, pé fud imteorair oim.

Pèg. M'ar ead, fuis anho am' aice, i t'p'eo nà feurair doinne' t' p'riocad san fìor dom.

Càit. B'èad seall go b'p'riocair an cat i. A toice b'is, b'èad rgeul b'ead a'gainn, muna mbeirèad t' fèin 7 do c'ur liugfaiße.

Fob. Èirt, a Chàit, no cuirfir a'g sul i, 7 beòmhò san rgeul. M' cuirtear fearg ar pèg, nì inneorair pì don rgeul anocht. Sead anoir, a pèg, t' fad doinne' ciuin, a'g b'at ar rgeul uait.

Pèg. Bì fear ann fad ó, 7 ir é ainm do bi air, Seathna; 7 g'neuraid b'ead é; bì t'is beag dear clùthair aige, a'is bun enuic, ar taob na poitine; bì caoir f'gán aige do dèin pé fèin do fèin, 7 ba f'nat leir f'urde innti um t'p'atnòna, 'nuaid b'èad obair an lae c'p'ocnuigte; 7 'nuaid f'urdead pé innti, b'èad pé ar a f'p'act. Bì meab'òs mine aige, ar c'p'ocad i n-a'as na teinead; 7 anoir 7 ar'ir cuirtead pé a l'ám innti, 7 t'ògad pé l'án a d'uirn d'e'n min, 7 b'èad d' co'aint ar a f'uidmnear. Bì c'p'ann uball a'g f'ar ar an t'caob amuic de d'opur aige, 7 'nuaid b'èad t'ar air, ó beit a'g co'aint na mine, cuirtead pé l'ám 'ra c'p'ann ran, 7 t'ògad pé ceann de 'r'na n-uball, 7 d'itead pé é—

Sìle. O a Thairair! a p'neg, nàr dear é!

Pèg. C'aco, an caoir, nò an min, nò an t-uball, ba dear?

Sìle. An t-uball, san am'pur!



## SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,  
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. B'féarr liom-ra an mín; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocpar de duine.

Sob. B'féarr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirpinn peg i n-a fuíde inni, aís innrint na rseul.

peg. Ir maít cum plámáir éú, a Sobnuir.

Sob. Ir fearr cum na rseul tura, a phes. Cionnup d'imtís le Seadhna?

peg. Lá dá raib ré as déanamh brós, tug re pé n-deara ná raib a tuille leatáir aise, ná a tuille rnáite, ná a tuille céipead. Bí an taoibín déirdeanac fuar, 7 an sneim déirdeanac curca; 7 níorb fuláir do tuit 7 adbair do folácar pul a bfeutrad ré a tuille brós do déanamh.

Do gluaíré pé ar maidin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní raib ré aet míle ó'n tciú 'nuair buail duine boet uime, aís iarráir déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar ron an tSlánuigíteora, 7 le h-anmannaid do mairb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte," ar an duine boet. Thug Seadhna rílling do, 7 annran ní raib aise aet dá rílling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mbféidir go ndéanfad an dá rílling a shó.

Ní raib ré aet míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boet uime, 7 i cor-noctuígte. "Tabair dom consnaó éigin," ar ríri, "ar ron an tSlánuigíteora, 7 le h-anmannaid do mairb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte." Do glac ríuaise ví é, 7 tug ré rílling ví, 7 d'imtís rí. Do bí don rílling amáin annrain aise, aet do tiomáin ré leir, a brait air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumup a shó a déanamh. Níorb fáda sup carad air leand 7 é as sul le fuact 7 le h-ocpar. "Ar ron an tSlánuigíteora," ar an leand, "tabair dom puo éigin le n-íte." Bí cis órta i ngar dób, 7 do cuair Seadhna írtead ann, 7 ceannuig ré bric aráin 7 tug ré cum an leinb é. 'Nuair fuair an leand an t-arán d'acruis a dealb; d'fár ré fuar i n-áirde, 7 do lar ríolar iongantad 'n-a fúilb 7 'n-a ceanaicib, i tceao go dtáinig ríannrad ar Sheadhna.

Síle. Dia linn! a peg, ir dóca sup tuit Seadhna boet i luige.

peg. Níor tuit; aet má'r ead, ba víceall dó. Chom luat asur d'feud ré labairt, dubairt ré: "Cao é an radar duine tura?" asur ir é freagra fuair ré: "A Sheadhna, tá Dia buirdeac díot. Ainseal ífeadh míre. Ir mé an tríomad h-ainseal sup tusaíré déirce dó anoiu ar ron an tSlánuigíteora, 7 anoir tá trí guirde asat le pasáil ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí guirde ir toil leat, 7 geobair iad; aet tá don comairle amáin asampa le tabairt tuit,—ná dearmáid an Trócaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have



“Asgur an ndéirfir liom go bpaigead mo gairde?” arsa Seadhna. “Déirfir, gan amhar,” ar’ an t-aingéal. “Tá go maith,” arsa Seadhna, “tá cataoir beag dear fúgán agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann arteaó, ní fuláir leir ruidhe innte. An ceo duine eile a fuirfir innte, aó mé féin, go sceanglaib ré innte!” “Faire, faire! a Sheadhna,” ar’ an t-aingéal; “rin gairde bheadh imitighe gan cairbe. Tá d’á ceann eile agat, 7 ná dearmuid an trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seadhna, “mealbóigín mine agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann arteaó, ní fuláir leir a d’orin a fácaib innte. An ceo duine eile a cuirfir lámh ’ra mealbóigín rin, aó mé féin, go sceanglaib ré innte,—feuc!” “O a Sheadhna, a Sheadhna, ní’l parz agat!” ar’ an t-aingéal. “Ní’l agat anoir aó don gairde amáin eile. Iar trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ir fíor duit,” arsa Seadhna, “ba dóbair d’om é dearmuid. Tá crann beag uball agam i leat-taobh mo d’oruir, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann an treo, ní fuláir leir a lámh do cup i n-áirde 7 uball do rtaó 7 do bheit leir. An ceo duine eile aó mé féin, a cuirfir a lámh ’ra crann roin, go sceanglaib ré ann—O! a d’aoine!” ar reiréan, as r’ghairteó ar gáirde, “nac agam a beir an r’póir orra!”

‘Nuair táinig ré ar na tritirib, d’feuc ré ruar 7 bí an t-aingéal imitighe. ‘Dein ré a máctnam air féin ar fear tamail maith, il ré deiréad riar eall, duhairt ré leir féin: “feuc anoir, ní’r don amadán i n-éirinn ir mó ioná mé! Dá mbeiréad tréce ceanglaite agam um an rtaó ro, duine ’ra’ cataoir, duine ’ra’ mealbóigín, 7 duine ’ra’ crann, cao é an maith do d’earpar gan d’orpa 7 mé i b’ad ó baile, gan biaó, gan deoó, gan aig seao?” Ní túrse bí an méirín cainte máirde aige ná tu, ré fé n’deara ór a cómair amac, ’ran áit a raib an t-aingéal-feair fao caol duib, 7 é as glinneamaint air, 7 teine éreara as teac ar a d’á fúil ’n-a r’p’eadáib nime. Bí d’á adairc air mar beiréad ar pocán gabair, 7 meigioll fao liat-gorm garb air, eirboll mar beiréad ar máo d’ruar, 7 crúb ar coir leir mar crúb cairb. Do leat a beul 7 a d’á fúil ar Sheadhna, 7 do rtaó a caint. 1 sceann tamail do labair an fear duib. “A Sheadhna,” ar reiréan, “ní gá d’uit don eagla do beir oir póim-amra; ní’lim ar tí do d’ioóbála. Ba mian liom cairbe éigin do d’eamair duit, d’á nglactá mo cómairle. Do cloiréar tú, anoir beas, d’á fáó go rabair gan biaó, gan deoó, gan aigseao. Tuib-painn-ré aigseao do d’ócair duit ar don coinglioll beas amáin.” “Asgur gheaoó tré lár do r’ghairt!” arsa Seadhna, 7 táinig a caint d’ó; “ná feurpá an méirín do fáó gan duine do milleao leó’ cuir glinneamna, pé h-é tú féin?” “Ir cuma duit cia h-é mé, aó deirp’ad an oiréao aigseao duit anoir asur ceannócair

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "is'nt it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oipead leatair agus coimeádoiribh ag obair éú go ceann trí mbliadhain níos, ar an scoingíoll ro—go dtiocfaid liom an uair rin ?”

“Agus má féidirigh leat, cá fágfaid an uair rin ?” “Cá beas tuit an ceirt rin do cuir, ’nuair beid an leatair iomáide 7 beiridís ag gluairead ?” “Táir geurcúiread—bíodh agat, feiceam an t-airgead.” “Táir-re geurcúiread, feuch !” “Do cuir an fear duibh a lámh ’n-a póca, 7 tairgais ré amach rparán móir, 7 ar an rparán do leis ré amach ar a bair cairn beas do’or breas buíde.

“Feuch !” ar seiréan ; 7 rin ré a lámh 7 cuir ré an cairn de píopaibh gleoróide gléineamla ré fúilibh Sheathna boict. “Do rin Seathna a dá lámh, 7 do leatadair a dá lagair cum an óir. “Go féir !” ar’ an fear duibh, ag tairgais an óir cuise ardead ; “níl an maraibh déanta fóir.” “Bíodh ’n-a maraibh !” ar’ Seathna.

“San teir ?” ar’ an fear duibh. “San teir,” ar’ Seathna.

“Dair bhrí na mionn ?” ar’ an fear duibh. “Dair bhrí na mionn,” ar’ Seathna.

[An oirde na dáir rin.]

Nóra. Seath !—a ré—támaoibh annro—air—tá fadóir oim—bíodh ag fúir—bí eagla oim—go mbeirdead an fseul ar fuidal fómam, 7 go mbeirdead cuir de caillte agam.

Ré. Am’ bhratir go bparfamaoibh leat, a Nóra, a laois. Níl i bpar ó dáirig Sobnuir.

Sob. Mar rin do bí cuigion agam dá deunam, 7 b’éigin domra dul riad leir an im go beul an fseiré, 7 ’nuair bíodh ag tead a baile an cóirgair, do tuit an oirde oim, 7 seallaim tuit gur baineadh preab aram. Bíodh ag cuimniúad ar Seathna 7 ar an óir 7 ar an bpar noubh, 7 ar na rpreadair bí ag tead ar a fúilibh, 7 mé ag fúir fúir a mbeiridín déirdeanad, ’nuair tógair mo ceann 7 cad do éirinn ad an fuid ’n-a fparam ar m’ agair amach



give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "*You* are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: *hence* oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Gollán! ar an gceud amharc dá dtuagair ari, do tuiubhainn an leabair go raib aóarica ari!

Nóra. A diamaire, a Gobnait, éir do beul, 7 ná bí dár mboothrao leob' gollánaib 7 leob' aóaricaib. Aóarica ar an nGollán! feuc ari rin!

Gob. B'éirir, dá mbeiréad féin ann, gur beas an fonn mazaio do beiréad opt.

Sile. Feuc anoir! cia acá as coris an rseil? B'éirir go gcuirfead Cáit ní buacalla oim-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfir, a Sile. Táir do' cáilin maic anocht, 7 tá ana-éion asam opt. Mo shrao i rin! Mo shrao am' éirirde iris i!

Sile. Sead go díreac! fan go mbeir feairis opt! 7 b'éirir ná dearrá "Mo shrao i rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtaoair, a cáilínirde. Mire 7 mo gollán ra ndear an obair reo. Cait uait an rtoea roin, a pēs, 7 rgaol eugainn an rseul. An bfuair Seadhna an rparán? Ir iomda duine bí i moct rparáin o'ragáil 7 nac bfuair.

pēs. Com luat 7 dubairt Seadhna an focal, "dar bpiis na mionn!" do táinir asruagad shé ar an bfeair noub. Do noct ré a fiacla fíor 7 tpuar, 7 ir iad do bí go dlúite ar a céile. Táinir róro crónáin ar a beul, 7 do teip ar Seadhna a deunam amac cia 'co as gáirirde bí ré nó as opanntugad. Ac 'nuair o'feuc ré ruar.oir an dá fúil ari, ba dóbair go dtuicfead an rganntuad ceudna ari a táinir ari i otopac. Do tuig ré go maic i ac as gáirirde bí an díolmuineac. Ní feacair ré ruam poime rin don dá fúil ba meara 'ná iad, don feucaint ba mall-uighe 'ná an feucaint do bí acó, don clár eudain com úir, com o'poc-aigeantra leir an gclár eudain do bí ór a gionn. Níor labair ré, 7 do rin' ré a díceall gan a leigint ari gur tug ré fé ndeara an opanntugad. Le n-a linn rin, do leis an fearoub an t-ór amac ari ar a bair, 7 do cómairim.

"Seo!" ar reiréan, "a Seadhna. Sin céad punt asat ar an gceud rilling tugair uait inoiu. An bfuilir díolta?"

"Ir móir an bfeir i!" arfa Seadhna. "Dad cóir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó eugcóir," arf an fearoub, "an bfuilir díolta?" 7 do gheuiris 7 do bhoruig ar an npanntugad.

"Ó! táim díolta, táim díolta!" arfa Seadhna, "go raib maic asat-ra."

"Seo! má 'read," ar reiréan. "Sin céad eile asat ar an dapa rilling tugair uait inoiu."

"Sin i an rilling tugair do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuirge."

"Sin i an rilling tugair do'n mnaoi uapail ceudna."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank you!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."



“Mà ba bean uapal i, càò do beir cor-noètuighe i, 7 càò do beir dì mo rìlling do bheir uaim-re, 7 san agham aet rìlling eile i n-a dìar?”

“Mà ba bean uapal i! Dà mbeirdeas a fìor aghat! Sin i an bean uapal do mill mife!”

Le linn na b'focal fain do màò do, do tàinig eut cor 7 lām aip, do r'ead an d'panntān, do luis a ceann riap ari a muineal, d'feuc ré riap inr a' r'péir, tàinig d'riuc bāip aip 7 elōd cuip ari a ceannadāib.

'Nuair cōnnaic Seadhna an iompāil lī rin, tàinig iongnad a c'pōide aip.

“Nī fūlāip,” ari r'eirean, so neamguiread, “nō nī hé reo an céad uair aghat ag aipeactain teact tairri riūo.”

Do léim an fear dūb. Do buail ré buille dā c'pōid ari an otalam, i utreo sup eut an fōd do bī ré cor Seadhna.

“Ciorrbad ort!” ari' eirean. “Éirt do beul no bafsfar tū!”

“Sabbaim pāpōūn aghat, a duine uapal!” ari Seadhna, so modamail, “ceapap so mb' éirip sup b'raon beas do bī olta aghat, d'pāò 'r sup tūgair céad punt map mālairt ari rìlling dam.”

“Cūb'pāinn—7 react gcéad dā otioctad liom baint ó'n otairbe do rin' an rìlling céadna, aet 'nuair tūgair uait i ari pon an tSlānuigheōra, nī f'eirip a tairbe do lot cōirde.”

“Aghat,” ari Seadhna, “càò ip gād an mait do lot? Nā fuit ré cōm mait aghat tairbe na rìllinge ūo d'pāgāil map tād ré?”

“Tā an iomad cainte aghat—an iomad ari fad: Dūbair leat do beul d' éirteact. Seo! rin é an r'pāpān ari fad aghat,” ari' an fear dūb.

“Nī héirip, a duine uapal,” ari Seadhna, “nā beirdeas d'aoitēn na haimprie ann: Ip iomda lā i utpī bliadnāib d'ead. Ip iomda b'pōs beirdeas d'eunta ag duine i gcaiteam an mēio rin aimprie, 7 ip iomda cuma i n-a n-oirpēad rìlling do.”

“Nā b'io d'ceirt ort,” ari' an fear dūb, ag cup r'muta gāipe ari: “Cappāing ari cōm sup i n'ēipinn 7 ip mait leat é. Beir ré cōm teann an lā d'beirdeanac 7 tād ré inoiu. Nī beir puinn gnōta aghat de ari fain amac.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

## "NÍ AR OIΔ A BUÍDEACAS."

"Do tarrfaiz Diarmuid a dúivín dub' donn ar a póca, 7 do fín cuise í, 7 d'iméiz 7 do cuaid' reirean annran go meatalacán teinead' do bí ar bhar na tráza, beirear ar meacán airtí 7 réirdear, réirdear í go tréan tiuiz tearuidé; aét d'a tréine a anál 7 da tiuza a réirdead', ní raib' maít do ann; réirdear airtí 7 airtí eile níor tréine, níor tiuza, níor tearuidé ná ceana, aét do bí a gnó 'n-a fárad' airtí, mar do bí an tear ion éas airtí an rppéiz. Beirear ar rppéiz eile 7 réirdear fúití go feargac fuinneamail fíochmair, 7 a fúile ar dearglaid, 7 réirdeanna a muiníl cómh atuigíte rin go raibadair i neac a bpléargta: doib' fánaé do a réirdead' am. Beirear ar an rppéiz 7 caitear irteac i scoimleatan an cuain í, as ráb', "Go réirde mactair an áirdeireora tú mar teimí!" 7 tugtar buille d'a coir deir do'n cuir eile do'n teimí 7 reairtear ar fuo an báin i. Do connaic an cuir eile é víreac donn le n-a linn rin, 7 do cuireadar don ula-dáirdeiz amáin arta do tógrad' na maib' ar a n-uaisib'. Éirigro uile—an méio a'f' nac raib' i n-a rearm' díob'—7 tagair i n-a tímcioll, as lúbarraig le leatan-gáire 7 as reairtead' ar a lán-dícioll. Beirear duine ar rppéiz, duine eile ar rppéiz eile, 7 mar roin díob' riad' ríor go hearbail tímcioll, an beaz 7 an móir, an t-ós 7 an t-aoirta; 7 reo as réirdead' iad, ar énaím a noicill, as tnuít le teimí 7 tear do cup' airtí i n-gac rppéiz, 7 é riad' orra, do bpiú sup' rgar teo'dac le gac rmeacair díob' beaz nac o lúib' laðair.

"Acá teine im' rppéiz-re," arfa neac éigin:

"Séio leat a buacail!" arfa Domnall: "Cá bfuil tú?—réio leat go tagad' cúgac."

"Do léim ré de lúit-phreib 7 táimic i n-a aice—" Séio! réio, a diabail!" ar reirion, "7 ná leis an rmeacair ion euz—réio!—ar do báir réio!"

"Do leis an buacail reairta 7 do rtor de'n tréirdead'.

"Tairbeáin orú, a diabail!" ar reirion.

"Do tuit an buacail ar báiníob' gáiríob'; beirior réin ar an rppéiz, le amplad' 7 airtí cun gail, dógtar a óiríob' 7 caitear an rppéiz uad' d'iarraac. Tuit rí ar an mbán; níor bpiú rí amáet. Cuirear a óiríob' i n-a beal le coir na píopa.

"Tarrfaiz! tarrfaiz anoir!" arfa áillteoir éigin i n-a mearg.

"Do bí ré ar buille,—beirior ar an rppéiz le n-a láim' éle, 7



## THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

réirdear cóm hairtinnneac roin i sup rppéac pí: Séirdear aríir 7 léimear pmeacáir do'n deapsg-lapair irteac i n-a uét, mar do bí dupillac a léinead ar leatad, 7 dógar é láirdeac. Do con saib ré sneim ar an rppéis ámh, 7 bpiúgar an lapair píor i mbéal na píopa 7 tarrpaisear, tarrpaisear, tarrpaisear, ar cuma sup seáir 50 saib deatac as éirise 50 sorim glóimhar n-a flamaip-cíob or cionn a éinn.

Annran do bí ré ar a toil: Do fuir na daoine 50 léir as bpeitniugaó ar an múr as luarugaó or a gcóimair, 7 é as teact irteac 50 meap: Do bí Dóinnall as dúvado a píopa 7 san don duine as cur éirise ná uair. Níor b'fada sup éirise rtaile dá píopa ámaet, do tarrpaise ré i dáir ndóis ar énam a dícill, aet níor b'fíú duic feucaint ar an ngal beas báir do bí as teact amac airci. Annran do cuir ré rsguagal ar féin, ir róibead ná'r ceangail a béal iocair dá béal uactair le doic tarrpaise aet ní saib bpiú 1 n-a gno.

“Fagbad duine éigin réiteoir dom—aríon Dé fagbad!” ar reirion, 7 do luis ré níor dúluighe ar an dtarrmac; 1 n-asaid beir as baint an tralacair ar poll na píopa, ir amlaib bí ré as a daingniugaó ann—san coinne leir san ainneap. Faoi deirio, 'nuair do fuair ré an réan rgarra le n-a faotar, 7 50 saib as dul de, dá tréine luis re éirise, do dós ré an duir ar a béal, 7 do glaoir 50 hairtinnneac ar duine éigin, réiteoir d'fagbáil do. D'imtís tríur nó ceathar de buacailiob 50 luis páirc do bí lán de tráitníob, aet do bí ré rceannas maic uair-rani. D'fan reirion as feitiom oipa 50 doicfairir ear n-air, anoir as cur na píopa ion a béal, 7 aríir as a baint ar, 7 aríir eile as rátaó a lúvoin innti d'feucaint a saib motáil an teair imtíche airci. 'Nuair do cuair fuil ear feiteamantair aise, do léim ré féin ear éloirde irteac; reo as cuarac é anonn 'r anall, 7 bior ar a fúilib le fagairt cun fagbála, dá mb'féirir. Do bí íac ion áirioim air fá ceann tamail—fuair ré brob cuibeapac reamhar, 7 do rácuig 1 gcró na píopa é 50 taparó. Annran eus ré foza faoi n-a tarrmac, aet d'fan an brob mar a bí, 7 ní corpi-ócaó ar a lúnoiracáib. Do tréall ré an ac-uair, aet b'é an rgeal céatna é. 1 ndeirioó rtracra do, bpiar an tráitnín 50 caillte air, ircis 1 gcró na píopa. Do léim ré 1 n-a éoir buile ear éloirde, ní saib fulas (=fulang) na foirne aise, 7 do car an duir fad a upéair amac annran múir móir. Ní saib méam ar donneac le heagla bpiughe, mar do bí toza an eolair aca 50 léir ar Dóinnall, 7 caó é an fagar b'eac é, 'nuair do beirdeac ré amuis leir féin. D' fan na daoine 50 léir 1 n-a fuirde 50

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.



ceann reatair, 7 ar an bfead ro bí an múr as tuisoir leir an t-éirí go bog rí. Táinig don tonn amháin, i ndeireadh na dála, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogógaí fada deas. Do bhead Domhnall i n-a coilg-fearam 7 do cáit é féin ar a shuga anuar ar éarn do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíocht le fuirre, 'nuair seo irtead tonn eile, do cuair lea'rtuar de 7 pul ra feut reirion cuimneam ar don-níó (aet ar an múr) do feud ar léi amac é roir put fead. Do béic 7 do rígead ar<sup>2</sup> cobair, níet ní raib breir deabair ar donne'—níó ná b'iongnad—dul bfuiltear a cáilte cun eirion do faoraí.

"Cuimíir iarraíó ar céir ruar go cig Diaimuid léit," arfa Diarar Paor.

"Deirdear re báitte pul a ríoiéirde lea'rtuige ruar," arfa Paoruis buirde.

"Cuir an raicín amac 7 b'feut go nreamócaí pé é," arfa Miceál óg.

Le n-a linn rin do luis an báitteacáin 7 do glaoir i n-áró a éinn 'ra futa as iarraíó cabra, as ráó, "Ar ron Dé 7 raor mé! raor mé! a daoine, raor mé! ó a Dia, táim báitte! raor mé, raor mé órá!" Níor rtaí pé do beir as callaíriocht mar rin, mar do bí uédaí maíe aige.

"Ráíad 7 ríamraí amac cuige," arfa Diaimuid Mac Amhlaoib.

"Ná teigíis," arfa na daoine go léir i n-aon béal.

"Ráíad," ar reirion. "Ní deirdear a cuillead as feudaint ar annran amuis, as fagbáil báir ar ár gcómair."

Rug Miceál Meata ruar ar brollac a léinead 7 duabairt, "Maíre, go deimhín ní raíáir, ir fada ruar go gcuimneócaínn ar tú liogaint amac cuige."

"Bos díom," arfa Diaimuid, "bos do shreim díom."

"Ní bograí," arfa Miceál Meata, "ní beas a bfuil cáilte 7 fain-re iríis." Díreac donn do béic Domhnall de caoirígead amuis. "Ní'í donne' cáilte fóir," arfa Diaimuid. "Bos díom, a deirim leat, bos díom;" aet ní bograí. Do ríac reirion é féin uad 7 do cáit de a cuir éadais 7 do léim irtead 'ran múir 7 'ran múir; do ríam amac cun Domhnall do bí beas nac tabaríca 7 do ríac irtead leir é ar cuma éigin go tóí an t-éirí. Tuit Domhnall i laige 'mar ar go tóáinic ar an tcalam tírim 7 o' fan innti go ceann i bpaí. Nuair táinic pé cuige féin, duabairt duine éigin leir gur éarí do buirdear do breir le Dia i tcaob náir bácaí é:

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bódhaid,” ar reirion; “má táim rábáilte, ní ar Óia a buirdeacáir, mar ní mór do bí ré im éarham; o’fásfaid annsan amuis mé go mbeidinn báitte, mácta, 7 ir beas an gearradhuic do cuirfead ré ar aileir, seallaim-re duit; áct beirdeao buirdeac do Óiarmaid MacAmhlaoib, an fear glan glánta, cuaid 1 n-eineac a cáitíte cun mé faodaid. A! a duine, má táim rábáilte,

Ní ar Óia a buirdeacáir!”

### SEATRÚN CÉITINN.

[Leir an Aitir O Duinnín.]

Ní’l don ughar do pinne an oirde le Céitinn cum léigeann ir litrigheact do congáil beo i mearg na ndaoinead, go mórmór daoine leata móga. Níor b’eas sup reirib Seatrún reandáir nóbheact, nób-cinnce, áct sup cuir ré le céile i n-aon bolg amáin na tuairiside do bí le ragbáil ar éirinn in na reanleabrais. Ní raib tuairis eile le ragbáil com deas, com fuinnce ir do leat ré ar fuaid na tíre. Ní raib doinne ’n-a rcoláire foganta ná raib eolar aise ar rcláir Céitinn, ir ní raib críocnuagad deanta ar rcoláire i rcoil go mbeas macramail deanta aise do’n “b’fopar feara.” I mearg na tduatad rimplide ní leompad doinne amhar do cup ar an gcunntar tugann Céitinn ar gabáil na héireann le paptolan, ir leir an gcuid eile do’n treid rin tar leas. Ní leompad doinne réanaid sup créim-eas faddeat glar le natar nime, ir sup énearuig Maoir a énead ’ran éisirt le fearrais Dé. Bíodas na daoine realbuisge o’fírinne na rgeal rain, ir bí a n-up-mór ’n-a mbéal ada, ir ní raib dán ná laoid san tagairt éigin doir na móir-gairisib ar ar tráct Céitinn. Ir dóig linn muna mbeas sup rgríobad an “fopar feara” ná beas cuimne na rean-aimirre, ná ainmeada na rean-flait, ná éacta na leomán leat com abaid i n-aighead na ndaoinead ir bíodas leit-céad bliadan ó foin.

Ir fíor, go deimín, go raib na neite reo i leabrais eile ar ar tóg Seatrún iad, áct ní’l up-mór doir na leabrais reo le ragbáil i ndiu. Do cáilleamar iad, ir tá an “fopar feara” ’n-ar mearg, san focal, san litir ag teartabáil uaid. Tamall ó foin ir ar éigin do bí duine uafal i gcúigeas Mumán ná raib a macramail do’n “fopar feara” go ceanamail i gcóiméad aise. Bí





THE GENERAL  
GENERAL

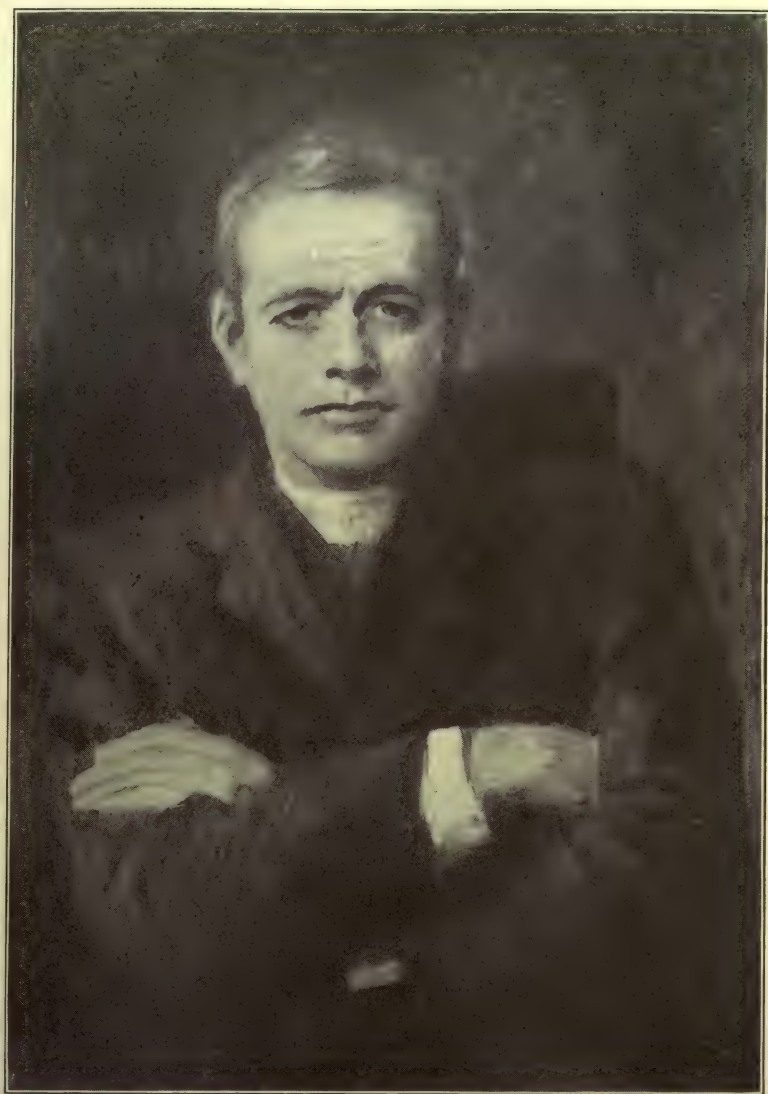
"There is no doubt," he answers, "the same mistake, of at least a century ago, may be made by the present. There is a danger among nations not to consider another people as they are, but to judge them by the standards of one's own society. This is not because people have the tendency to be prejudiced, but because they are. The danger is that the standards of one's own society may be applied to other people, and that the standards of one's own society may be applied to other people, and that the standards of one's own society may be applied to other people."

THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN

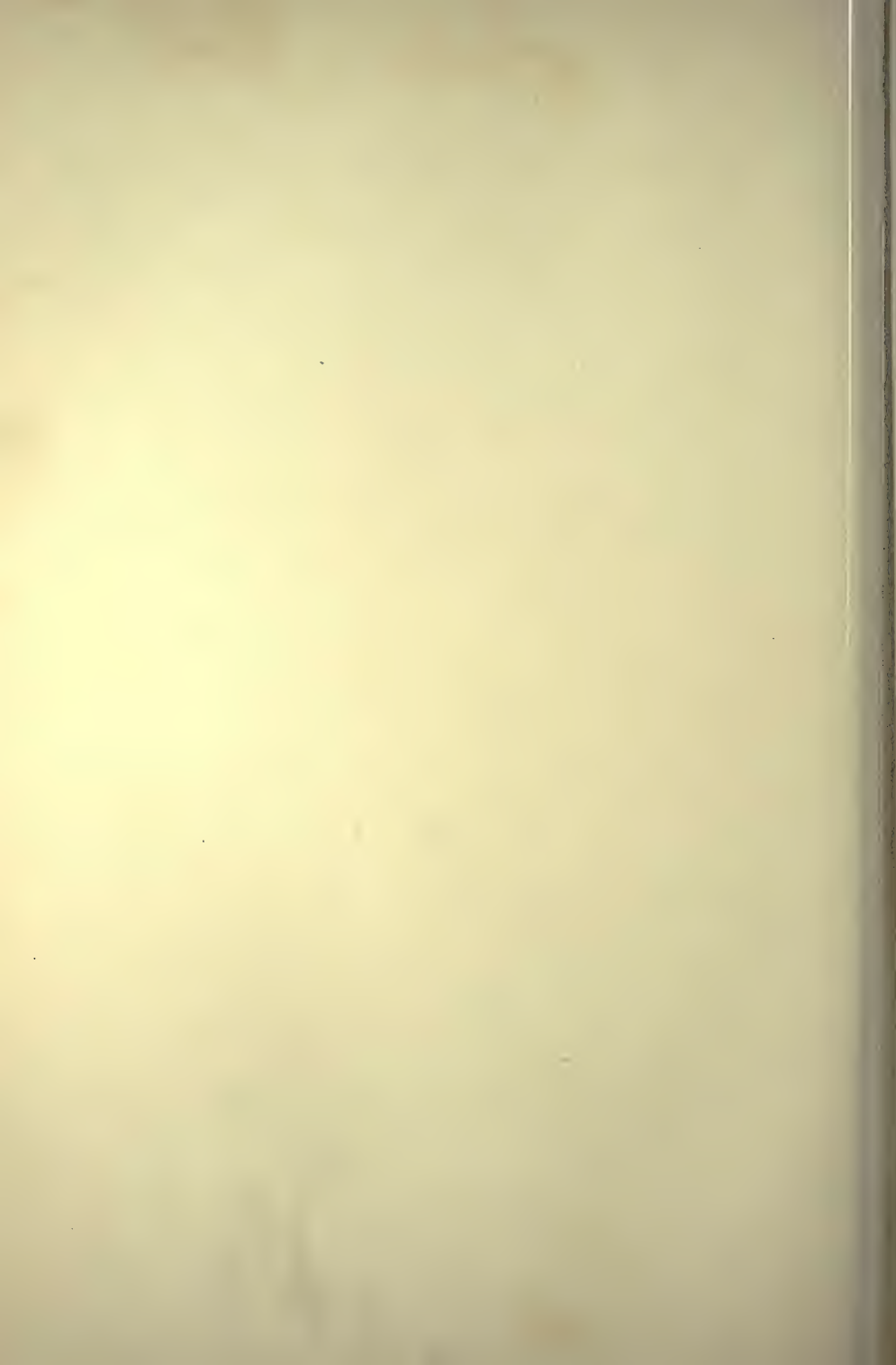
THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN

*Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats*

[illegible]







return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

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### GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré a5 na daoineib boéta éom maic leir na huairib. I r cuimhin linn féin figeadóir boét do maip i nlaipar Ciarraiúe, nár mór i dtéannta dóéain na hoirde do bí 'n-a féilb, do tairbeáin dom a macramail do Céitinn go ceanamail, capta i linn-éadac, i r san dul a5 páirte bpeit aip, ná díogbáil ar bit do déanam do. Da gheall le leabhar nsoimta é ar a meap, i r níor díomaoín do bí an leabhar pain, mar i r blarta cruinn do bí tuairis ar gac leatánac de i gceann an figeadóra, a5ur ba deacair áiteam aip go raib focal áct fírinne 'ran méio do r5ríob Céitinn ar fenniu r fear-rao, ar paitolan, i r an cúio eile aca. Tá cuimhne Céitinn fór i meap5 daoinead nár léig, i r ná fearaib ruam a cúio raotair. I r dóig leir a lán go raib dpaoidéac éigin ar an nduine, nó gur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunnatar ar sean do tabairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-iongnad gur éirio na daoine nár duine daonna Seatrún. Do tpeib gaillda do b'ead é, áct 'n-a diaib rin bí ré ioir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoilicéac ó éroideiamac, Sagar, Doctúir Diaácta do b'ead é. Fear léigeannta i laioin i r leabhaib na n-áitpeac do b'ead é, i r éait ré a lán dá raogal 'ran b'paine: áct 'nuair o'fíll ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar raó o'obair na heaglaire le díoghair iongantais gur cuiread ruasairt peata aip, i r gur b'éigean do dul i bpolac i gcuimar doilb i ngleann eatarlac. I r é an ruo i r iongantaisge i mbead-air Seatrún go bpuair ré uain i r caoi ar na leabhair do tcartuis uair i gcóir a seancaip, do bailiugad an faio do bí fán i r ruasairt aip. Do fíubail ré go Connactaib i r go Doipe, áct ní mór do meap do bí a5 fearaib ulaó ná a5 Connactaib aip. I gciann tpi nó ceataip do bliadantaib bí an "fopur feara" go léir curta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do r5ríob ré fór dá leabhar diaáda, "Eocair Sgiat an Aipinn," a5ur "Tpi bioir-áaoite an báir."

Dála an "fopair feara," cornuigean ré ó'n b'fiorépac, i r tagann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do sean-pannaib i n-a mbailig-teap ainmeaca na dtpead do táinig go héipinn, i r i n-a gcuirteap le céile na héaceta do bain leo. Tá a bpuil i b'póp de, leir, annro i r annró múeta le ainmeacaib taoipeac i r flait i r a gpaob gmealac. Níor ceap Seatrún don nio ó n-a meabair féin; gac a dtugann ré dúinn—na r5ealta, na heactpaide, na gabá-ltaip, na héaceta ar muir i r ar típ—fuair ré iao go léir i seanleabhaib do bí fá meap a5 ollamhaib i r fáirib. Ní rinne ré áct iao do cur le céile i r o'adontugad. Dá mbead ré a5 áit-r5ríobad na neitead rin i nio, a5ur a aignead lán do léigean na haimpíre reo, ní'l deapmao ná go gcuirpead ré a lán díob i leat-taob, do b'píg ná bainean ruad le fip-feancap. áct do



back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

reíob ré an “Fópur Feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó foin, agus ní mionsaob ná paid an oipead pain amhair i rtaoib fírinne na n-éact ro an trát pain. Agus ip mar an gceadna atá an rgeal ag tíoréaib eile: Tá a lán éact ip eactra i reancap na Rómá do éreio na Románaig go hiomlán i n-aimpíir Birsil ip Oibíro—ná fuil ionnta aet úir rgealta na bfeleat. Ar an nór gceadna ní géilleann don rgeoláipe anoir d’éactaib hengirt ip horra agus dá leicéonóib d’éactaíobí i reancap na bpeatane:

Aet ’n-a díad rín, ní ceap a deapmad go mbíonn bunadap fírinne inr na rgealtaib reo do gnat. Níor cúm na filíde rgeal ar dtúir gan deallíam éigin do beir air—*nec fingunt omnia Creta*—ciúd go gcuirtear leir i pít na mbliadan, i rreio ná haitneocáide é pá deiread. B’ole an bail ar trí ná beir úir-rgealta do’n traşar pain cuinnigte ip meargta trío a curo reancap. Ba cómapta é ná paid file ná páir le rinreapib i mearg a daoinead, ip náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ip álainn an díon-bpollac a cuireann Seatrún le n-a “Fópur Feara.” O teact an dapa Henrí anall eugainn ip noime, níor şab for ná ruaimnear na hugdair Sagraannaig aet ag cur píor bréaga ip rgealta aítire ar ar noútear. Gíorrio de Bappa, Stanhuprt, Camden, Hanmer, ip an tread pain uile—ní paid uata aet rínn do cur pá cóir ar dtúir, ip ó teir rín opta, rínn do marluşad i rtaítaib fallra. Agus tar éir ar bpeapann do baint dínn, ba bréagúige ip ba taircaipnige do bíodar ná ruam. Do tús Seatrún fúta ’ran díon-bpollac le fuinneam ip le feirş. Do rtoil ré ar a céile an páiméir marluigtead do cur an Bappa ’n-a leabair, níor pás ré puinn do Stanhuprt gan réabad, ip trom é turrpains a láime ar Camden ip ar Spenrer. Go deimín ip geall le şairşídeac móir éigin é—le Coin Cúlainn nó Aicill—a curo airm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadac pláta ó mullac cinn go troigşib air, ip é ag şabáil le díogşair ip le dian-feirş ar na daoínib beaga ro do deapbuig éiteac i goinnib a dúteair, ip do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar maítean i noiu, tabarpad ré faobair bata dor na reancáirib atá anoir pá móir-meap, ar fíroue ip ar mác ámlaoim, ip ar hume.

Adair ré ’n-a díon-bpollac:—

“Ní’l rtaíude dá rşríobann ar éipinn nac ag iarrad locta agus toibéime do tabairt do rean-şallaib agus do şaedealaib bío; bíod a fadónuiré rín ar an teirt do beir Campenríp, Spenrer, Stanhuprt, Hanmer, Camden, Bapclíro, Morşon, Dabir, Campion, agus şac nuad-şall eile dá rşríobann uirte o



done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not



foin amaí, ionnúr supabé nór beagnac an príomhpolláin 'do ghní  
 a5 r5píobad ar éipeannaí. . . . ip é 'do ghní cromaí  
 ar béarabí fo-úaoinead a5ur cailleac mbeas n-úir-íreal ar  
 'otabairt maí-ghníom na n uapal i nbearmad, a5ur an méio a  
 baineap nír na rean-5aebealaibí 'do bí a5 áitiugaí an oileáin reo  
 nra n5abáitair na rean-5aill," 7c.

Ip minic a 5oirteap an hérodotur 5aebealac ar Seatrún;  
 a5ur ip veimín sup móir a bfuil 'do córmáileact eatopca ardon.  
 Tá caint Seatrún veap, rimplíbe, milir-bmaírac, map caint  
 "A5ar an tSeancáir." Séanaibí ardon baot-foacail, neam-  
 b5ríogmáira, neam-5aríomeamla, a5t 'n-a n-ionad atá fuinneam ip  
 tatác i n5ac líne dá r5áircaibí. Cuipio ardon ipceac na húir-  
 r5eálta baineap le n-a 'otír, 5an amíap 'do cúp ar a b5íunne.  
 b'é hérodotur an céao r5áiríbe 'do cúp reancap na n5péigeac i  
 n-ea5ar ip i 5cúinneap, a5ur cíot sup b'fada 'n-a díad 'do  
 r5píob ré, b'é Céitinn an céao reancáirbe 'd'órúis ip 'do ceapcúis  
 i rla5t, ip i n-ea5ar reancap na n5aebeal: 'Do bain na rílíbe—  
 na 5péigis ip na Románais—á lán ar r5áircaibí hérodotur, a5ur  
 'ran 5cuma 5céadna 5us Céitinn innbeap a n'ótáin 'dop na  
 rílíobí 5aebealaca, 'd'ao5agán Ua Rataille, 'do 5eagán Clárac  
 Mac Domnáill, ip 'd'eo5an Ruad. A5t ní feicimío díogmaip i  
 'otaoib na rípíunne, ná fear5 cum namáo a típe ar an n5péagac:  
 bíonn ré ciuin, pocair, réim i 5comnuirbe i meap5 r5ára ip úir-  
 r5eíl, *et quidquid Graecia mendax audet in historiis*, a5t ní léigead  
 an 5aebealac ruainne 'do ceap ná 'do cáil a típe le n-a veap5  
 namáo.

Obair léigeanca, 'doimín ip ead "Tí bíor-5aoite an báir,"  
 lán 'do rmuaintibí díada ip 'do máctnam 5aríomeamla i ar an  
 beataibí 'daonna, ip ar a épíoc. Ip iongancaí ar éos ré ar rean-  
 u5'adapabí ip ar oibpacaibí na naom, a5ur ip blapca tá an obair  
 ar 5ao poimnte i leabapabí a5ur i n-alcabí. A5t ip tnom, lairín-  
 eamail an caint atá ann ó cúir 5o veiréad, bíot 5o bfuil rí  
 lapca ruar annpo ip annpúo le r5eál beas 5péannmaip map an  
 eadcpa rain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obair an-léigeanca i n'iaíadac ip i nópannaibí na hEaglaire ip  
 ead "Eocáir 55íac an áirpinn." Ní léir 'dúinn don u5'ar eile  
 cúiréap an oiréad rain 'do túairp5 ar neitibí baineap leir an  
 áirpéann, com beact, com cinnte rin i leabapí dá méio. A5t  
 'n-a ceannta rain, tá an caint com rimplíbe, com 5péannta, com  
 binn, com b5ríogmaip rain, 5an baot-foclabí ná ríaríobí capca sup  
 rupaipce 'd'aoinneac é léigead sup i n'oiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimir Céitinn anuar níor rgníobad a lán do phór buna-  
daraí. Do cuipead ádhar eactairde le déile agus rgealta ar  
gníomaircáib atad, agus ní mór 'n-a tceannta rain. Do luis-  
eadar na hugdair Gaedelaí ar ianna do mairgailt, ír ba  
mílir, doibinn a fceir dán ír amrán.

Soir nó fíar ír fearr an baile—An Cneamair.

(Le h-úna ní fairceallais.)

Ní faib an iunnceoiréad i bpad ar riubal nuair fleamnuis an  
Cneamair amad uata a san-fior dóib.

Suar an capán leir as déanam ar éaoib na n-ailltpead do'n  
oileán. Thiomáin pé air go tci go faib pé ar bair na tulca.  
Do rtao pé annrin. Sé gur tpean láirir an fear é, do bí an  
aoir as ceannad go daingean air, 7 níor miorde dó a rgit do  
leigean.

Ún an gealaí go háro 'ra rpeir, agus do b'féoir an t-oileán  
agus an fairrige o'feirir go slan foileir.

Do b'aluinn ciúin an t-amair do bí or a comair amad, adt  
irrig 7 sciorde an tpean-fir do bí anpad ar riubal. D'amlaíó  
nár airis pé a com deap ír do famluis an domán i n-a timéioil.  
Ní faib a fíor adt as Dia amáin cao do bí 'ga fuatao.

Chraic pé a lámha or cionn a cinn, agus adubairt or áro :

"Liom féin ír ead é! Liom-ra amáin! Ní fuil éan-baint as  
duine ar bit eile leir. O'iocar go maic ar—go dian-maic!"

Ar aghar leir air as riubal agus as rir-riubal, oipead ír dá  
mbéad 'n-a aignead rtoim a éoirde do lagougar ar an nóir  
roin.

Níor b'fada dó as imtead mar rin go tci go faib pé i ngar  
do na haittpeadair.

Annpoin do rtao pé go hobann, mar ba dóig leir go geualair  
pé gut duine éigin. Chuir pé cluar le héirtead air féin, agus  
do b'amlaíó o'eir aghad o'ampir go faib pé cinnce 'n-a éaoib.  
Gut mná as caoi do b'ead é, san go.

Ar mbreacnuagar dó ar an áro ar a dtáinig an fuaim, ba léir  
dó, rgeatam beas uair, duine éigean leagta leir an sclairde.

Onpuid pé leir an áit, agus o'airis pé san moill gur b'i Máire  
bhán do bí ann poime.

Ní faib a fíor aici duine ná daonraide do beir i n-a haice,  
agus do ppeab rí le neart rgeoin nuair do leas pé a lám ar a  
ceann.



expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

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## EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NÍ FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“Ná corruis, a leanab. Ná bíod faicéar ort, éor ar bit!”  
Ní dubhairt Máire focal, agus seo ar aghaid é le n-a cúro éainte.

“Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ródor, beir amuis i n-donraic 7 an oirdé atá ann. Tá an comhluadar as fuirdeat leat 'ra scir-din.”

Ní mearrad éinnead sup b'é an Cneamáire do bí as caint.

“Ué! a Shéamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cait-fíod mé leisint dom' cúro bróin. Déan níor fearr dá bárr i sceann tamail.”

“Aé dubhadar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntac leir an turar 7 an airdéar seo. Tuise nac bfanpá as do mádar 'ra mbailé 7 as peadar fáda!”

“Tuise, a n-eaó? tá fáct go leór leir, muir, aé cia an maic beir as caint anoir?” Ar an toirt, do fil na deóra léiti 7 érom rí ar sul<sup>2</sup> arís.

Níor cúir an Cneamáire irdeac uirri an fáro do lean rí ar beir as caoi, aé nuair d'éirí rí níor ciúine ar ball d'fíarrruis ré dí cia an fáct dí beir as imdeac ar éireann.

“Ná ceil orm éin-ceó do'n fíunne” ar' reirean ra deóid.  
“Cao faoi ndeara go bfuil tú as imdeac uainn?”

“Do bús go bfuil earbair airdio orm” ar' an cailín boét.

“An t-airgead! an t-airgead!” ar' an Cneamáire go neam-fóisdeac, “S é an rgeal céadna é i gcomnairde; aé bíod 'fíor asat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán ruadai 'ra domán níor fearr i bfaó 'ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní eus Máire fheadra ar bit air, do bí an oirdear roin iongan-tair uirri.

“Nac bfuil peadar asat!” ar' reirean “agus nac leór duit é rin?”

“Tá—peadar—agam; ir fíor duit<sup>2</sup>é, “arra Máire i ndeir-eaó na dálad, “aé—ní tuigim tú. Nac bfuil dúil asat féin 'ran airgead? Gabaim páruún asat, a Shéamair; ní 'gá éarad leat atáim, éor ar bit.”

“Ní fuil focal bréige ann, a ingean ó. Ir móir i mo dúil 'ran airgead le leat-céad bliadan, aé ní raib an rgeal mar rin agam riam. Dhí lá eile agam Dhí mé ós 7 bíor i ngráó com maic leat-ra, 7 b'féidir níor doimne 'ná mar atáir-re. Dhíor boét, 7 bí ríre boét, freirin. D'fágbar mo céad rlan aici 7 do baili-gear liom go haimemrocá le carnán airdio do cup ar muin a céile 7 le bean uaral do déanam dom' rpeir-bean. D'imtígear liom fíar sup fíorídear lartar na Stát n-dontuigíte. Chaicéar poinné bliadanta ann 7 d'éirí an raogal liom go geal. Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could



annamh a gheibinn leitiú ó Éirinn aet amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaití-pean 'gá páo go raib rí go maic, aghur a leiteirí rín.

"Don uair amáin éuair bliadain tairinn 7 gan focal agham uaití. Níor b'féidir liom a fulang beic gan tuairis uirri, 7 ó tápla an t-am rín go raib ponnit maic aipis 7 otaipis agham, eus mé aghair ar an mbaile aipir. Oc? mo léan gearr ír mo lomaio luain! ní raib ponnam aet a huais. 'San uais éadna cuirtead na comurpáin uilis nac móir, bliadain na gorta. Sáit-eaó ipcead le céile iad 7 n-éan-poll amáin.

"Ó a Dha na ngráta! i ag pasbáil báir leir an ocpair ar éaioib an bócair 7 mipe 7 bpaio uaití 7 gan rmeapóio eólaip agham ar a cáir! Sipe gan puo le cup 7 n-a beal aici 7 mipe tall 7 n-aimpeicocá, mo póca lán go beal d'airgead."

Do fámluis éadon an tfean-fir go míltead fa folair na gearraige. D'iompuis pé uaití beagán 7 érom pé ar amáir amac tair an bpaipis ó éuair:

Dhí a fíor ag Máire go raib pé ag déanamh mapanta ar uais móir bliadna na gortan éuar 7 gCondae Mhuigeó 7 níor leis rí focal ar láir. Í n-a leabair rín, ír amlaio go pus rí ar láim aip. D'airis rí fuar gan bpaig gan fuinneamh í:

Dhí an cailín ag bailleir aet ní fuad na hoirdé fa n-deara é. Níor b'é an Cneamair do bí or a comair aet tairbire d'éirig cuic ar laeteanntaib a oige.

"A Shéamair boict! a Shéamair boict!" aip' rípe or íreail. Níor cuir an fean-fearr éan-tfuim innti, aet d'fan pé ag amáir amac do éaioib an Dha Dheinn Déas gan corraige ar.

Dhíodar map rín ar fead tamail maic aipir.

"B'féidir supab é an pác go bfuil dúil agham 'ran airgead," aip' an Cneamair fa deiread, "sup iocair com daor rín .r. bíonn an t-airgead map fuil or comair mo dá fuil—go deais, go deais 7 gcomhairde. Ír map rín a éim-pe é."

Do érom Máire a ceann fíor 7 póg rí a láim. D'airis Séamair deoir ag tuicim léiti.

Dhíodar aipon 7 n-a doort go ceann tamail.

"Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bíc," aipá Máire go haibíó.

"Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rín a n-abpánn tú? Aet an doirgeann tú 'n-a deair méad na boctanaet a beair ag goill-eaó oir anpao, má fanair?"

"Ní fuil duine 'ra doimh a tuigeannr níor fearr 'ná mipe com érom 7 a bíonnr an gannair 7 an boctanaet ag gabáil do muinntir áipann—aet 'n-a daio rín péin fanpaó 'ra mbaile 7 n-ainm Dé."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“Tá go maí,” arís an Cneamáire.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Ar maidin lá ar n-a bárac éuaðóar muinntear an oileáin i ndiaid a céile roir go dtí an pánán. Uhi na cupaca i gcóir cum na gcailíní do bí le dul tar lear do bpiet ar borio an long-saile.

“Tuise go bfuil tura as caoinead?” arfa peadar fada nuair d’áruis Máire Uhan a gút com maí le các. “Ír muidne a béal as caoinead in do diaid.”

“Táim as caoinead i ndiaid na gcailíní atá ar tí iméad, uainn,” arfa Máire.

“An dá píap atá tú, a Mháire? ‘Ar nód,’ ní ceart uuit beir as fonmair fúm muid i ualac ar mo ériore.”

“Ní as déanam fonmair’ fút atáim, muid. Tá m’innctinn focair asam ar fanact leat, cibé boct raióbir tú, nó cibé an fáid a caiteimio beir as feiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní érioread peadar a éuara féin.

“Ír as magad fúm atá tú, tá mé as ceapad.”

“Ní head go deimín! Ní déanfainn a leitéir ort ar an domán.”

“Érioid tú anoir, muid. Ad ní tuigim an rgeal cor ar bit. Cad a tug ort an t-atarrugad innctinn’ reo?”

“Airling a bí asam aréir, a pheadar, nó bpionglóir, mar adéarad. Shaoilear go raib tura ío’ fean-fean ériora san fuinneam i do geadaid ná gíad d’éinne’ i do ériore. Uhi tú ío’ iargaire cómporaimail annro. Uhi mire t’éir áimeiriocá, clóca ríora orm i hata gléarta go deap le rubiní asur a leitéirí eile, airgead mo dótaint im’ rparán asam i ‘é uile cineál maoin’ im’ feilb. Uhiop-ra as gabáit ruar an bóirín i n-aice na poitig’ i mé as tead a baile. Capad dam annrín tú, ad níor aicín tú mé, cor ar bit.”

“‘Mire Máire Uhan,’ adubpar leat:

“‘Ní tú,’ arfa tura go feargac; ‘ní tú go deimín. Uhi Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a cail n ós flactmar, asur cad mar gead ort-ra? Sean-bean portaimail gíandó tú atá cópuigce mar péacóis i ngioblaicib ríóil. Ní tura Máire go deimín.”

“D’féadar ríor i bpioll uirge a bí taoib liom i do b’é rin an céad uair d’airigeap mé féin doró gíandó; bí an ceart asat.

“Ír mire Máire Uhan,’ adubpar arís.

“D’féad tú orm annrín roir an dá fúil i an fad a bíor mar don leat níor dós tú do fúile díom.

“Ír amlaid adéir tú,’ arfa tura, ‘ad ní érioid tú—ní tura an Mháire a ucugar gíad d’í fad ó. Thíor’ran poitig úo b’fearr



one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'"

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again."

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me."

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

liom í 'beir 'nád beir mar tura anoir. Ní aithníim tú cor ar bit.' Agus 'gá ród rin, ar go brát leat. Bhíor fásca im' donapán go brónac. Sin í an bhionglóir a bí agam. Nac airt-eac é ? ”

“ Ní fuil tú ro' fcan-bean fóir, a rúin ! Do b'ághmarac an bhionglóir dom-ra í, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhionglóir a tug ort fanaect 'ra mbaile ? ”

Níor mear Máire gur ceart oí rgeal an Chneamhaire o'innrinc san ceao aici uair. Mar rin aoubairt rí :—

“ É rin agus ruodai eile.”

“ Duirdeacaf mór do Oha,” agra peadair:

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Nac mór an t-iongantaf nac mbéiréa ag brait le do díol mná 'fásbail ? ” aoubairt aair pheadair leir cúpla lá í n-a díar rin. “ Nac deap daamail an cailín í Máire Chatac, in-gean na baintreabairge tair í gCionn an Uhaile ? ”

Chuir peadair cluar le héirteact air féin. Dá mba gur tuit an grian anuar ar an rpeir ní cuirfead ré níor mó iongantair air

Ní raió ré í n-innim oiréad le focal do ród.

“ Tá ré í n-am do Chait, rpeirin, cur fúiti í n-ait oí féin. Ní radeo beirt máigirtreaf le céile í n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do mear ar Mhac Uí Ohonnéada. Ní fuil fóo talman aige, act mar rin féin, 'ar noó', ir breag láirir an buacail é. Daoine macánta a b'ead iao a feact rinnrip noime.”

Níor féao peadair focal do cur ar, agus níor tuis ré rtaio na ceirte cuige 'nád ar éan-cór. Go deimin, níor tuis act an oiréad le ceap bróige, mar aóearéa, act dá mbíor ré do láair 'ra reompa beag taoib tair do'n éiríin rgeatam beag í n-a díar rin ir dóca go dtuisfead ré an t-íomplán go dianmait. Ir fean-focal é, agus ir fíor, go dtairbeánann rpaicéin tpeo na gaoite.

Ar bail nuair do bí an t-aor óg tíor ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Cneamhaire irteac cum aair pheadair agus mála aige í n-a láim.

Seo é ag tarraing lán a glaise do píopaib óir amac ar an mála, agus ag áiream rpi píeo punnt ar an gclár or a cómar, agus reo é fóir 'gá ród, agus é ag féacain go glinn géar ar an breap eile :

“ Ní cuiréir Tomár Sheagáin Ruairí barr a méire ralaike ar mo cúir airtio go deó. Dar fiaó, ní cuiréir. Ir do'n gíad agus do'n óise aatám 'gá tabairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a ruin! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."



## AN UAIH.

SIOGA AR AN “NĠIOBLACÁN.”

(SĠIRĠEAL LE TOMÁR O N-ADDA.)

BĠOR AG FÉACAIH TIMCEALL OĠM AN FAIR DO BÍ RÉ AG CAINT, AG BHEACNUGAD AR AN REOMPA AGUR AN CAOÍ 'N-A MAIB RÉ CURTA LE CÉILE AGUR 'GÁ FIAFRUIGE IM' AIGNEAD FÉIN CÁ BFUAIH RÉ NA RÚGÁIN AR FAO NUAIH DUBAIH RÉ :

“TÁ TÚ AG DÉANAM IONGANTAIR DEM' TEAGLAC AGUR DEM' AICILL-ÍDEACT. NÁC DEAR-LÁMÁC AN DUINE ME ?”

“'SEAD, AR M' FOCAL ; AÉT CÁ BFUAIH NA RÚGÁIN GO LEIH ? AGUR MÁ'R UAIH ADÁ ANIRO, AR NDOIG NÍ MAIB ÉIN-CEAL LEIR AN MBOTÁN RO I N-ÉAN-COR.”

“Inneoraid mire duit ar ball ; aÉT AN MB'AIT LEAT AN UAIH AR FAO O' FEIRCIH ?”

“D'AIT LIOM,” ARRA MIRE, “AÉT TÁ RÉ RÓ-LUAC FÓR AN COR DO CUR FÚM.”

“NÍ'L, PIOC,” AR FEIRCIH, “DOM FAOA IR TÁ RÉ REO AGAT,” AGUR TÓG RÉ MAIHE CPOIHE O'N SCÚINNE AGUR FÍN RÉ CUGAM É.

“RAGAMADHO AMAC GO FÓILL GO BFEICFID TÚ MO RÍOGAÉT-RA AR FAO,” AR RÉ.

“AÉT CÁ BFUAIH AN MAIHE CPOIHE ?” ARRA MIRE LEIR.

“CURFIAR LE CÉILE I AN FAIR DO BÍ TÚ IO' CORDIAD. GAB I LEIT ANIRO ANOIR AGUR TABAIH AIRE DO'N COR.”

TÓG RÉ AN CHILLPEÁN O'N MBÓRO AGUR O' ORGAIL RÉ DOPAR BEAG TAOBH LEIR AN TEALLAC AGUR CUAÓMAR AMAON IRTEAC. NÍ FACA MÉ A LEITÉIRO DE MAÓARIC O'N LÁ RUGAD ME GO DTÍ FIN AGUR NÍ FACA MÉ MAÓARIC MAR É Ó FOIN. BÍ AN REOMPA BEAG DÉANTA GO DÍPEAC GLAN AR AN SCADÓI CÉADONA I MAIB AN CEANN EILE, AÉT DO BÍ RÉ LÍONTA RUAR GO DTÍ AN DOPAR LE HARMAIB DE GAC CINEÁL, AGUR BÍODAR GO LEIH DOM GLAN AGUR DOM FOILLPEAC FOIN IR SUP DÁINEADAR AN MAÓARIC DÍOM, NAC MÓR, NUAIH DO CUAÓAR IRTEAC AR DTÚR. BÍODAR AR CPOCÁD AIGE ÓR CIONN A CÉILE AR NA BALLAIB TART TIMCEALL AN TREOMPA DOM FAOA IR B'FÉIROIR LEIR RUGE O' FÁGAIL DÓIB—GUNNAÍ SEARHA AGUR PÍORTAIL GO LEÓR, AGUR A LÁN DE CLARÓMTIB AGUR DE DÁISNEITIB—AGUR BÍ CUR EILE ACA CRUACETA I NGRÓGÁNAIB AR AN ÚPLAR. BÍ ÚIRNÉIR BEAG, INNEÓIN AGUR ÚIRLIRI GABANN I SCÚINNE, AGUR BINNRE AGUR ÚIRLIRI RÍUMÉARA I SCÚINNE EILE. BÍ AN PEAP AGUR AN AIT AG ÉIRIGE NÍOR AIRTIGE GAC ÉAN-NÓIMINT.

“IR DÓIG LIOM GO BFUILIM FÁ DPARIDÉACT,” ARRA MIRE, NUAIH DO TÓGAR LÁN MO FÚL D'N TREOMPA.

“NÍ'LIR, MAIHE, I N-ÉAN-COR,” ARRA AN “SIOBLACÁN.”

## THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,  
(i.e., Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hay-ropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

Do tós ré ruar ceann de na gunnaib agur do cuimil ré a go cineálta le n-a láim.

“féac,” ar reirean, “nac veap an úirlir i rin. Táinig ri o Ameriuocá agur do cuirfead ri piléar tré duine nac mór mile ó baile; aet éirimíó an cúro eile aca arír. Sab i leit annro.”

O’forsaíl ré doapar eile agur bagair ré amac oim. Níor féadar mo lám o’ feircint bí ré com doirca roin. Níor cuim-nígear go rabamair inr an uaim agur nuair o’ féadar amac duapar.

“Ué, nac doirca i an oirde!”

Leis an “Sioblaacán” rmut gáine ar.

“Nac doirca i an oirde,” arpa gut taob amuis oim. “há! há!” arpa gut eile. Annroin do labair beirt nó triúr eile i n-éinfeact níor fuirde amac, “Ué! nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—“nac”—“nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—agur mar rin leó as rsiirheadó agur as déanam madaib fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de gúannuib. Bíodar tíor fúm, tuar or mo cionn, ar m’asair amac agur ar gac taob oim. O’ imtígear uaim i ndiaib a céile agur o’ írlígearar fá veirfead ar nóir na raib ionnta aet riorarnac as creatao i gcúinnib na huama.

Deir mire sup bain ré preab aram. Táinig rsgannrao oim ar otúr agur na diaib rin táinig iongantap agur uatbár an traozail oim, ar nóir náir féadar corruige ar an áit ‘n-a rabar im fearam ar fead cúis nóiminte. Do bagair an “Sioblaacán” irteac oim.

“Mac-alla,” arpa mire, nuair bí an doapar dúnta aige.

“Sead,” ar ré, “nac breas é?”

“Níor airígear ruam roime reo éan-ruo mar é aet éan-uair amáin; aet ní raib teact ruar ar bit leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-mór ir doca.”

“Bí cinnte de rin. Táir io’ fearam anoir ar bhuac gáza uatbáraiige agur má tá éan-óirdeac amáin ann, tá ré or cionn mile trois i ndoimneact. Ná téigir ró-faoda amac nuair a beao as tairbeant na huama dúit, nó b’féoir go b’fuirgea dúdán io’ ceann; coinnis taob tiar oim-ra agur ní beir daozal ar bit or.”

Tós ré rlipeós giuamair agur cuir ré rgoilt beas na héatall le tuais. Annroin fuair ré rop barrairis agur focruis ré irteac ‘ran rgoilt é agur ear ré an barrac i mbacall mar beao méaróiz ar barr na rlipeóige. Nuair bí ré focruigete go daingean aige, túm ré an rlipeós agur an barrac i bpoa ola agur o’fás ré ann iad go raib an ola rúigete irteac go maic ionnta. Tugap fá nveara lom-láirteac go raib ré as déanam tóirre cun na huama do tairbeant dam.



"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

“Tiubhairt ré seo solas ar n-óráint dúinn anois,” ar ré, agus cuir pé teine leir. Cuairtear amach go bhuac na gága arís. Sae cor do cuireamair dinn do cuir an mac-alla fheadra ear air cuisinn. D’árouis an “Sioblaacán” an tóirre ór a éionn ar nór go bfuiginn maóric maí ar an uaim, agus do fear ré go dána amach ar bhuac an puill. Ní déanfainn féin é dá bfuiginn míle púnt; áct, ar n-óis, mar a veir an rean-focal—“Neatn na taitige méaduisgeann ré an taircuirne.”

Cé go dtug an tóirre solas bheadh uair níor féadar fuo ar bit d’feircint áct amáin joinnt beas de’n cairaig ór mo éionn agus ar sae taob d’iom. Amach uainn ní raib ann áct dorcadar trom tiug agus ír óis liom féin náir dein an tóirre áct é do méadugad. Bí ré com tiug roin sup railear go mb’féidir liom é gearrad le rgin, no mām de tógaint im’ laim. Bíor as fíarfuige d’iom féin, an fear do bíor as féadaint amach, cad do bí soluisge taob ear de’n dorcadar, agus do bí ré com diamáir gráineamail rin sup cuir ré uatbár im éoirde.

“Ní’l iomarca le feircint amach uainn no taob ear dinn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “áct tairbeánair mé duit anois doimneáct an puill.” Cuairt ré ar a glúinib.

“Luis ríor agus tairpains amach go bhuac na cairrige,” ar reiran, “táim eun an tóirre do caiteam ríor.”

Luisear ríor mar d’árouis ré agus d’uirdear amach go hairéac go raib mo éann ear bhuac na gága. Do dein ré féin an fuo céadna. Cait ré an tóirre amach uair agus ríor agus ríor leir trío an dorcadar. Bíor as bpat sae éan-nóimint go mbuailfead ré a tóin áct níor buail; agus níor tairbeán ré éan-fuo dúinn. Bíor as fairé air go dtí ná raib ann áct rpréac. Táinig pian im’ fúilib agus d’uáin im’ éann ó beir as féadaint air, agus do éirtear go ríor. Fá deirtead do cailleamair maóric air ar fear.

“Anois, cad veir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ éluair nuair bí an tóirre imtígte ar maóric.

“Leis dam go fóill,” arra mire, “go gcuirfid mé leirtead na cairrige roir mé féin agus an poll uatbárac úo.” Agus do cuadar as lapadail irteac ran mbotán. Ní leisfead an eagla dam éirge im’ fearam go rabar irtis, agus bíor mar duine do bead i n-áirde ar luargán. Táinig an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ diaib agus dún ré an dorar.

“Ír airdeac agus ír millteac an áit i seo,” arra mire, “agus tá greim im’ éoirde le huatbár.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar dtúr,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus i bpat níor meara ná tá tura anois, mar ír beas náir éirtear irteac ar millac mo éinn ran gág an tarna huair do tángar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."



annro; áéé tã taitéige ášam aip anoir ášur ní éuipim ruim ari bit ann."

Óšs ré anuar bóšá ášur raišeat do bí áige ran mbočán áš  
ó.      íá

"Tairbeánparó mé le:teao na šáša óuit anoir."

Fuair ré máim bairiaš ášur éar ré ari bíor na raišoe é ášur óein ré cóirre óe map do óein ré óe'n trlípeóis poime rin. Nuair bí á óóéaint ola rúšte áš an mbairiac, do éuip ré teine leir ášur ó'oršail ré an óorap. "Réac amac anoir," ari ré ášur ršaoil ré uair é trío an óoréaoar leir an mbóšá. Cuair an traišeat ášur an rop bairiaš ari lapaó šo roillreac amac, b'féoiri céao ríac, šan an taoó talí do buataó; ášur annroin do élaonuiš ré ríor í noiaró á céile ášur éuit ré map do éuit an cóirre, ášur í šceann tamail do pluišeat í nooinneacé na šáša é šan éan-ruo do tairbeánt óáinn. Ní mirre á ráó šur méaouiš ré reo an méao ionšantaip do bí im' éroide óeana;

Éuip ré ríol taoó amuiš óe'n óorap. "Suir ríor annro šo ríol," ari reirean, "šo šcuipríó tú áitne ari an šcuireacéain á bíonn annro ášam šo minic."

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## an mac alla:

Ruš ré ari óeann óe na šunnaib ášur éuip ré piléip ann: Sul á raiab á ríor ášam caó do bí šá óéanaš áige ó' áróuiš ré an šunna ášur éait ré upéar ar.

"Compaige Dé éušainn," ari mirre, ášur do pñeabar im fearaš leir an ngeit do bain ré aram. Šaoilear šo raiab an ríiab áš tuitim irteac oíainn. Ó'éiríš an mac alla map blaóim cóirnišge, ášur bí an fuaim cóim huatbárac poim šur mótušgear an éarriais áš éritéao rúim. Ó'iméiš ré uáinn ášur táiniš ré ari aip ari ášur ari eile, ari nóir šur b'éigín óam mo méaraca do éuip im' éluaraib éun an "ruaille buaille" do cóngbáilt amac. Ari óéur bí ré cóim boib bagaréac leir an cóirniš; annroin bí ré šo šaró šlušarac ra map beao fuaim na raiirige áš bñireao šo tróim ari éloéar tráša; ášur n-a óiaró rin bí ré an-éoramáil leir an bñuaim do éiucpaó ó élaíre áš tuitim, no ó éñuicailíib do beao áš šabáil éar bóéar šaró; ášur trío an bñótróim ášur an trurpar šo léip táiniš éušainn fuaim map pléaršao šunnaí móir í bñao uáinn. Éait an "šioblaéán" á óó nó á trí ó'upéaraib eile ášur bí ponm aip leanašaint óo'n šnó, áéé ó'iarpar aip á éabairt ruar. Bí an mac alla šo nan-bñeas ari paó áéé bí mo óóéaint ášam óe an uair rin šo háirite. Áéé ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“Sit down here awhile,” said he, “until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

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## THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

naib an “Sioblaacán” páirta fóir. Tós ré anuas fíoil bí ar cpoicé, de’n balla, agus cuip ré i gcóir i.

“An taitneann ceól leat?” ar reirean.

“Taitneann go maí,” arsa mire, “tá rpéir mhór aham ann i gcomnuíde.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rgeál,” ar ré, “geobair tú ceól anoir nó suam.”

“Má tá ré mar an ceól do tug an mac alla uair ó éianair ná bac leir.”

“Éirt,” ar reirean, as leigint gáire ar, “agus tabair do bpeit nuair táim cpoicnuigte.”

Tornuig ré as reinn, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann reacht-maine ní féarfaínn tuaragbáil ceart do tabairt ar an gcomrfeinnm d’éirig ran uaim. B’aluinn an beirleatóir an “Sioblaacán” agus bí ré ’n-a cúmar, “ó neart na taitige,” ir dóca, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maí leir an bfiol. Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirinn bailigte irteac i n-éan-halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riubal i n-éirfeact, ní féarfaí ríad ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamáige do tabairt uata ná an ceól do tug an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn an oíche úd. Tós ré an cpoide agus an t-anam aram. Níor mótuigear pian ná tuipre ná eagla ná éinníó eile aet amáin doibnear agus páram aigníó an fáir do bí an “Sioblaacán” as reinn agus d’ fánfainn annroin as éirteact leir ar fead lae agus oíche san beir tuipreac de.

Nuair bí ré páirta cuip ré uair an fíoil agus tornuig ré as caint ar ceól na héireann agus bí cup ríor mhór ahamm mar géal ar. Cainteoir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaacán” agus b’ait leat beir as éirteact leir. Da líomta agus da léigeannta na rmaointe do bí aise agus do tuit an gaeóilg ó n-a béal com blaró le ceól. Ní naib ré dall ar éinníó. Do bíor as rmaointeam, anoir agus arí, an fáir do bí ré as caint, ar an gcaoi ’na naib re as caiteam a dóca aimpire agus as riappuige díom féin cao é an fáit bí leir. Bíor deimneac go naib ré leat-éadotrom agus sup b’in é an éall go naib ré as imteact, mar a véarphá, le haer an traogail agus as cup a muinéil i gcontabairt; aet ní naib ríor aham an uair rin ar an méro ar éuair ré tpió.

Níor leig ré dam dul po-fada leir na rmaointeío reo mar táppains ré cuige feadógs agus tornuig ré as reinn uipiu. Dá feadar an ceól do buain ré ar an bfiol, b’feair ná rin react n-uair an ceól do buain ré ar an bfeadóigs. Do páruig ré ar gac uile níó d’airuigear ruar go dci rin. Ní tiubfadó éanlaic na cruinne dá mbeiríó go léir ran uaim as cantain le céile ceól



events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibne uata. Do tús an feadóg an mac alla amac i bfuad níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-ruo eile.

"Cad leir tú leir rin?" ar' an "Sioblaacán" nuair rghuir ré dá peinneamhaint.

"Ní feadair fóir," ar'ra mire, "ná fuilim pá d'raoibeadt. Dá mbeinn as caint ar fead lae agus bliadna, ní féadpáinn a innirint duit an méad doibhne agus taitnim agus páraim éroide do tús an ceól úo dam. Níl éin-teadct ruar leat."

"Ná bac leir an bplámár anoir," ar' an "Sioblaacán."

"Nílim as plámár i n-éan-éor," ar'ra mire, adt b'féidir gur éirte dam a páo ná fuil éin teadct ruar le deaplámadt an "fíir i n-áirde."

"Tá tú as caint go ciailmár anoir," ar reirean, as cur rghairte ar.

"b'féidir é," ar'ra mire, "adct bíor cun a páo nuair bíor as éirteadct leat—"

"Agus leir an mac alla," ar reirean.

"Agus leir an mac alla, ar eagla an plámáir—do cuir ré i n-uamail dam an tuarpargháil do léigear agus do éualar go minic i rtaob ceoil na n-áingéal ir na flaitir."

"Nílim cphóchnuighe i n-éan-éor fóir," ar reirean, agus d'éirigh ré 'n-a fearaí.

Tornuig ré as amháin. Bí gút breas fonnmár ceoilmar as an "nSioblaacán" agus níor cáil re éanruo i rtaob beir irctig ran uaim. Ní feadair féin cia aca do b'feairi cun an mac alla do tabairt amac—an fíoil, an feadóg nó gút an "Sioblaacán"—nó cia aca a paib an bairi aige i gcóimfeinn; adct ir dóig liom gur páruig an gút orra go léir. Éualar trí éad daoine as gabáil amháin i n-éinfeadct éan-uair amáin i halla móir i mbaile-áta-clia; adct cé go paib an ceól agus an cóimfeinn go han-breas ar fad, ní paib éin-teadct ruar aige le ceól an "Sioblaacán" nuair tús ré uair "An Raib tú as an gCarraig," agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an dóir do cuir ré ruar ran uaim as cuirteadctain leir.

“What do you say to that?” said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

“I don’t know yet, but I am under some spell,” said I. “If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you.”

“Do not mind the flattery now,” said the Gioblachán.

“I am not flattering at all,” I said; “but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator.”

“You are talking sensibly now,” he said, laughing.

“Perhaps so,” said I; “but I was about to say when I was listening to you—”

“And to the echo,” he said.

“And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven.”

“I am not finished at all yet,” he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán’s voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán’s singing when he rendered “Were You at the Rock,” and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.



## CASA D' AN TSUGHÁIN.

## DRAMA AON-GHÍM.

na Daoine:—

TOMÁS O h-ANHRACÁIN, file Connactaí atá ar peadárán.  
máire ní RÍOGÁIN, bean an tigh.

ÚNA, iníon Máire.

SÉAMUS O h-ÍARÁIN, atá luaithe le Úna:

SÍGLE, cómarra do Máire.

Piobaire, cómarpanna agus daoine eile:

ÁIT.—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó foim. Tá fíor  
agus mná ag dul tríd a céile in an tigh, no 'na fearaí coir  
na mbaila, amail agus dá mbeir dampra criochnuighe ada:  
Tá Tomár O h-Anhracáin ag caint le Úna i bfiort-torac na  
rtáir. Tá an piobaire ag fársad a piobairí air, le corusad  
ar feinnm arís, aet do bheir Séamar O h-Iarainn deoc cuige;  
agus rtaodann pé: Tagann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt  
amad ar an uplár cum dampra, aet dúiltann rí dó.

ÚNA.—Ná bí m'boorugad anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil  
mé ag éirteact le n-a bfuil peirean d'a ráb liom. Leir an  
h-Anhracáinac]: lean leat, cad é rin do bí tú 'ráb ar bail?

TOMÁS O h-ANHRACÁIN.—Cad é do bí an bodac rin d'a  
iarrairí orit?

ÚNA.—Ag iarrairí dampra orim, do bí pé, aet ní tiubhainn  
dó é:

MÁC UÍ h-ANH.—Ír cinnce nac dtiubhíad. Ír dóig, ní mearann  
tú go leirfinn-re do duine ar bit dampra leat, com fáo agus  
tá mire ann ro. A! a Úna, ní raib rólár ná pócamail agam le  
rao go dtáinig mé ann ro anocht agus go bfacair mé turá!

ÚNA.—Cad é an rólár duit mire?

MÁC UÍ h-ANH.—Nuair atá maire leat-dóighe in an  
teine, nac bfaíann pé rólár nuair dóirtear uirge air?

ÚNA.—Ír dóig, ní'l turá leat-dóighe.

MÁC UÍ h-ANH.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceatramna de mo  
éiríthe, dóighe agus loirghe agus caitte, ag tpoio leir an  
raogal, agus an raogal ag tpoio liom-ra.

ÚNA.—Ní féscann tú com dona rin!

MÁC UÍ h-ANH.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l don eólar agad-  
ra ar beata an báirí boict, atá gan teac gan téagar gan tío-

## THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

*Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.*

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

*The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.*

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

bar, aét é aš imteáct ašur aš ríor-imteáct le pán ar fuo an traošail móir, šan duine ar bié leir aét é féin. Ní'l maíoin in ran tpeáctmain nuair éiríšim ruar nac n-abraim liom féin go mb'féarri dam an uaiš 'ná an reacrán. Ní'l don fuo aš rearam dam aét an bponntanur do fuair mé ó Uia—mo éuro abrán: Nuair tóraigim orra rin, imtígeann mo bñón ašur mo buairpeaó díom, ašur ní cuimníšim níor mó ar mo šear-éiríó ašur ar mo mí-áó. Ašur anoir, ó éonnaic mé éura, a ũna, éim go bfuil fuo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-abrán féin!

ŪNA.—Ír ionšantaé an bponntanur ó Uia an bárvuigeáct. Com fáda ašur tá rin ašao nac bfuil tú níor rairbhe na luét rtaic ašur ríóir, luét bó ašur eal aš.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—A! a ũna, ír móir an beannaét aét ír móir an malláct, leir, do duine é do beir 'na bárv. Feuc mire! bfuil caparo ašam ar an raóšal ro? bfuil fear b ó ar máit leir mé? bfuil šráó aš duine ar bié orim? Bím aš imteáct, mo éadóan boét donpánac, ar fuo an traošail, mar Oirín anuair na féinne. Bíonn fuat aš h-uile duine orim, ní'l fuat ašao-ra orim, a ũna?

ŪNA.—Ná h-abair fuo mar rin, ní féioir go bfuil fuat aš duine ar bié ort-r.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Tar liom ašur rairbimíó i šcúinne an tíge le céile, ašur déarparó mé dúit an t-abrán do rinne mé dúit. Ír ort-ra rinnear é.

[Imtígeann ríao go dtí an coirneull ír rairé ón ríáo, ašur ruiréann ríao anáice le céile.]

[Tíš Sígle arteac.]

SÍGLE.—Éainis mé éušao com luat ašur o'feuo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céao fáilte rómaó:

SÍGLE.—Cao tá ar ríúbail aš o anoir?

MÁIRE.—Aš toruáó acámuio. Bí don porc amáin ašainn, ašur anoir tá an píobairé aš ól tíge. Torócaíó an dampra aríur nuair béirdear an píobairé píró.

SÍGLE.—Tá na daoine aš bailiugáó arteac go maít, bíró dampra breáš ašainn.

MÁIRE.—Bíró a Sígle, aét tá fear aca ann ašur b'féarri liom amuiš ná artíš é! Feuc é.

SÍGLE.—Ír ar an bfeap fáda donn acá tú aš caint, nac eao? An fear rin acá aš cómpáó com díút rin le ũna in ran šcoirneull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ršrairce ír mó éainis i h-éirínn aríam, Tomár O h-Annpacáin éušann ríao air, aét Tomár Róšaire buó éoir do bairteaó air, i šceairc. Óra! nac rair an mí-áó orim, é do teáct arteac éušainn, éor ar bíé, anoét!



but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaas Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

**SÍGLÉ.**—Cia'n róirt tuine é? Nac fear v'éanta abhán ar Connaétaib é? Cualaib mé caint air, céana, agus deir ríad nac bhfuil damróir eile i n-Eirinn com maic leir: buo maic liom a feicpint as damra.

**MÁIRE.**—Spáin go deo ar an mbiteamnac! Tá'r asam-ra go ró maic cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí róirt captanair roirí é féin agus an céad-fear do bí asam-ra, agus ir minic cualaib mé ó 'Diamuir boct (go n'éanair Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n róirt tuine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máigirtir rgoile, ríor i gConnaétaib, áct bíod h-uile cleap aise buo meara ná a céi e. As ríor-véanam abhán do bíod ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cup impir ar bun amearg na gcómairan le n-a cúro cainte. Deir ríad nac bhfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac mealirad ré. Ir meara é ná Dóinnall na Spéine rad ó. Áct buo é deirrad an rgeil gur ruais i n-rasart amac ar an bparpáirte é ar rad. Fuar ré áit eile ann rin, áct lean ré do na cleapannair céana, gur ruaisrad amac air é, agus air eile, leir. Agus anoir ní áit ná teac ná vadar aise áct é beir as gabail na tíre, as véanam abhán agus as págal lóirtin na h-oirde ó na daoimib. Ní diúl-tócaib tuine ar bí é, mar tá paicior oira poime. Ir móir an ríle é, agus b'éirir go n'éanrad ré rann oir do rreanmócaib go deo buir, dá rcurrad fearg air.

**SÍGLÉ.**—Go bhóirid Dia orrainn. Áct creao do tug arteac anoct é?

**MÁIRE.**—Bí ré as tairteal na tíre, agus cualaib ré go raib damra le beir ann ro, agus táinig ré arteac, mar bí eólar aise orrainn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céad-fear. Ir iongantac mar tá ré as véanam amac a ríge-beata, cor ar bí, agus gan aise áct a cúro abhán. Deir ríad nac bhfuil áit a raicair ré nac vtugann na mná rrad, agus nac vtugann na ríir ruat dó.

**SÍGLÉ** [as breir ar gualainn máire].—Iompuir do céann, a máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus v'ingean-ra, agus an dá iloigionn buailte ara céile. Tá ré tar éir abhán do véanam v, agus tá ré v'a múnad bí as cogairnuis in a cluair. Óra, an biteamnac! beir ré as cup a cúro rirreos ar úna anoir.

**MÁIRE.**—Oc ón! go deo! Nac mi-ádamail táinig ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimio ó táinig ré arteac, rí uaire ó poin. Rinne mé mo díctioll le n-a rgarad ó céile, áct teir ré oim. Tá úna boct tugta do h-uile róirt rean-abhán agus rean-ráiméir de rgealtaib, agus ir binn leir an rreacúir beir as éirteac leir, mar tá beal aise rin do breasrad an rmólaic ve'n éraoib: Tá'r asao go bhfuil an rórad réirde rocuigte

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and



roir ūna agus Séamur O h-Iapáin ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoíu: feuc Séamur boct as an dorpur agus é as faise oppa. Tá brón agus ceannfaoi air. Is fuir a feicint go mbuó mar le Séamur an rshairde rin do taétao an móimio reo. Tá faicior mór oim go mbéir an ceann iompugite ar ūna le n-a cúro bla-daíreáct. Com cinnte a'r tá mé beo, tiuceaio oic ar an oirde reo.

SÍGLE.—Agus nac b'éadófa a cúp amac?

MÁIRE.—O'féadófainn; ní'l duine ann ro do cúroéóca leir, muna mbeir bean no ró. Áct is file móir é, agus tá malláct aise do rsoilcead na crainn agus do réabfao na cloca. Deir riao go lobéann an riol in ran talam, agus go n-iméigean a gcuro bainne ó na bat nuair tusan file mar é rin a malláct dóir, má puaiseann duine ar an teac é. Áct dá mbeir ré amuis, aipe mo bannuio nac leirfinn arteach aip é.

SÍGLE.—Dá pacáio ré féin amac go toileamail, ní beir don bpiú in a cúro malláct ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Áct ní pacáio ré amac go toileamail, agus ní tis liom-ra a puasáio amac ar eagla a malláct.

SÍGLE.—feuc Séamur boct. Tá ré dul anonn go h-ūna:

[Éirigean Séamur 7 téirdeann ré go h-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An n'adpócaio tú an píl reo liom-ra, a ūna; nuair b'éirdear an p'ioaípe réir:

MAC UÍ h-ANN [as éirge].—Is mire Tomár O h-Annacáin, agus tá mé as labairt le ūna Ní Ríogáin anoir, agus com fao agus b'éirdear fonn uirre-re beir as caint liom-ra ní leirfio mé d'aon duine eile do teáct eadófainn.

SÉAMUS [san aipe ar Mac Uí h-Annacáin].—Nac n'adpócaio tú liom, a ūna?

MAC UÍ h-ANN [go fíocmar].—Nár duairt mé leat anoir sur liom-ra do bí ūna Ní Ríogáin as caint? Iméig leat ar an móimio, a b'odais, agus ná tóg clampar ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A ūna—

MAC UÍ h-ANN [as béicil].—Fás rin!

[Iméigean Séamur agus tis ré go dtí an beirt fean-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A Máire Ní Ríogáin, tá mé as iarráio ceao opt-ra an rshairte mí-ádamail meirgeamail rin do caiteam amac ar an tig. Má leirgeann tú dam, cuirfio mire agus mo beirt deap-bpácar amac é, agus nuair b'éirdear ré amuis pócrócaio mire leir.

SHEAMUS O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*)—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona—

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá faiteoir orim poime; tá mallact aise rin do rgoiltfead na crainn, veir riad.

SÉAMAS.—Ir cuma liom má tá mallact aise do leasfaid na rprearta. Ir orim-ra tuitfid ré, agus cuirim mo dúbhlán faoi. Dá marbhóad ré mé ar an móimio ní leigfid mé do a cuio pirtreos do cup ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceao.

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor feárr 'ná rin aSam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin?

SÍGLE.—Tá rlige in mo ceann aSam le n-a cup amac. Má leanann riú-re mo cómairle-re naóad re féin amac com rocair le uan, d'a coil féin, agus nuair geobaid riú amuis é, buailid an doirur air, agus ná leigid artead ariú go bpad é.

MÁIRE.—Rat ó Dia orit, agus innir dam cao é tá in do ceann.

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoid é com veap agus com rimpl de agus connaic tú ariam. Cuirfid é as carad rugáin go bfuigimid amuis é, agus buailfid an doirur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Ir forur a pad, det ní forur a déanam. Déanfaid ré leat "déan rugán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoid, ann rin, naé bpacaid duine ar bit ann ro rugán féir ariam, naé bpuil duine ar bit an ran cig ar féoir leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Det an gceirfid ré puo mar rin—naé bpacamar rugán riad?

SÍGLE.—An gceirfid ré, an ead? Ceirfid ré puo ar bit, ceirfead ré go riad ré féin 'na rug ar éirinn nuair atá glaine olta aise, mar atá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Det cao é an cpoiceann cuirfeap rinn ar an mbreis reo,—go bpuil rugán féir as teartál uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar cpoicionn do cup air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaid mé go bpuil an gaot as eirige agus go bpuil cúmad an tige d'a rguabad leir an rtoim, agus go rcairfid rugán carraingt air.

MÁIRE.—Det má éirteann ré as an doirur beid fíor aise naé oruul gaot ná rtoi m ann. Smuain ar cpoicionn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceart aSam-ra. Abair go



MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

b'fuil cóirte leagta ag bun an énuic, agus go bfuil ríad ag iarraidh rugáin leis an gcóirte do learuagad. Ní feicfidh sé com ríad rín ó'n dorpur, agus ní beidh fíor aige naó fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ríeal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamuir, gab imear ag na ndaoine agus leis an rín i ó. Innir dóib cad tá aca le ríad—naó b'fearad duine ar b'í rín rí reo rugáin féir ríam—agus cuir cpoiccionn maíe ar an mbéir, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamuir ó duine go duine ag cogairnaí ag leó. Toruigeann cur aca ag gáire. Tagann an ríobair agus toruigeann sé ag reinn. Éirígeann rí no ceatpar de cúpla cáir, agus toruigeann ríad ag damra. Imtígeann Séamuir amach.]

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—[Ag éiríge tar éir a beir ag féadaint orra ar fead cúpla móimíro.]—Pruit! ríobair! An dtugann ríob damra ar an ríparairíeac rín! Tá ríob ag bualaí an uirláir mar beir an oiríeac rín d'eallac. Tá ríob com ríom lé builláin, agus com ciotac le arail. Go dtáctar mo ríobán d' mb'fearr liom beir ag féadaint orraib 'na ar an oiríeac rín laéain bacac, ag léimni ag leat-cóir ar fuo an tige! Fágair an t-uirláir fá úna Ní Ríogáin agus fúm-ra.

FÉAR [atá dul ag damra].—Agus cad fá a b'fáamair an t-uirláir fút-ra?

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Tá an eala ar b'ruac na toinne, tá an Phóemíer Ríogáin, tá péarla an b'póllai b'áin, tá an b'énur amear ag na mban, tá úna Ní Ríogáin ag fearaí ríar liom-ra, agus áit ar b'í a n-éirígeann ríre ríar úmíuigeann an g'ealac agus an g'ruan féin d'í, agus úmíuicair ríob-re. Tá ríob áluinn agus ríob r'péiríamail le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Ac rín go fóil, ríob táirbeánaim d'aoib mar g'ruíeann an buacail b'péag Connactac rínnce, d'earraí mé an t-abrán d'aoib do rínnce mé do Reut Cúige Múman—d'úna Ní Ríogáin. Éirí, a g'ruan na mban, agus d'earraíamair an t-abrán le céile, gac le d'earra, agus ann rín m'ínnímir d'aoib cad é rí rínnce ríreannac ann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 gabair abrán.]

MAC UÍ h-ANN.

'Sí úna b'áin, na g'ruaige buirde,  
An cúilfíonn 'p'ad in mo láir mo éiríde,  
Ír íre mo rín, 'r mo cumann go buan,  
Ír cuma liom c'oiríeac bean ac i.

ÚNA.

A d'áirí na ríile duibe, ír tú  
Fuarí buair in rín r'aoíal d'r clá,  
Goíum do d'áil, d'r molaim tú féin,  
Do cúirí mo éiríde in mo cléir amúg.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (after looking at them for a couple of minutes).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,  
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;  
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,  
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you  
Who have found victory in the world and fame;  
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;  
You have set my heart in my breast astray.



## MAC UI N-ANN.

'Sí úna bán na spuaige óir,  
 Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo sháó, mo rtor,  
 Raíaró pí féin le n-a báro i gcéin,  
 Do loic pí a éiríde in a éiríde go móir.

## ÚNA.

Níor bfaóa oirde liom, ná lá,  
 As éirteac le do cómpáó breá;  
 I r binne do beal ná reinn na n-éan;  
 Óm' éiríde in mo éiríde do fuair sháó.

## MAC UI N-ANN.

Do riúbail mé féin an domhan iomlán,  
 Sacra, éir, an fhaic 'r an Spáin,  
 Ní facaí mé féin i mbaile ná 'gcéin  
 Aon ainneir fa'n ngréin mar úna bán.

## ÚNA.

Do éulaíó mife an élaíreac binn  
 San tpuáó rin corcaí, as reinn linn,  
 I r binne go móir liom féin do glóir,  
 I r binne go móir do beal 'ná rin.

## MAC UI N-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo éadan boct, tpat,  
 Níor léir éam oirde tar an lá,  
 Go bfaí mé i, do foir mo éiríde,  
 A' r do díbir éiom mo bhrón 'r mo éraó.

## ÚNA.

Do bí mé féin ar maidin iné  
 As riúbail coir coille le fáinne an laé,  
 Bí eun ann rin as reinn go binn,  
 "Mo sháó-ra an sháó, a' r nac áluinn é!"

[Glaóó asur torann asur buaileann Séamur O n-lapainn an  
 doir arteaó.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oc ón i ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte móir  
 leagta as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a bfuil litreaca na tíre  
 ann pléargta, asur ní l reang ná téad ná rópa ná daóaró aca  
 le na éangailt a' r. Tá ríad as glaóóac amaó anoir ar rúgán  
 féir do déanam díó—cibé róir ríad é rin—asur veir ríad go  
 mbéir na litreaca 7 an cóirte caillte ar carburó rúgán féir  
 le n-a gceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboóruaó! Tá ar n-abrán  
 páirde againn, asur anoir támaóiríoul as daíra. Ní éagann  
 an cóirte an bealaó rin ar aon éor.

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,  
My desire, my affection, my love and my store  
Herself will go with her bard afar;  
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,  
Listening to your fine discourse;  
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds  
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,  
England, Ireland, France and Spain;  
I never saw at home or afar  
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp  
On the street of Cork playing to us;  
More melodious by far did I think your voice,  
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,  
The night was not plain to me more than the day  
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,  
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday  
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;  
There was a bird there was singing sweetly  
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

*(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).*

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is  
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the  
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie  
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are  
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that  
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay  
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem  
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this  
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tasann pé an bealaó rin anoir—áct ip uóisg sup rcpainféar éura, agus nac bfuil eólar aghaó air. Nac uasgann an cóirte tar an gcnoc anoir a cómarranna?

1AÓ uile.—Tasann, tasann go cinnte.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Iy cuma liom, a teact no san a teact. Áct b'féar liom píce cóirte beit bpipte ar an mbótar ná go gcuirfeá péarla an bpolaisg bán ó dampa dúinn. Abair leir an gcóirteóir rópa do capaó uó péin.

SÉAMUS.—O murder, ní tís leir, tá an oipeaó rin de' fuinneam agus de tear agus de rpeacaó agus de lút in rna caplaib aigeanta rin go scaitir mo cóirteóir boct bpeit ar a gcinn. Iy ar éigin-báir ip féirir leir a gceapaó ná a gcongbáil. Tá faicéir a anam' air go n-eipeócaó ríao in a mullaó, agus go n-imteócaó ríao uair de ruais. Tá gac uile feirpeac arta, ní facaó tú ruam a leicéir de caplaib ríaoáine!

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Má tá, tá daoine eile inr an gcóirte a déanfar rópa má'r éigin do'n cóirteóir beit ag ceann na gcapall: pás rin agus leir dúinn dampa.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá triúr eile ann, áct maidir le ceann aca, tá pé ar leat-lám, agus fear eile aca,—tá pé ag cur agus ag cpaatá leir an rsgannraó ruair pé, ní tís leir fearam ar a dá cóir leir an eagla atá air; agus maidir leir an triomaó fear ní'l duine ar bit rin tír do leigfead an focal rin "rópa" ar a beul in a fíadhuir, mar nac le rópa do cpoacaó a ádair péin anurraig, mar gail ar áoirig do goir.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Capaó fear aghaó péin ruzán uó, mar rin, agus pásair an t-uráir fuinn-ne. [Le úna]'Noir, a péilt na mban tairbeán uóib mar iméigeann lúnó imear na ndéite, no Helen fá'r rsgioraó an Traoi. Dar mo lám, ó u'éas Déiríre, fá'r cuirpead naoire mac Uirniú cum báir, ní'l a hoirde i néirinn inoiú áct tu péin. Topócamaoir.

SÉAMUS.—Ná coraig, go mbéir an ruzán aghann. Ní tís unn-ne ruzán capaó. Ní'l duine ar bit annro ar féirir leir rópa do déanam!

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Ní'l duine ar bit ann ro ar féirir leir rópa déanam!!

1AÓ uile.—ní'l.

SÍGLE.—Agus ip fíor dáoir rin. Ní dearnair duine ar bit inr an tír reo ruzán péir ariam, ní mearaim go bfuil duine in ran tís reo do connaic ceann aca, péin, áct mire. Iy maic cuimniúim-pe, nuair nac raib ionnam áct gippeac beag go bfacair mé ceann aca ar gabair do ruig mo fean-áair leir ar Connaic-



SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To Oona*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib: B'íod na daoine uile ag fáth, "Ara! cia 'n róir iúir é rin éor ar bit?" agus dubhairt reirean sup rugáin do bhí ann, agus go gnuíor na daoine a leicéir rin fíor i gConnactaib. Dubhairt ré go n'acáid fear aca ag congáil an féir agus fear eile d'á cárad. Congbócair mire an fear anoir, má téideann tura d'á cárad.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaid mire glac féir arteaé:

[Imtígeann ré amac.]

MAC UÍ N-ANN [ag sabáil].—

Déanfaid mé cáinead cúige Múman,

Ní fásgann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;

Ní'l ionnta cárad rugáin, féin!

Cúige Múman san rnar san reun!

Spáin go deó ar cúige Múman,

Nac b'fásgann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;

Cúige Múman na mbailtreóir mbréan;

Nac dtis leó cárad rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seo an fear anoir:

MAC UÍ N-ANN.—Tabair 'm ann ro é. Tairbeánfaid mire daoib cad déanfar an Connactaé deag-múinte dearlámaé, an Connactaé cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lút agus lán-rtuaim aige in a láim, agus ciall in a ceann, agus coráirte in a croide, aet sup feól mi-áó agus mórbuaidreáó an traozáil é amearg leib-tóiní cúige Múman, atá san doirde san uairle, atá san eólar ar an eala ear an lacaín, no ar an ór ear an bprár, no ar an lile ear an b'ótanán, no ar feult na mbán ós, agus ar péarla an b'ollais bán, ear a gcuid r'raoille agus siobaé féin. Tabair 'm cipín!

[Sineann fear maíde d'ó, cuirteann ré rop féir timéioll air; toraigeann ré d'á cárad, agus sígle ag tabairt amac an féir d'ó.]

MAC UÍ N-ANN [ag sabáil].—

Tá péarla mná 'tabairt foluir dúinn;

Ir í mo spáó, ir í mo fúin,

'S í úna bán, an iug-bean éuinn,

'S ní tuisir na Muimnig leat a rtuaim:

Atá na Muimnig reo dalta ag Dia,

Ní aetnigir eala ear laca liat,

Aet tiucpaíó rí liom-ra, mo helen b'eadg

Mar a molpar a pearra 'r a r'gém go b'at.

Ara! muire! muire! muire! Nac é reo an baile b'eadg l'gac; nac é reo an baile ear bán, an baile a mbíonn an oiread rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:  
 They do not leave the floor to us,  
 It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;  
 The province of Munster without nicety, without  
 prosperity.  
 Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,  
 That they do not leave us the floor;  
 The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.  
 They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;  
 She is my love; she is my desire;  
 She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.  
 And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.  
 These Munstermen are blinded by God.  
 They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,  
 But she will come with me, my fine Helen,  
 Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that



rógaire croícta ann ná mbíonn don earbuid rópa ar na daoimib,  
leir an méad rópa goirdeann ríad ó'n gcroícaire Cráirdeacáin  
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaib aca agus ní tugann ríad uata iad—  
aéit go gcuirfeann ríad an Connaéctac boét ag carad rugáin dóib!  
Níor éar ríad rugáin féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an  
méad rugáin cnáibe atá aca de bárr an croícaire!

Smídeann Connaéctac ciallmair

Rópa dó féin,

Aéit goirdeann an Muimneac

Ó'n gcroícaire é!

Go bfeicid mé rópa

Breágh cnáibe go fóill

Dá fársad ar rsgóisib

Sac doinne ann ro!

Mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin d'ímtigeadar na Spéagais, agus  
níor rtoradair agus níor móir-cómnuiigeadar no sur rsgioradair  
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin béir an baile reo  
damanta go deo na n-deoir agus go bfuinne an bráta, le Dia na  
nshár, go ríorruide putáin, nuair náir tuisgeadair sur ab i ūna  
ní Ríogáin an dara Helen do rúsad in a mears, agus go rús  
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar ūenur, ar a rctáinis roimpi agus  
ar rctiucpar 'na diais.

Aéit tiucpar rí liom mo péarla mná

Go cúige Connaéct na n-daoine breágh;

Seobair rí péarta fion a'r feoil,

Rinnceanna árho, rporit a'r ceól.

O! muipe! muipe! náir éirigid an shian ar an mbaile reo, agus  
náir lapair péalta air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an doir. Éirigeann na ríir uile  
agus dúnaid é d'aon ruais amáin air. Tugann ūna léim cum  
an doir, aéit beirid na mná uirri. Téirdeann Séamur anonn  
cuici.]

ŪNA.—O! O! O! ná cuirigid amaé é. leir ar air é. Sin  
Tomár O n-Annpacáin, ir ríle é, ir báro é, ir fear iongantac  
é! O leir ar air é, ná déan rin air!

SÉAMUS.—A ūna bán, agus a cuirle díleap, leir do. Tá  
ré imtíchte anoir agus a cuir pirtreós leir. Béir ré imtíchte  
ar do ceann amárac, agus béir tupa imtíchte ar a ceann-ran.  
Náir bfuil ríor asat go maic go mb'fearri liom tu 'ná céad míle  
Déiríope, agus sur tupa m'aon péarla mná amáin d'a bfuil in  
ran doiman.

MÁC UI N-ANN [amuis, ag buatair ar an doir].—Forsail!  
forsail! forsail! leirid arteaé mé. O mo feaéit gcéad míle  
mallaéit oirraib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes  
A rope for himself;  
But the Munsterman steals it  
From the hangman;  
That I may see a fine rope,  
A rope of hemp yet  
A stretching on the throats  
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,  
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,  
She will receive feast, wine and meat,  
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[Buaitéann ré an doimhir ariú agus ariú eile:]

Mallaét na lag oppaib 'r na láirib,  
 Mallaét na ragaic agus na mbriácar,  
 Mallaét na n-earball agus an pápa,  
 Mallaét na mbaintneabac 'r na ngarlaic:  
 Forgaíl! forgaíl! forgaíl!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buideac oib a cómharranna, agus beid úna buideac oib amaraic. Buail leat, a rghairte! Déan do dampa leat féin amuis ann sin, anoir! Ní bfuigib tú ardeac ann ro! Óra, a cómharranna nac briedg é, duine do beic ag éirteac leir an rtoirm taob amuis, agus é féin go rocair páirta corp na teinead. Buail leat! Spread leat. Cá 'uil Connaét anoir?



and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?



*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF  
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE  
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

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MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

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THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a



native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

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### GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duald MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

"In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,  
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;  
All these and more than in one man could be  
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry."

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland," a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies," the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

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### TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant "Advice to a Prince" to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland" tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This was one of MacDaire's own countrymen.

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### JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, "perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his "History of Ireland" speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a 'History of Ireland,' which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's *Iliad* into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the "History of Ireland,"

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

#### GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.<sup>1</sup>

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,  
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreathe;  
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,  
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd  
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—  
The azure eye, whose light could prove  
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,  
From Albion's queen in pity crave:  
E'en name the rank of countess high,  
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,  
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride  
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—  
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep  
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—  
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake  
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,  
And honor'd soon the stranger child  
With titles brave, to grace a name  
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

<sup>1</sup>This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "Anthologia Hibernica" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)



## DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoprics," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

## ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

## THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,  
 Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;  
 Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—  
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.  
 Save Doun<sup>1</sup> and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken  
 All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,  
 I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,  
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

<sup>1</sup> The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded  
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;  
 But Phelim and Heber,<sup>1</sup> whose children betrayed it,  
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.  
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles<sup>2</sup> is commanding,  
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,  
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,  
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,  
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;  
 Ere " Samhain " <sup>3</sup> our chiefs shall in Temor<sup>4</sup> assemble,  
 The " Lion " protect our own pastors again.  
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,  
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,  
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,  
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—  
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :  
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !  
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.  
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,  
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending  
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?  
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

#### MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,  
 To make my good customers merry ;  
     But at times their finances  
     Run short, as it chances,  
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;  
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;  
     And, while you've a shilling,  
     Keep filling and swilling—  
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,  
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;  
     When Margery's bringing  
     The glass, I like singing  
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,  
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;  
     For valorous glory,  
     For song and for story,  
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

<sup>1</sup> Renegade Irish who joined the foe.    <sup>2</sup> The Pretender.

<sup>3</sup> The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids.    <sup>4</sup> Tara.

## GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

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## TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruise-town, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady



of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

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## MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Ru-mold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

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## DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

## JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

" " SLOW cause of my fear  
NO pause to my tear,  
The brightest and whitest  
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,  
RARE sights to be seen,  
Both highlands and Islands  
THERE sigh for the Queen.' "

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

## OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly



narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian.<sup>1</sup> was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians ; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons ; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea ; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them ; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir ; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds ; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return ; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior ; another is called Ossian's madness ; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the Odysseic type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra ; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form. anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

<sup>1</sup> In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Uasheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

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### A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people



ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

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### RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "*Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "*De rebus in Hibernia gestis*" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "*Descriptio Hiberniæ*," which is to be found in "*Holinshed's Chronicle*," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "*De Vita S. Patricii*" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "*Hebdomada Mariana*" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "*Hebdomada Eucharistica*" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "*Brevis premonitio pro futura commendatione cum Jacobo Usserio*" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "*The Principles of the Catholic Religion*"; "*The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters*" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

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### OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and



accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN  
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN. .

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *éditiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

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JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleenig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hallowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

### AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish Una ni Thearghaille, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-



inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

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### THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

## PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchalh Pleinninn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chirige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "*Craoibhín*." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

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## FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

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#### P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.





MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

*After Joyce and others*

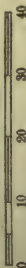
MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others





## 8SCALE OF MILES8



### Steamship Routes.

## Battlefields .....

Size of type indicates relative

importance of places











# GLOSSARY.

A BOCHAL ( <i>A bhuachail</i> )	Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ!	To victory! Hurrah!
A CHARA, A CHORRA.	Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN ( <i>a chuilin ban</i> )	her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA ( <i>a chuisle</i> ) vein—ACUSHLA MA-CHREE.	Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE ( <i>a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe</i> )	O pulse and treasure of my heart!
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE ( <i>a chuisle geal mo chroidhe</i> )	O bright pulse of my heart.
AGRA, AGRADH ( <i>a ghradh</i> )	Love, my love.
A-HAGUR ( <i>a theagair</i> )	O dear friend! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON ( <i>Eibhlín a ruín</i> )	Ellen, dear.
ALANNA ( <i>a leinbh</i> )	child.
ALAUN.	a lout.
ALPEEN ( <i>alpin</i> )	a stick.
AN CHAITEOG	The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN ( <i>an chuileann</i> )	the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE ( <i>aindisceoir</i> )	a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON.	the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH.	wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL ( <i>a ghradh geal</i> )	O bright love!
ARON ( <i>a ruín</i> )	O secret love! beloved, sweet-heart.
ARRAH ( <i>ar' eadh</i> )	(literally, Was it?) Indeed!
ARTH-LOOGHRA ( <i>arc luachra</i> or <i>arc-sleibhe</i> )	a lizard.
ASTHORE ( <i>a stoir</i> )	Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE ( <i>a stoir mo chroidhe</i> )	Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE ( <i>a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe</i> )	Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SULISH MACHREE ( <i>a sholais mo chroidhe</i> )	Light of my heart.
A THAISGE.	Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE ( <i>ullagon</i> ). See HULLAGONE.	
AVIC ( <i>a mhic</i> )	Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN ( <i>a mhuirnin</i> )	Darling.
BAITHERSHIN ( <i>b'fheidir sin</i> )	That is possible! Likely, indeed! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN	scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE ( <i>bean-an-tighe</i> )	woman of the house.
BANSHEE ( <i>bean-sidhe</i> ) (literally, fairy-woman)	the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

- BANSHEE (*bean sídhe*).....fairy woman.  
 BAUMASH, *raimeis*.....nonsense.  
 BAWN (*ban*).....fair, white, bright, a park.  
 BAWN, BADHUN.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.  
 BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).....Mouth of the Yellow Ford.  
 BEAN AN FHIR RUADH.....the red-haired man's wife.  
 BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*).....The blessing of God on your soul!  
 BEAN SHEE (*bean sídhe*). See BANSHEE.  
 BEINNSIN LAUCHRA.....little bunch of rushes (Irish air).  
 B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See BAITHERSHIN.  
 BIREDH (*baireadh*).....a cap.  
 BLADDERANG—BLATHERING (from *blad-aire*).....flattering.  
 BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.  
 BOCCAGH (*bacach*).....a cripple, a beggar.  
 BOCCATY (*bacaide*).....anything lame.  
 BODACH (*bodagh*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.  
 BOLLAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*).....ragwort.  
 BOLLAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.  
 BOLLOUS.....rumpus.  
 BONNOCHT (*buanadh*).....a billeted soldier.  
 BOREEN (*boithrin*).....a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).  
 BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.  
 BOTHERED (*bodhar*).....deaf, bothered.  
 BOUCHAL (*buachail*).....a boy.  
 BOUCHELLEN BAWN (*buachailin ban*).....white (haired) little boy.  
 BREHONS (*breitheamhain*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.  
 BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.  
 BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.  
 BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.  
 BROGUE (*brog*).....a shoe.  
 BRUGAID (*brughaidh*).....a keeper of a house of public hospitality.  
 BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.  
 BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.  
 BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.  
 CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.  
 CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.  
 CAILIN OG.....a young girl.  
 CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.  
 CAIRDERGA (*caoire dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.  
 CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.  
 CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.  
 CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.  
 CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.  
 CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.  
 CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.  
 CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.



CAPPAIN D'YARRAG ( <i>caipin dearg</i> ).....	a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....	the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN ( <i>caibin</i> ).....	a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of <i>caib</i> , a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE.....	A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN ( <i>ceanna-bhan</i> ).....	bog cotton. See <i>Cannawau</i> .
CEAN DUBH DEELISH ( <i>acheann dubh dhlis</i> )..	Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH.....	harp.
CLEAVE ( <i>cliabh</i> ).....	a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN ( <i>clochan</i> ).....	a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE ( <i>cota mor</i> ).....	a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....	The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN ( <i>coileainin</i> ).....	a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR ( <i>cailleach cos-mor</i> )...	a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN ( <i>cailin ban</i> ).....	a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS ( <i>cailin deas</i> ).....	pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOETHA NABO ( <i>cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo</i> ).....	the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN.....	a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of <i>down</i> , brown.
COLLEEN RUE ( <i>cailin ruadh</i> ).....	a red-haired girl.
COLLIOCH ( <i>cailleach</i> ).....	an old hag, a witch.
COLLOGUE.....	collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN.....	talking together, colloquy.
COLUM CUIL ( <i>St. Columbcille</i> ).....	St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER ( <i>comether</i> ).....	Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA....	Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN ( <i>cuilin</i> ).....	flowing tresses, or back hair. From <i>cul</i> , back.
COOM ( <i>cum</i> ).....	hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.	
COULAAN ( <i>cuileann</i> ).....	a head of hair.
CREEPIE.....	a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEEVEN ( <i>Chraoibhin aoibhinn</i> )..	Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL ( <i>croimbeal</i> ).....	a mustache.
CRONAN.....	the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN.....	whispering.
CROPPIES.....	the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS ( <i>crosan</i> ).....	gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS ( <i>crub</i> ).....	a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH.....	a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....	Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL.....	Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*) . . . . . a flask, a little jar, a cruet.  
 CRUISTIN . . . . . throwing.  
 CRUIT . . . . . a harp.  
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*) . . . . . a man's name, the hero of Britain.  
 CUR CODDOIGH . . . . . comfortable.  
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*) . . . . . Body to the devil!  
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*) . . . . . Pulse of my heart.  
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*) . . . . . leavings, rubbish, remains.  
  
 DALTHEEN (*dailtin*) . . . . . a foster child; also a puppy.  
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*) . . . . . By Christ!  
 DAUNY (*dona*) . . . . . puny, weak.  
 DAWNSHEE (from *damhainsi*) . . . . . acuteness.  
 DEESHY . . . . . small, delicate.  
 DEOCH AN DORAIS . . . . . the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.  
 DEOCH SHLAINTE AN RIOGH . . . . . Health to the King!  
 DHUDEEN (*duidin*) . . . . . a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.  
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*) . . . . . a generous spirit, something extra.  
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*) . . . . . sea-grass, dulse.  
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*) . . . . . the good people, the fairies.  
 DOONY. See DAUNY.  
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraithrin o! mo chroidhe*) . . . . . O little brother of my heart.  
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhi-leas*) . . . . . Dear brown cow.  
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*) . . . . . a white-backed cow.  
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland) . . . . . name of a famous Irish air.  
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann dubh dhileas*) . . . . . white-back cow.  
 DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*) . . . . . brown blackthorn.  
 DROLEEN (*dreoilin*) . . . . . the wren.  
 DROOTH . . . . . thirst (cf. "drought").  
  
 EIBHLIN A RUIN . . . . . Dear Ellen.  
 EIBHUL (*uibéal*) . . . . . clew.  
 ERENACH (*aireclinneach*) . . . . . a steward of church lands, a caretaker.  
 ERIC (*eirie*) . . . . . a compensation or fine, a ransom.  
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte geal go brath*) . . . . . Erin, a bright health forever.  
  
 FADH (*fada*) . . . . . tall, long.  
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*) . . . . . Clear the way! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballagh!*  
 FAUGHED . . . . . despised.  
 FAYSH (*feis*) . . . . . a festival.  
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM . . . . . I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).  
 FEASCOR (*feascar*) . . . . . evening.  
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*) . . . . . hungry-grass: a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.  
 FLAUGHOLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*) . . . . . princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER.....fumbling.  
 FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.  
 FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).  
 FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckleberries.  
 FUILLELUAH (*fuil a liugh*).....an exclamation.  
 FUIRSEOIR.....a juggler, buffoon.
- GAD.....withé, etc., for attaching cows.  
 GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.  
 GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.  
 GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....*Garran*, a hack horse, a gelding; *more*, "big."  
 GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.  
 GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.  
 GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.  
 GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.  
 GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.  
 GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.  
 GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).
- GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.  
 GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.  
 GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.  
 GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.  
 GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.  
 GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.  
 GOMSEH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.  
 GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (cf. French *garçon*).  
 GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.  
 GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.  
 GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.  
 GRAH (*gradh*).....love.  
 GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.  
 GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.  
 GRAMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug.  
 GRAWLS.....children.  
 GREENAN (*grianan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.  
 GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.



HULLAGONE ( <i>Uaill a chan</i> ).....	an Irish wail, grief, woe.
IAR CONNAUGHT.....	Western Connaught.
INAGH ( <i>An-eadh</i> ).....	Is it? Indeed.
INCH ( <i>inse</i> ).....	an island.
IRISHIAN.....	(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
JACKEEN.....	a fop, a cad, a trickster.
KATHALEEN BAWN ( <i>Caitlin ban</i> ).....	Fair-haired Kathleen.
KEAD MILE FAULTE ( <i>cead mile failte</i> ).....	A hundred thousand welcomes!
KEEN. See CAOINE.....	the death-cry or lament over the dead.
KIERAWAUN ABOO.....	Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
KIMMEENS.....	sly tricks.
KINKORA ( <i>Cionn Coradh</i> ).....	"The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
KIPEEN ( <i>cipin</i> ).....	a bit of a stick.
KISH ( <i>ceis</i> ).....	a large wicker basket.
KISHOGUE ( <i>cuisseog</i> ).....	a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
KITCHEN.....	anything eaten with food, a condiment.
KITHOGUE ( <i>ciotog</i> ).....	the left hand.
KNOCKAWN ( <i>cnocan</i> ).....	a hillock.
KNOCK CUHTHE ( <i>cnoc coise</i> ).....	the mountain-like foot.
LAN.....	full.
LANNA.....	<i>i.e.</i> <i>alanna</i> , child (which see).
LAUNAH WALLAH ( <i>Lan an Mhala</i> ).....	the full of the bag.
LEANAN SIDHE.....	Fairy sweetheart.
LEIBHIONNA.....	a platform or deck.
LENAUN ( <i>leanan</i> ).....	a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
LEPRECHAUN.....	a mischievous elf or fairy. <sup>1</sup>
LONNEYS.....	expression of surprise.
LULLALO ( <i>Liuigh liuigh leo</i> ).....	Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
LUSMORES ( <i>lus mor</i> ).....	a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
MA BOUCHAL ( <i>Mo bhuachaill</i> ).....	My boy.
MACHREE ( <i>mo chroidhe</i> ).....	My heart.
MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO.....	"The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
MAGHA BRAGH ( <i>amach go bragh</i> ).....	out for ever.
MAHURP ON DUOUL ( <i>Mo chorp on deabhal</i> ).....	My body to the devil!
MALAVOGUE.....	to trounce, to maul.
MAVOURNEEN ( <i>Mo mhuirín</i> ).....	My darling.
MERIN ( <i>meirín</i> ).....	a boundary, a mark.
MILLE MURDER ( <i>míle murder</i> ).....	A thousand murders!
MILLIA MURTER.....	A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
MO BHRON.....	My sorrow.
MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....	My yellow-haired little boy.
MO BOUCHAL ( <i>Mo bhuachaill</i> ).....	My boy.
MO CRAOIBHAN CNO ( <i>Mo chraoibhin cno</i> ).....	My little branch of nuts.

<sup>1</sup> The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.  
 MOIDHERED.....same as "bothered."  
 MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.  
 MO MHUIRNIN.....My darling.  
 MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.  
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."  
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete.  
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*)... ..but for.  
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.  
 MULVATHERED... ..worried.  
 MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*)... ..well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!  
 NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).  
 NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.  
 NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.  
 NIGI (*naoi*).....nine.  
 NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.  
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).  
 OCH HONE.....exclamation expressing grief.  
 OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*)... ..Alas, my heart!  
 OGE (*og*).....young.  
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!*)... ..O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!  
 OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.  
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.  
 ORO.....an exclamation.  
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.  
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.  
 PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.  
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.  
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.  
 PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.  
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.  
 PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).  
 PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.  
 PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.  
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.  
 PINKEEN (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.  
 PLANXTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.  
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.  
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.  
 POLTHOGE (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.  
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

POTEEN ( <i>poitin</i> )	(literally, a little pot) a still; hence illicit whisky.
RANN	a verse, a saying, a rhyme.
RATH	a circular earthen mound or fort, very common in Ireland, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.
REE SHAMUS ( <i>Rígh Seamus</i> )	King James.
RHUA ( <i>ruadh</i> )	red or red-haired.
ROISIN DUBH	Black Little Rose.
ROSE GALB ( <i>Roise Geal</i> )	Fair Rose.
RORY OGE ( <i>Ruaidhri og</i> )	young Rory.
SALACHS ( <i>salach</i> )	dirty, untidy people.
SALLIES ( <i>sailleog</i> )	a willow, willows.
SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH ( <i>'S amhuirnin dhilis</i> )	And my faithful darling.
SCALPEEN (from <i>scalp</i> )	a fissure, a cleft.
SCUT ( <i>scud</i> )	a thing of little worth.
SEAN VON VOCHT ( <i>sean bhean bhocht</i> )	poor old woman.
SHAMOUS ( <i>Seamus</i> )	James.
SHAN DHU	dark John.
SHAN MORE	big John.
SHANE RUADH	red-haired John.
SHAN VAN VOGH ( <i>an Tsean Bhean Bhocht</i> )	Poor Old Woman.
SHAROOSE ( <i>Searbhas</i> )	bitterness.
SHEBEEN ( <i>sibin</i> )	a place for sale of liquor, generally illicit.
SHEEN	young pollack, or of any fish.
SHEELAH ( <i>Sighle</i> )	Celia.
SHEE MOLLY MO STORE ( <i>Si Molly mo stor</i> )	It's Molly is my treasure.
SHEILA NI GARA ( <i>Sighle ni Ghadhra</i> )	Celia O'Gara (an allegorical name of Ireland).
SHEMUS RUA ( <i>Seamus Ruadh</i> )	red (haired) James.
SHILLALY, SHILLELAH	an oak stick, a cudgel. From the wood of Shillelagh in County Wicklow.
SHILLOO	a shout.
SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO ( <i>Seoithin seoidh</i> )	Burthen words of lullaby. Hush-a-by.
SHOOLING	strolling, wandering. From the word <i>siubhal</i> , tramping.
SHOUGH ( <i>seach</i> )	a turn, a blast or draw of a pipe.
SHUGUDHEIN ( <i>'Seadh go deimhin</i> )	Yes, indeed!
SHULE AGRA ( <i>Siubhail a ghradh</i> )	Walk, love; i.e. Come, my love.
SHULERS ( <i>siubhaloir</i> , a walker)	tramps.
SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM	Up with me and down with me.
SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN	Bright health, my darling.
SLAINTE GO BRAGH ( <i>Slainte go bhrath</i> )	Health forever!
SLAN LEAT!	Adieu! Farewell!
SLEEVEEN	a sly, cunning fellow. From <i>sliobh</i> , sly.
SLEWSTHERING	flattering.
SLIABH NA M-BAN	The Mountain of the Women.
SMADDHER	to break. From <i>smiot</i> , a fragment.
SMIDDHEREENS	small fragments. Probably from <i>smiot</i> , as above.



SMULLUCK (*smullog*) ..... a fillip.  
SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*)..... Dear Priest!  
SONSY ..... happy, pleasant. Probably  
from *sonas*, happiness.  
SOOTHER ..... to wheedle. From the English.  
SOWKINS ..... soul.  
SPAEMAN ..... fortune-teller.  
SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) ..... a common laborer ; also a con-  
ceited fellow with nothing  
in him.  
SPARTH (*spairt*) ..... wet turf.  
SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) ..... a puny thing or person.  
SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*) .. ..... an insignificant fellow.  
STHREEL (*straoileadh*) ..... a slut, a sloven.  
STOOKAWN (*stuacan*) ..... a lazy, idle fellow.  
STRAVAIGING ..... rambling.  
STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*) ..... a big lazy woman.  
SUANTRAIGHE ..... a sleeping or cradle song.  
SUGGAWN (*tsugan*) ..... a rope of hay or straw.  
  
TARBH ..... bull.  
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) .... My soul to God!  
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*) .... Full little flask or jar.  
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnin*) ..... a little ; a trifle ; a stem of grass.  
THUCKEENS (*tuicin*) ..... an ill-mannered little girl.  
TILLOCH (*tulach*) ..... small plot of land, a hillock.  
TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) ..... Land under the wave--Hol-  
land.  
TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) ..... Land of the live (beings).  
TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) ..... Land of the young.  
TRUMAUNS (*troman*) ..... a reel on a spindle.  
TUG ..... the middleband of a flail.  
  
UCHLUAIM ..... the breast or front hem of a  
sail.  
ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.  
ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.  
USHA. See MUSA (*mhuise*).  
  
VO ..... Alas ! Oine, ay de mi !  
  
WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) ..... O treasure.  
WEESHEE (*weeshy*) ..... little. From *wee*.  
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.  
WHAT *Hollg* IS ON YOU ? ..... What are you about ?  
WIRRASTHUR (O *Mhuire is truagh*) ..... O Mary, it is sad ! (an ejacula-  
tion to the Virgin).  
WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) ..... Mary ! 't is a pity !  
WISHA. See MUSA.  
WOMMASIN ..... strolling.  
WURRA (*A Mhuire*) ..... O Mary ! (*i.e.* the Blessed Vir-  
gin).  
  
YEOS ..... (English word) yeomen.



# GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable, without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

## THE FOLLOWING SHOWS THE TYPOGRAPHICAL PLAN:

Author's name — ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.

Title of story, essay, poem, etc. — *Adieu.*

Source of story, essay, poem, etc. — 'Father Connell.'

First line of poetry — Am I the slave they say?

First line and title of poem the same — '*Four Ducks on a Farm.*'

Subject — Agriculture.

A.		VOL.	PAGE			VOL.	PAGE
A. E. ....	G. W. RUSSELL.			A voice of the winds. . .	JOHNSON ..	5	1698
A babe was sleeping. . .	LOVER ....	6	2086	A whisper of spring's in			
A cabin on the moun-				the air . . . . .	WYNNE ....	9	3649
tain-side . . . . .	RUSSELL ..	8	3001	A Wood, Anthony, the			
'A constant tree is the				historian . . . . .		7	2570
'yew to me' (Irish				— Thomas, at Drog-			
Rann) . . . . .		10	3837	heda . . . . .		7	2570
A Cushtla Gal Mo Chree				Abbacy of Iona, The. . . . .		4	1618
(half-tone engraving). .	DOHENY ...	3	864	Abbey Asaroe . . . . .	ALLINGHAM.	1	13
A land of youth, a land				Abercromby, Sir Ralph. . . . .		6	2166
of rest. . . . .	JOYCE ....	5	1734	Abhrain an Bhuidéil. . .	LE FANU. . .	5	1946
A laughter in the dia-				Aboard the Sea Swal-			
mond air. . . . .	RUSSELL ..	8	2996	low . . . . .	DOWDEN ...	3	876
A little lonely moorland				Absentee, The, M. F. . . . .		5	x
lake . . . . .	KAVANAGH .	5	1753	Absenteeism . . . . .		9	3364
A little sun, a little				— Harshness of the			
rain . . . . .	BROOKE ...	1	299	land-agent . . . . .		1	87, 98
A man there was near				— in the XVIII. Cen-			
Ballymooney . . . . .	LE FANU. . .	5	1935	tury . . . . .		5	1917
A man without learn-				— Rack-renters on the			
ing, and wearing fine				Stump . . . . .		9	3333
clothes . . . . .		4	1467	— Scene in the Irish			
A "million a decade!"	WILDE ....	9	3570	Famine . . . . .		4	1575
A moment gone . . . .	O'DONNELL. .	7	2688	Absolute, Sir Anthony			
A pity beyond all . . .	YEATS ....	9	3704	(character in 'The			
A poor old cottage. . .	O'LEARY ...	7	2797	Rivals') . . . . .		8	3079
A soldier of the Legion.	NORTON ...	7	2586	Academy, The English. .	BANIM ....	1	60
A sore disease this				Acres, Bob (character			
scribbling itch is. . . .		4	1263	in 'The Rivals') . . . . .		8	3088
A spirit speeding down.	SHORTER ...	8	3128	Acropolis of Athens and			
A Stor, Gra Geal Mo-				the Rock of Cashel. . .	MAHAFFY ..	6	2334
chree . . . . .	MACMANUS .	6	2263	Across the Sea. . . . .	ALLINGHAM.	1	14



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
' <i>Actæon</i> ,' From .....	WILKINS	9 3604	"Ah then; who is that there talkin'?" .....	KEELING	5 1772
<b>Act of Union</b> (see also			Aherlow, Battle of .....		9 3607
Union, The) .....		6 2169	— Glen .....		7 2615
Actor and Gleeman .....		9 3686	— The Glen of. See		
Actress (see Bellamy) .....		5 1919	<i>Patrick Sheehan</i> ,		
Addison on ladies' head-			Aid Finlath, King of		
dress .....		9 3497	Ireland .....		7 2718
<b>Address of a Drunkard</b>			Aidne .....		4 145
<i>to a Bottle of Whis-</i>			Alleach (mountain). See		
<i>ky</i> .....	LE FANU	5 1946	<i>Inntishowen</i> .		
Address to the British			Allele Mor, King of Con-		
Association .....	KELVIN	5 1784	naught .....		7 2747
<b>Adieu</b> .....	ARMSTRONG	1 25	<i>Aileen</i> .....	BANIM	1 57
Adjectives, copious use			<i>Ailill's Death, King</i> .....	STOKES	8 3261
of, by Irish .....		2 xiii	Aillen .....		4 1452
Adown the leafy lane .....	MAC ALEESE	6 2111	Aim of the Society of		
Adam, Maitre, Father			United Irishmen .....		6 2163
Prout on .....		6 2339	<i>Air, The Host of the</i> .....	YEATS	9 3701
Adamnan and Fin-			Aix-la-Chapelle, Treaty		
nachta .....		7 2707	of .....		3 1220
— See <i>Death of St.</i>			'Akim-Foo' .....	BUTLER	2 418
<i>Columcille</i> .....		4 618	'Alas for the man who		
<b>Adventure</b> . See			<i>is weak in friends</i>		
Travel, etc.			(Irish Rann) .....		10 3839
— <i>in Slievenamon</i> .....	BANIM	1 46	'Alas for who plough		
<b>Advice to the Ladies</b> .....	GOLDSMITH	4 1322	<i>with out seeds</i>		
Advocate's Library, 'Ed-			(Irish Rann) .....		10 3839
inburgh, Irish manu-			Alas! how dismal is my		
scripts in .....		7 2673	tale .....	O'KEEFE	7 2779
Aedh Gualre and Ruad-			Alas, poor Yorick .....		8 3220
han .....		7 2762	<i>Albion</i> .....	SHEEHAN	8 3044
— <i>mac Alnmreach</i> .....		4 1622, 1625	Albuera, Irish soldiers		
— Menu, Prince of			at .....		8 3063
Leinster .....		7 2711	'Alciphron, or the Mi-		
Aedhan, the leper of			nute Philosopher' .....	BERKELEY	1 175
Ciluan-Dobhain .....		7 2710			176
<i>Egeria, A Modern</i> .....	CAMPBELL	2 448	Alder Gulch, Nevada,		
Aengus, Calendar of .....		8 3141	Earl of Dunraven at .....		3 961
— Festology of .....		7 2673	<i>Aldrid's Itinerary</i> .....	MANGAN	6 2375
<b>Affair of Honor, An</b> .....	CASTLE	2 576	ALEXANDER, CECIL		
<b>Affliction, Blessings of</b> .....	KIRWAN	5 1844	— FRANCES .....		1 1
Africa, Dress in .....		2 418	— WILLIAM .....		1 8
<b>African Queen</b> .....	BUTLER	2 418	Alexander the Great .....		7 2672
<b>After Aughrim</b> .....	GEOGHEGAN	4 1254	Aliné who bound the		
— <i>the Battle</i> .....	MOORE	7 2536	Chief of Spears .....		7 2593
— <i>the Fianna</i> . From			Alison, Sir A., on E.		
the Irish of			Burke .....		1 369
OISIN .....	SIGERSON	8 3139	All day in exquisite air.	TYNAN-	
<b>Age of a Dream</b> .....	JOHNSON	5 1699	HINKSON .....		9 3457
— ancient Irish rec-			All hail! Holy Mary .....	KEEGAN	5 1765
ords .....		2 viii, x	All human things are		
Aghahoe, Ruins of .....		8 3020	subject to decay .....	DRYDEN	3 1208
<b>Aghadoe</b> .....	TODHUNTER	9 3410	All in the April evening.	TYNAN-	
Agrarian Movement,			HINKSON .....		9 3454
Poets of the .....		3 xii	All natural things in		
— Oppression .....		1 348	balance lie .....	O'DONNELL	7 268
Agricultural Organiza-			<i>All Souls Eve</i> .....	SHORTER	8 3129
tion Society (I. A. O.			— Night, beliefs about .....		8 3128
S.), "A. E." and the .....		8 2989	All the heavy days are		
Agriculture and Tech-			over .....	YEATS	9 3706
nical Instruction, De-			"All the Talents, The		
partment of .....		8 2908	Ministry of" .....	BARRETT	1 119
<b>Agriculture in Ire-</b>			All ye who love the		
land .....		4 1467, 1574; 9 3362	spring time .....	BLAKE	1 189
— <i>Castle Rackrent</i> .....		3 995	<b>Allegory, An</b> .....	HYDE	10 3879
— <i>Rival Swains, The</i> .....		1 361	ALLEN, F. M. .....		See E. DOWNEY.
— Success dependent			Allen and the insurrec-		
on fixity of ten-			tion of Tyrone		
ure .....		2 425	and Desmond .....		7 2852
— <i>We'll See About It</i> .....		4 1534	— The Hill of .....		7 2709, 2711
Ah, huntsman dear .....	GRIFFIN	4 1491	— of the mighty		
<i>Ah Man</i> .....	MAC FALL	6 2206	deeds, Oisín at .....		5 1722
Ah, see the fair chivalry			— William O'Meara,		
come .....	JOHNSON	5 1701	The Manchester		
Ah, sweet Kitty Neal .....	WALLER	9 3500	Martyr .....		7 2608; 9 3339

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.....	1	11	An old castle towers		
— W. B. Yeats on.....	3	x	o'er the billow.....	JOYCE	5 1743
Alliteration in Irish lit-			An' the thought of us		
erature.....	2	xiii	each.....	BARLOW	1 14
— in Irish verse.....	4	vii	'Anacreon Moore'.....	See T. MOORE.	
<i>Almhain, Battle of</i> .....	O'DONOVAN.	7 2709	Anamoe.....		1 25
Almhuin of Leinster.....	4	1454	<i>Anarchists, Meeting of</i> .....	BARRY	1 156
Alpine solitudes.....	4	1357	<i>Anchor, Forging of the</i> .....	FERGUSON..	3 1174
'Alps, Hours of Exer-			Ancient Celtic Litera-		
cise in the'.....	TYNDALL	9 3478	ture, Translators		
'Am I remembered?'.....	M'GEE	6 2225	of.....		2 xviii
Am I the slave they			— Erin, Manners		
say?.....	BANIM	1 56	and Customs of'.....	O'CURRY	7 2666
<i>Amazing Ending of a</i>			— funeral customs.....		2 724
<i>Charade</i> .....	CROMMELIN.	2 751	— <i>Greece, Childhood</i>		
Ambition, Swift on.....	9 3378		in.....	MAHAFFY	6 2328
— of the Irish Patriot.....	PHILLIPS	8 2892	— houses in Ireland.....		4 1613
'Amboyna, The Relation			— Ireland, <i>Food,</i>		
of.....		6 2573	<i>Dress and Daily</i>		
America, A Farewell to.....	WILDE	9 3599	<i>Life in</i> .....	JOYCE	5 1735
— Abp. Ireland on.....		5 1664	— Irish, The.....		9 3391
— and Ireland.....		9 3328	— Irish, Amusements		
— Education in.....		1 334	of the.....		1 35
— Goldsmith on.....		4 1366	— Irish, Buildings of.....		4 1612
— <i>On Conciliation</i>			— Irish, Dress of the.....	WALKER	9 3493
with.....	BURKE	1 376	<i>Irish Ecclesiastical</i>		
— <i>On the Prospect of</i>			<i>Remains</i> .....	PETRIE	8 2880
<i>Planting Arts</i>			— <i>Irish, Language of</i> .....	WARE	9 3544
<i>and Learning in</i> .....	BERKELEY	1 180	— Irish legends, ethi-		
— <i>The Irish in</i> .....	MAGUIRE	6 2321	cal contents of.....		8 2973
—.....	O'BRIEN	7 2617	— Irish literature,		
— Dr. Sigerson			value of.....		4 xi
on.....		4 xii	— Irish, manners and		
— See Red-			customs of the.....		2 629
mond on			— Irish manuscripts.....		1 32
Home Rule.....		8 2926	2 xx, 629, 632, 635; 4	1459, 1598,	
— the land of liberty.....		5 1664	1600, 1601, 1608, 1612, 1613,	1618,	
— <i>The Song of the</i>			1622, 1625, 1631; 5	1724, 1731, 1737;	
<i>Irish Emigrant in</i> .....	FITZSIMON.	3 1206	6 2232, 2353, 2377; 7	2615, 2663,	
American and Irish rev-			2664, 2668, 2669, 2671,	2672, 2673,	
olutionists com-			2705, 2709, 2766; 8	2879, 2884, 2975,	
pared.....		6 2165	3139, 3144, 3246; 9	3494	
— characteristics.....		1 331	— Irish Surnames.....	WARE	9 3546
— civil war, Arch-			— Legends of Ire-		
bishop Ireland in			land'.....	WILDE	5 3557
the.....		5 1662	3558, 3561, 3566		
— Commonwealth,			— 'Music of Ireland'.....	BUNTING	6 2230
The.....	BRYCE.	1 331, 343	Ancients, Colloquy of		
— faith in Democracy.....		1 333	the.....		8 2968
— humor.....		1 332	And as not only by the		
— Revolution.....		6 2153	Calton Mountain.....	MACCARTHY.	6 2131
— Effect of, on Ire-			'And doth not a meeting		
land.....		9 x	like this'.....	MOORE	8 2524
— Grattan on the.....		4 1389	'And must we part?'.....	CALLANAN	2 445
— Stamp-Act.....		4 1388	<i>Andromeda</i> .....	ROCHE	8 2965
— <i>Taxation, Speech on</i> .....	BURKE	1 373	Anecdote of O'Curry		
Americans a religious			and Tom Moore.....		7 2663
people.....		1 336	<b>Anecdotes.</b>		
— a good-natured peo-			— of Burke.....		1 396
ple.....		1 331	— of Curran.....		2 798
<i>Among the Heather</i> .....	ALLINGHAM.	1 16	— of Father O'Leary.....		7 2793
— the reeds, round			— of Keogh, the Irish		
waters blue.....	MILLIGAN...	6 2437	<i>Massillon</i> .....	FITZPATRICK	3 1199
<i>Amor Intellectualis</i> .....	WILDE	9 3594	— of Macklin.....		6 2241
<i>Amoret</i> .....	CONGREVE...	2 614	— of O'Connell.....		7 2651
Amusements at a coun-			— of O'Keeffe.....		7 2771
try dance.....		2 649	— of Sheridan.....		8 3119
— of the Ancient Irish.....		1 35; 5 1739	— of Sterne.....		8 3227
— of the People.....	O'BRIEN	7 2620	NOTE.— See 'The Sunniness of Irish Life.'		
A nation once again.....		1 xvii	The biographies of the authors whose works		
<i>A Nation once again</i> .....	DAVIS	3 827	are given furnish a rich source of this ma-		
'An Cneamhaire'.....	O'FARRELLY.	10 3967	terial—as do also the reminiscences and		
An Craobhín Aobhín.....	See D. HYDE.		memoirs given in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'		
'An Gloibhachán'.....	HAYES	10 3977	<i>Angel's Whisper, The</i> .....	LOVER	6 2086
		3983	Anglo-Irish Literature,		
			Humor in.....		6 xii, xiii



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Anglo-Irish Problem, the</i> DAVITT	3	832	Arbor Hill, <i>Lines on the</i>		
<i>Anglo-Norman Nobles</i> .....	7	2670	Burying Ground of...	EMMET	3 1094
<i>Anglo-Saxon and Irish</i>			Archer (character in		
contrasted .....	2	xiv	'The Beaux'		
— literature never en-			Stratagem') .....	3	1165
tirely absorbed			— Sanders, and Allen		
Irish national			planning the in-		
genius .....	1	x	surrection of Ty-		
Angus .....	8	2990	rone and Des-		
Angus, the Culdee, on			mond .....	7	2852
learning in Ireland .....	2	vii	<b>Architecture, arch-</b>		
<i>Animals in Irish Sagas</i> .....	2	xvii	<b>aeology, etc.</b>		
— Superstitions about .....	9	3678	— <i>Splendors of Tara,</i>		
Anluan mac Mágach .....	4	1618	<i>The</i> .....	HYDE	4 1610
'Annals of Ireland' ... O'DONOVAN	7	2706	— <i>Ancient Irish Ec-</i>		
		2708, 2709	clesiastical Re-		
— The Irish, prove			mains .....	PETRIE	8 2880
their own an-			— <i>Northmen in Ire-</i>		
tiquity .....	2	ix	land, <i>The</i> .....	STOKES	8 3239
— of the Four Mas-			— <i>Fort, Crosses, and</i>		
ters. (See also			<i>Round Towers</i> ..	WAKEMAN	
M. O'CLERY.) .....	2	629	and COOKE. 9		3482
632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2577; 7		2663	— <i>In Ireland</i> .....	8	3238; 9 3484
2674, 2705; 10 4018			— 'Early Christian'. STOKES		8 3238
Anne, Queen, dress in			Arcomin, <i>The plain of</i> .....	5	1733
the time of .....	9	3497	'Arctic Hero, Death of		
— period in English			an' .....	ALEXANDER	1 10
literature .....	1	ix	Arderry, <i>The Barony of</i> .....	4	1573
<b>Anonymous Verse.</b>			Ardes, <i>The</i> .....	6	2278
See <i>Street Songs, Bal-</i>			Ard-Fileas .....	4	1591
lads, etc.			Ardigna Bay .....	6	2223
<i>A n o n y m o u s V e r s e,</i>			Ardmore, <i>Round Towers</i>		
<i>Street Songs, Ballads</i>			at .....	9	3492
and .....	HAND	8 3265	Ardnalee (scene of		
'Antigone, The New' ... BARRY	1	156	poem) .....	5	1865
'Antiquities, Handbook			Ardrahan, <i>Normans at</i> .....	3	829
of Irish' .....	WAKEMAN	9 3482	Ardrossan .....	2	647
and COOKE.			Ardtenet Castle .....	7	2853
— Church Ruins, Holy			Argonautic expedition,		
Island (half-tone			Irish version of .....	7	2672
engraving) .....	6	2130	Arklow, <i>Beautiful sce-</i>		
<i>Antiquity of Gaelic</i>			nery near .....	7	2532
Literature, Prof.			Armagh, <i>Aldfrid in</i> .....	6	2375
Morley on .....	4	vii	— Canon of, Cathald		
— of Ireland .....	1	399	Maguire, <i>cited</i> .....	7	2718
— of Irish <i>Annals</i>			— watered by Lough		
proved .....	2	ix	Neagh .....	6	2277
— of Irish language .....	2	vii	'Armonica,' Benjamin		
— of Irish literature .....	3	xvii	Franklin's invention .....	7	2692, 2702
— of Irish wit and			ARMSTRONG, EDMUND		
humor .....	6	vii	JOHN .....	1	24
Antium, Nero at .....	2	739	— G. F. S. See <i>Sav-</i>		
Antrim .....	9	3428	age-Armstrong.		
— Lord: origin of			<b>Army and Navy Mutiny</b>		
bloody hand in			Bills .....	6	2178
his coat-of-arms .....	7	2856	— Irish soldiers in		
— Mountains of .....	6	2275	the English .....	8	3062
— Remains of coal-			— See <i>Innisarra</i> ... BUCKLEY		1 351
mining on the			— See <i>Saxon Shilling,</i>		
coast of .....	6	2279	<i>The</i> .....	BUGGY	1 358
— Round Towers at .....	6	2277, 3491	Arnold, M., on Celtic		
Anuall .....	2	629	melancholy .....	3	viii; 9 3360
Aoife .....	4	1449	— on Celtic style .....	2	xvi
— <i>Only Son of</i> ... GREGORY	4	1426	Arraglen, <i>Kate of</i> ... LANE		5 1863
Aongus Ceile Dé .....	4	1651	Arrah! Bridgid Mac		
Apologia .....	9	3592	Sheehy .....	HOGAN	4 1594
Apostle of Temperance			Arran, Earl of, a		
in Dublin .....	MATHEW	6 2397	Monk of the Screw .....	2	797
<b>Apparitions</b> (see also			<b>Art.</b>		
Ghosts) .....	2	556	— and Architecture in		
Appius .....	5	1847	Ireland .....	9	3484
Arabian Nights, The,			— and learning Dis-		
Burton on .....	2	404	semination of		
Arab's Farewell to His			Irish .....	4	1599
Steed, The .....	NORTON	7 2584	— <i>Egyptian Art</i> ... WISEMAN		9 3630



	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<b>Art.</b>		<b>Ath-Seanailgh</b> (Bally-	
— <i>Ireland and the</i>		shannon) . . . . .	2 639
— <i>Arts</i> . . . . .	YEATS . . . . . 9 3661	Athy, Father Lalor of,	
— <i>Leonardo's 'Mon-</i>		and Father Keogh of . . . . .	4 1200
— <i>na Lisa'</i> . . . . .	DOWDEN . . . . . 3 877	Athy, Prior at, Richard	
— <i>Life, Art, and Na-</i>		Oveton, Killed at	
— <i>ture</i> . . . . .	WILDE . . . . . 9 3578	Drogheda . . . . .	7 2573
— of acting, The . . . . .	7 2473	ATKINSON, SARAH . . . . .	1 28
— of <i>Pleasing</i> . . . . .	STEELE . . . . . 8 3206	<i>Atlantis, The Island of</i>	
— of Thomas Hardy,		CROLY . . . . . 2 749	
The . . . . .	JOHNSON . . . . . 5 1694	<i>Auctioning Off One's</i>	
<i>Art's Lough</i> . . . . .	GREENE . . . . . 4 1423	<i>Relatives</i> . . . . .	8 3105
<i>Arts and Learning in</i>		<i>Aughrim, After</i> . . . . .	4 1254
— <i>America</i> . . . . .	BERKELEY . . . . . 1 180	— <i>Battle of</i> . . . . .	3 829; 7 2820; 9 1x
— <i>Ireland and the</i>		— <i>Limerick, and the</i>	
<i>Aryan race, Celtic a</i>		Boyne, Old sold-	
branch of the . . . . .	9 xvii	iers of . . . . .	3 957
As beautiful Kitty . . . . .	SHANLY . . . . . 8 3032	<i>August Weather</i> . . . . .	TYNAN-
As chimes that flow . . . . .	SIGERSON . . . . . 8 3138	HINKSON . . . . .	9 3458
As down by Banna's		<i>Auld Ireland</i> . . . . .	O'KEEFE . . . . . 7 2771
banks . . . . .	OGLE . . . . . 7 2734	<i>Australia, In Exile in</i>	
As flow the rivers . . . . .	RUSSELL . . . . . 8 3002	ORR . . . . . 7 2837	
As from the sultry town		<i>Autobiography of Wolfe</i>	
As I roved out at Faha,		Tone . . . . .	9 3414
LAD . . . . .	8 3299	— of Wolfe Tone, New	
— one summer's		edition, ed. by O'BRIEN . . . . .	7 2604
morning . . . . .	STREET BAL-	— of Wolfe Tone, The	9 3421
LAD . . . . .	8 3277	Autochthonous litera-	
As once our Saviour and		ture of Ireland repre-	
Saint Peter . . . . .	HYDE . . . . . 10 3823	sented in 'IRISH LIT-	
As Rochefoucault his		ERATURE' . . . . .	2 vii
maxims drew . . . . .	SWIFT . . . . . 9 3380	<i>Ave Imperatrix</i> . . . . .	9 3588
As the breath of the		Avoca, the Vale of	
musk-rose . . . . .	PARNELL . . . . . 7 2873	(half-tone engraving)	
<i>Asaroe, Abbey</i> . . . . .	ALLINGHAM, . . . . . 1 13	MOORE . . . . . 7 2532	
<i>Ashanee</i> . . . . .	6 2356	'Avoid all Stewardships	
<i>Ashburnham, Lord,</i>		of Church or Kill'	
owner of Stowe Col-		(Irish Rann) . . . . .	10 3833
lection of Irish manu-		Avon, The (river) . . . . .	7 2532
scripts . . . . .	7 2673	Avon-weep . . . . .	4 1255
Ass, The, and the		Avondale, Parnell at . . . . .	7 2610
Orangeman's daughter . . . . .	8 3268	Avonmore, Lord, a	
<i>Assaroe</i> . . . . .	6 2354	Monk of the	
<i>Assaye, Irish soldiers at</i>		Screw . . . . .	2 787
<i>Assonant rhyme, Mr.</i>		— and Father	
Guest on . . . . .	4 viii	O'Leary . . . . .	7 2794
<i>Aston, Sir Arthur,</i>		Azarias, Brother . . . . .	See P. F. MULLANEY.
Killed at Drogheda . . . . .	7 2568		
<i>Astronomical proof of</i>			
<i>antiquity of Irish an-</i>			
<i>als</i> . . . . .	2 ix		
<b>Astronomy.</b>			
— <i>Distance of the</i>			
<i>Stars, The</i> . . . . .	BALL . . . . . 1 36		
— <i>Venus, The</i> . . . . .			
<i>and Phosphor</i> . . . . .	2 601		
— <i>What the Stars are</i>			
<i>Made of</i> . . . . .	BALL . . . . . 1 41		
<i>Atearly dawn I once</i>			
<i>had been</i> . . . . .	9 3507		
<i>At Frederickburg, Dec.</i>			
<i>13, 1862</i> . . . . .	O'REILLY . . . . . 7 2831		
<i>At Sea</i> . . . . .	8 2966		
<i>At Tarah to-day in this</i>			
<i>awful hour</i> . . . . .	MANGAN . . . . . 6 2360		
<i>At the dance in the vil-</i>			
<i>lage</i> . . . . .	WALSH . . . . . 9 3503		
<i>'At the mid-hour of</i>			
<i>night'</i> . . . . .	MOORE . . . . . 7 2525		
<i>Atboy in Meath</i> . . . . .	5 1738		
<i>Athenry, The plains at</i>			
<i>Athens and the Rock of</i>			
<i>Cashel</i> . . . . .	MAHAFFY . . . . . 6 2334		
<i>Athlone, Battle of</i> . . . . .	9 ix		
<i>Athlone, Scenery</i>			
<i>around</i> . . . . .	1 353		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Balacklava, and the Charge of the Light Brigade</i> .....	RUSSELL	8 3008	Bann, The, among the leading rivers of Ulster.....	6	2278
Baldoyle, Father Keogh at.....	4	1200, 1205	— Bonfires on.....	3	954
Balfour on Dean Swift.....	3	vii	<i>Banna, The Banks of</i> .....	7	2735
Balinconlig, Folk tale of.....	3	1147	<i>Banshee, The</i> .....	ALLINGHAM.	1 17
BALL, SIR ROBERT STAWELL.....	1	36	— <i>The</i> .....	TODHUNTER.	9 3409
Ballach-boy, The day of.....	6	2356	— <i>Biddy Brady's</i> .....	CASEY	2 565
<i>Ballad, A</i> .....	MOORE	7 2539	— described.....	3	xx
— Mongers.....	9	3683	— <i>of the MacCarthys, The</i> .....	CROKER	2 727
— <i>of Father Gilligan</i> .....	YEATS	9 3702	Bantry Bay Expedition.....	9	3420
<i>Ballads, Anonymous Verse, and Street Songs</i> .....	HAND	8 3263	— Folk tales of.....	5	1803; 6 2314
— <i>of Blue Water</i> .....	ROCHE	8 2961	— Harbor (half-tone engraving).....	9	3414
Ballaghaderreen, 'The Lost Saint' acted at.....	4	1650	'Bar, The Irish'.....	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2723
Ballina, Fishing at.....	4	1519			2728
Ballinacarthy, Folk tale of.....	2	708	<i>Bard, and the King of the Cats, Seanachan the</i> .....	WILDE	9 3566
<i>Ballinasloe, Jenny from</i> .....	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3289	— <i>O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire, The</i> .....	MANGAN	6 2369
— Fair of.....	4	1636	— <i>of Erin, The</i> .....	See T. MOORE.	
Ballincollig, Enlisting at.....	1	351	— <i>of Thomond, The</i> .....	See M. HOGAN.	
Ballintubber, Fair of.....	2	653	Bardic System, The.....	2	xviii
Ballitore, Scenes of 'Ninety-eight' at.....	5	1887	Bards, Costumes of the.....	3	xlv
Ballycastle, Remains of coal-mining at.....	6	2279	— Decline of the.....	2	xx
Ballydivelín, The fight of the Mahonys under the tower of.....	7	2853	— described.....	2	xviii
Ballyhoystation, Cockle-pickers at.....	1	108	— <i>of the Gael and Gall</i> .....	SIGERSON	10 3937
Ballylee.....	9	3666	— outlawed by Eng-land.....	9	3625
Ballymena, St. Patrick at.....	6	2435	BARLOW, JANE (por-trait).....	1	98
Ballymooney (scene of a song).....	5	1935	— M. F. Egan on.....	5	viii
Ballymote, Book of.....	2 629; 7	2663	<i>Barmecides, Time of the</i> .....	MANGAN	6 2367
Ballymulligan, The Mulligan of, as a landlord.....	4	1574	Barney Maglone. See WILSON.		
Ballynakill, election of 1790.....	1	140	Barney O'Hea.....	LOVER	6 2080
Bally Shannon, Sars-field at.....	7	2818	<i>Barny O'Rewdon, the Navigator</i> .....	LOVER	5 2008
Ballyshannon, Hugh Roe at.....	2	639	Barr, Saint, meaning of name.....	9	3546
Ballyshanny, Scenery around.....	1	13	Barre, Colonel.....	7	xviii
— Salmon leap at.....	7	2550	BARRETT, EATON STAN-NARD.....	1	119
Balor of the evil eye.....	2	xi	— D. J. O'Donoghue on.....	6	ix
— the giant.....	3	861	— Richard and Re-peal.....	9	x
Baltimore, Scenery near.....	7 2602; 2852		— Richard, in Prison.....	3 811; 6	2128
— Bay.....	5	1743	— Roger: Duel with Judge Egan.....	1	142
Banba, Meave among the women of.....	7	2747	Barrière du Trône.....	2	677
Bandon Fair.....	6	2080	BARRINGTON, SIR JONAH.....	1	126
BANIM, JOHN.....	1	44	— on J. P. Curran.....	2	770
— John (portrait).....	1	41	BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH.....	1	149
— Inherently Irish.....	1	xi	— the actor.....	5	1916
— MICHAEL.....	1	59	— WILLIAM FRANCIS.....	1	156
Banims, The, M. F. Egan on.....	5	vii	— M. F. Egan on.....	5	vii
'Banish sorrow'.....	OGLE	7 2736	Barry's painting of the Last Judgment.....	6	2422
Banished Defender, The.....	8	3269	Basaltic rocks on the shores of Lough Neagh.....	6	2277
— from Rome.....	2	748	Bastile, The.....	2	676
Bank of Ireland, The (half-tone engraving).....	2	788	Bathe, Father John, slain at Drogheda.....	7	2572
Bankers in Ireland.....	9	3367	<i>Battle of Almhain</i> .....	O'DONOVAN.	7 2706
<i>Banks of Banna, The</i> .....	OGLE	7 2735	— <i>of Beal-A-n-a-tha-Buidh</i> .....	DRENNAN	3 928



	VOL.	PAGE
Battle of the Boyne .....	7	2819
— of the Factions ..CARLETON ..	2	472
— of Magh Leana ..O'CURRY ..	7	2664
Battles in the Book of		
Leinster .....	2	xlii
Bay of Biscay ..CHERRY ..	2	586
Beaconsfield, Lord ..O'CONNOR ..	7	2660
— Cranbourne on .....	6	2158
— on early marriages .....	6	2196
— on Sheil .....	7	xxvii; 8 3055
Beag, son of Buan .....	4	1450
Beal-An-Atha-Buidh,		
Battle of .....	3	928
Beal-an-a-tha-Bhuidhe,		
The Red Hand at .....	5	1753
Bear, An Irish .....	7	2794
— Dirge of O'SullivanCALLANAN ..	2	445
See Bere.		
Bearhaven, Morty Oge		
of .....	2	445
Beau Tibbs .....	4	1326
Beaung, belling, danc-		
ing, drinking .....	9	3312
Beauty, Celtic love of .....	8	2973
— Superstitions about .....	9	3672
'Bea ux' Strategem,		
The .....	3	1165
Bec mac Cuanach slain		
at Bolgdún .....	4	1625
Bede, Venerable de-		
scribes Lindisfarne .....	8	2882
Bedford, Burke on the		
Duke of .....	1	379
'Bee, The' .....	4	1345
Beehive shaped houses .....	8	2882
Beekeping in ancient		
Ireland .....	5	1735
Before I came across		
the sea .....	9	3304
Beginnings of Home		
Rule .....	6	2174
Belfast .....	6	2113
'Believe me if all those		
endearing young		
charms' .....	7	2522
BELL, ROBERT .....	1	165
Bellamy, Mrs., among		
the Irish actresses on		
the English stage .....	5	1919
Bellefonds, Marshal,		
commanding army of		
invasion in 1692 .....	7	2823
Bellow, Bishop, of Kil-		
lala .....	6	2232
Bells of Shandon, The. MAHONY		6 2343
Beloved, do you pity not WALSH		9 3508
Benburb .....	4	1530
Beneath Blessington's		
eyes .....	6	2289
Ben-Edar, The scenery		
around .....	3	1185
Bennett, E. A., on		
George Moore .....	7	2483
Beowulf, Alliteration in .....	4	viii
Bere O'Sullivan .....	9	3658
See Bear.		
Beresford, Lady Fran-		
ces, married to Henry		
Flood .....	3	1211
BERKELEY, BISHOP .....	1	173
— on America .....	5	1664
Bernard, Dr., dean of		
Derry, Goldsmith on .....	4	1380

	VOL.	PAGE
Bernard, dean of Kil-		
more, saved at Drog-		
heda by Cromwell .....	7	2570
'Beside the Fire' .....	4	1638, 1642
Bethlehem .....	9	3535
Beth Peor .....	1	2
Between us may roll the		
severing ocean .....	9	3572
Beyond the River .....	8	2924
BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC .....	1	182
— D. J. O'Donoghue		
on the wit of .....	6	xliii
Bicycle, To my .....	7	2976
Biddy Brady's Banshee. CASEY .....	2	565
Biggar and the Land		
League .....	9	xi
Bindin' the Oats .....	2	610
Bingen on the Rhine .....	7	2586
Bingham, Sir Richard .....	7	2857
Biography. (Biographies of all authors		
represented precede the examples of their		
work. Biographies of Celtic authors		
quoted in translation or in original are in		
Volume X.)		
Biography and His-		
tory .....	9	vii
— Frederick William		
Robertson .....	1	291
— Sheridan as Orator. FITZGERALD		3 1190
— Prince of Dublin		
Printers .....	4	1258
— Origin of O'Connell. HOEY .....	4	1588
— Capture of Wolfe		
Tone .....	7	2604
— Why Parnell Went		
into Politics .....	7	2607
— Lord Beaconsfield. O'CONNOR ..	7	2660
— An Irish Musical		
Genius .....	7	2690
— Story of Grana		
Uaile .....	7	2856
— Patrick Sarsfield,		
Earl of Lucan .....	7	2814
— A Eulogy of Wash-		
ington .....	8	2891
— Napoleon .....	8	2888
Biscay, The Bay of .....	2	586
Black Book of St.		
Molaga .....	7	2664
— Castle .....	7	2853
— Crom, The Sunday		
of .....	7	2719
— Desert, King of the. HYDE .....	10	3713
— Lamb, The .....	9	3569
— Thief, The .....	3	xxi
Blackbird, The .....	8	3271
— of Derryearn, The .....	2	xvi
— madnest in monk's		
hand .....	2	xviii
Blackburne, E. Owens. See MISS CASEY.		
Blackfriars, Theater in .....	6	2348
Blackie, Professor, on		
the feudal land sys-		
tem .....	7	2864
Blackpool .....	1	151
Blacksmith of Limerick,		
The .....	5	1741
Blackwater, A. D. 1603.		
Crossing the .....	5	1744
— Battle of the .....	5	1744; 7 2743
— Great meeting at		
Teltown, on the .....	5	1738
— in Ulster, The .....	6	2278
— River (half-tone		
engraving) .....	3	916
— Talk by the .....	3	916
— The Northern .....	5	1732



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Blackwood and Maginn.....	6	2300	Bolb, Trout fishing on		
Blacquiére, Sir John,			the .....	4	1522, 1523
Anecdote of .....	1	131	Bold is the talk in this. KELLY .....	5	1782
Blaise, An <i>Elegy on</i>			— Defender, The' .....	8	3270
<i>Madam</i> .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1382	— Traynor, O. ....	8	3270
Blake, James, sent to			Bo-men fairies, The, de-		
Spain to poison .....			scribed .....	3	xx
— Hugh Roe .....	7	2746	<i>Bons Mots of Sheridan</i> .....	8	3119
— MARY ELIZABETH .....	1	189	— <i>Sterne, Some</i> .....	8	3227
— Squire, an author-			Bonner, Bishop of Lon-		
ity on duelling. ....	1	145	don, Proclamation		
'Bland' .....	JOYCE	5 1749	against plays by .....	6	2348
Blarney Castle (colored			Booing (bowing), Dis		
plate) .....	6	Front	sertation on .....	6	2237
Blarney-Stone, Father			Book, Dimma's .....	7	2671
Prout on the .....	6	2337, 2441	— first printed in		
<i>Blast, A</i> .....	CROTTY	3 758	Gaelic in Ireland		
'Blasters,' The .....	5	1916	(facsimile) .....	7	2741
Blennerhassett's Book			— of a Thousand		
on Ireland .....	9	3395	Nights' .....	2	404
Bless my good ship .....	1	280	— of Ballymote .....	2	629; 7 2663
<i>Blessing of Affliction,</i>			— of Clonfert .....	7	2664
<i>The</i> .....	KIRWAN	5 1844	— of Dromsneachta .....	2	v. x
BLESSINGTON, COUNTESS			— of Durrow .....	2	2671
OF (portrait) .....	1	192	— of Fermoy .....	5	1724
— 'Memoirs of' .....	MADDEN	6 2286	— of Kells .....	5	1737; 7 2671
Blest are the dormant. MANGAN .....	6	2380	— of Lecain .....	7	2663
Blind Irish piper (half-			— of Lecan .....	2	629; 6 2223
tone engraving) .....	5	1762	— of Leinster .....	2	vi, xli
— <i>Student, The</i> .....	ARMSTRONG.	1 24	— of 1600, 1612, 1613, 1622: 7 1738; 8 2884		
Blindness, Miraculous			— of Lismore .....	7	2766; 8 3246
cure of .....	5	1766	— of Martyrs, The' .....	7	2573
Blithe the bright dawn			— of St. Bulthe's		
found me .....	FURLONG	4 1247	Monastery, The		
Bloody hand in Lord			Speckled .....	7	2664
Antrim's coat-of-			— of St. Molaga, The		
arms, The .....	7	2856	Black .....	7	2664
— 'Street,' Drogheda .....	7	2569	— of Slane, The Yel-		
<i>Blue, Blue Smoke, The</i>			low .....	7	2664
(half-tone engraving) GRAVES .....	4	1415	— of Strange Sins, A KERNAHAN .....	5	1899
BLUNDELL, MRS. (M. E.			— of the Dun Cow' .....	4	1600; 5 1731
FRANCIS) .....	1	215	Books, drowned by		
Board of National Edu-			Norse invaders .....	2	viii
cation, The .....	4	1603, 1609	— Irish, before St.		
Boate on Ulster .....	6	2276, 2279	Patrick .....	2	x
Boat-race to win Dun-			— of Cluain-mic-Nois,		
luce Castle .....	7	2855	The .....	7	2664
Boats, Irish wickerwork			— of <i>Courtesy in the</i>		
(half-tone en-			<i>Fifteenth Century</i> GREEN .....	4	1417
graving) .....	9	3458	Borough Franchise Bill,		
— of ancient Ireland .....	5	1740	The Irish .....	6	2176
<i>Boat-Song, A Canadian</i> MOORE .....	7	2540	BORTHWICK, NORMA .....	10	3879
Bob Acres, Jefferson as .....	8	3088	Boru Tribute, The .....	4	1622
— Acres' <i>Duel</i> .....	SHERIDAN	8 3088	Boston Port, Sailing		
— <i>Burke's Duel with</i>			into .....	6	2115
<i>Ensign Brady</i> .....	MAGINN	6 2303	Boswell and Goldsmith		
Bodhmall, the woman			— collection of Chap-		
Druid .....	4	1447	books, The .....	3	xxi
Bodkin, Amby, as an			B O U C C A U L T, DION		
authority on .....			(portrait) .....	1	252
duelling .....	1	145	Boulogne-sur-Mer,		
— MATTHIAS M'DON-			Father O'Leary at .....	7	2794
NELL .....	1	232	Bourke, Sir Richard,		
— The, in Irish dress .....	9	3493	the - M'William		
Bodleian Library at Ox-			Eight .....	7	2857
ford, Irish MSS. in .....	7	2673	Bowes, John, Solicitor		
<i>Boers, The Curse of the</i> GREGORY .....	10	3927	General, at the trial		
<i>Bog Cotton on the Red</i>			of Lord Gantry .....	7	2724, 2726
<i>Bog</i> .....	O'BRIEN	7 2591	<i>Boy, who was Long on</i>		
Bogs of Ireland, Pock-			His Mother, The .....	10	3765
rich's project for			<i>Boycott, The First</i> .....	O'BRIEN	7 2611
reclaiming .....	7	2696	<i>Boycotted</i> .....	JESSOP	5 1688
— Ulster, Dr. War-			<i>Boyd, Captain, Inscrip-</i>		
ner's project for			tion on the		
reclaiming .....	6	2278	Statue of .....	ALEXANDER.	1 8
Boi'didea, Irish influ-			— THOMAS .....	1	258
ence on .....	4	vii			

		VOL.	PAGE
Boyle, Colonel, slain at Drogheda . . . . .		7	2568
— The, among the leading rivers of Ulster . . . . .		6	2278
— JOHN, EARL OF CORK . . . . .		1	260
— supposed cause of Atherton's hanging . . . . .		9	3397
— on the 'Drapler's Letters' . . . . .		1	261
— WILLIAM . . . . .		1	264
Boyne, The . . . . .	VI		2354
— Obelisk, The (half-tone engraving) . . . . .		7	3271
— Soldiers of the . . . . .	3	842, 957,	968
— The host of Meave from the banks of the . . . . .		7	2752
— The Battle of the . . . . .	1	349;	7 2819
		9	ix
Boyne Water, The . . . . .	STREET BAL-LAD	8	3271
Boz . . . . .	See JOHN WALSH.		
Bran, the hound of Finn mac Cumhall . . . . .	2	xvii, 629;	6 2111
Brandubh . . . . .		4	1622
'Brannon on the Moor' . . . . .		8	3270
Bray, The scenery around . . . . .		3	1185
Brean haun Crone O'Maille . . . . .		7	2856
Breastplate, The Hymn Called St. Patrick's . . . . .		8	3244
'Breathe not his name' . . . . .	MOORE	7	2527
Brehon Law, The . . . . .	9	3393, 3493	
— Law Code, The . . . . .	1	29; 5 1735, 1739	
		7	2615
Brehons, The . . . . .		2	444
BRENAN, JOSEPH . . . . .		1	278
— D. J. O'Donoghue on . . . . .		6	ix
Brendan of Blir . . . . .		7	2763
Brett, Sergeant, shot at Manchester . . . . .		7	2608, 2610
Brewery of Egg-Shells, The . . . . .	CHOKER	2	731
Brian. See A Song of Defeat.			
Brian Boru. See The Irish Chiefs and also Mackenna's Dream.			
— Borolmhie, The Conqueror . . . . .		9	viii
— Borulmha. See Kinkora.			
— O'Linn' . . . . .	STREET BAL-LAD	7	3273
— the Brave' . . . . .		7	3270
See Bryan.			
Brian's administration, Anecdote of . . . . .	MOORE	7	2533
— Lament for King Mahon . . . . .	HOGAN	4	1591
Bribery by the English . . . . .		2	792
— in the Irish House of Commons . . . . .		6	2168
Bricriu . . . . .		4	1615
Bride, The scenery around the river . . . . .		1	353
"Bridge of the World" (the Rocky Mountains) . . . . .		2	417
Bridget Cruise, From the Irish . . . . .	FURLONG	4	1244

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Brigade at Fontenoy.</i>		
<i>The</i> . . . . . DOWLING . . . . .	3	878
<i>Brighidin Ban Mo Store.</i> WALSH . . . . .	9	3503
<i>The Cold Sleep of.</i> MACMANUS . . . . .	6	2270
Bright, John, on land tenure . . . . .	7	2867
— on the Irish Question . . . . .	6	2156, 2158
Bright sparkling pile! . . . . . WILDE . . . . .	9	3596
Brightest blossom of the spring . . . . .	3	1186
Brigit at Kildare . . . . .	8	3253
— <i>Extract from the Life of</i> . . . . . STOKES . . . . .	8	3246
— Healings by . . . . .	8	3251
— Hymns in praise of . . . . .	8	3259
— Miracles of . . . . .	8	3246
— Relics of . . . . .	8	3260
Britain, Goldsmith on . . . . .	4	1364
'British Association, Address to the' . . . . . KELVIN . . . . .	5	1784
— Museum, Irish MSS. in . . . . .	7	2672
— Navy, Irishmen in . . . . .	9	3422
— Parliament, Flood's Speech in the . . . . .	3	1219
'Brogues, A Kish of' . . . . . BOYLE . . . . .	1	264
Brompton . . . . .	1	165
BROOKE, CHARLOTTE . . . . .	1	280
— HENRY . . . . .	1	284
— STOPFORD AUGUSTUS . . . . .	1	291
— on Steele . . . . .	8	3196
Brother Azarias. See P. F. MULLANEY.		
BROUGHAM, JOHN . . . . .	1	301
— Lord, on E. Burke . . . . .	1	372
— on Sheridan . . . . .	3	1191
— and Macaulay . . . . .	6	2452
<i>Brow of Nefin, The.</i> . . . . . HYDE . . . . .	10	3777
<i>Brown Wind of Connaught, The.</i> . . . . . MACMANUS . . . . .	6	2272
Browne, Dr., and the United Irishmen . . . . .	9	3515, 3519, 3523
— FRANCES . . . . .	1	313
— JOHN ROSS . . . . .	1	323
Bruce, Campaign of, 1314 . . . . .	9	3391
'Bruidhen da Derga, The' . . . . .	4	1601
Brundisium . . . . .	2	739
Bryan, Boruma, Meaning of . . . . .	9	3546
See also Brian.		
BRYCE, JAMES (portrait) . . . . .	1	330
Buckingham, Duke of . . . . .	1	172
— Lord, Duel of, with the Master of the Rolls . . . . .	1	143
BUCKLEY, WILLIAM . . . . .	1	351
<i>Budget of Stories, A</i> . . . . . O'KEEFE . . . . .	7	2771
BUGGY, KEVIN T. . . . .	1	358
Building, Ancient Irish . . . . .	4	1612
Bull, A French . . . . .	3	1057, 1058, 1059
— A Spanish . . . . .	3	1058, 1059
— An English . . . . .	3	1057
— An Oriental . . . . .	3	1056
— The white, of Mève . . . . .	2	xvii
— What is an Irish . . . . .	3	1057
Bull-baiting in Dublin . . . . .	5	1916
BULLOCK, SHAN F. . . . .	1	360
'Bulls, An Essay on Irish' . . . . . EDGEWORTH. . . . .	3	1055, 1060



VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
<i>Bulls Examined, The</i>		But I — than other lov-	
<i>Originality of</i>		ers' state . . . . . WILDE . . . . .	9 3598
<i>Irish</i> . . . . . EDGEWORTH.	3 1055	— the rain is gone by . . . . . TYNAN-	
— Irish, of Sir Boyle		HINKSON.	9 3459
Roche . . . . .	1 135, 137	Butler, Hon. Simon . . . . .	9 3573
Bulwer on O'Connell . . . . .	7 xxvi	— WILLIAM FRANCIS . . . . .	2 415
— Plunket . . . . .	7 xxv	BUTT, ISAAC . . . . .	2 421
— Shell . . . . .	7 xxvi	— and the Home Rule	
<i>Bumpers, Squire Jones</i> . . . . . DAWSON . . . . .	3 841	movement . . . . .	6 2174, 2177; 9 xl
'Bunch of Sham-		— <i>To the Memory of</i> . . . . . SIGERSON . . . . .	8 3133
rocks, A' . . . . . CASEY . . . . .	2 565	Buttercups and Daisies . . . . . TODHUNTER . . . . .	9 3411
Buncrana . . . . .	6 2427	Butterflies in Ireland . . . . .	9 3565
Bunker's Hill, Irish		Buying a seat in Church . . . . .	3 820
volunteers for . . . . .	6 2113	'By memory inspired' . . . . . STREET BAL-	
Bunner, H. C., on John		LAD . . . . .	8 3274
Brougham . . . . .	1 301	By Nebo's lonely moun-	
Bunthorne the Poet. See OSCAR WILDE.		tain . . . . . ALEXANDER . . . . .	1 1
Bunting's 'Ancient Mus-		By O'Neil close belea-	
cic of Ireland' . . . . .	6 2230	guered . . . . . DRENNAN . . . . .	3 928
<i>Buonaparte, Interviews</i>		By our campfires . . . . . DOWLING . . . . .	3 878
with . . . . . TONE . . . . .	9 3418	By the blue taper's	
—, Tone introduced		trembling light . . . . . PARNELL . . . . .	7 2874
to . . . . .	9 3418	<i>By the Margin of the</i>	
Burbage, James, Li-		<i>Great Deep</i> . . . . . RUSSELL . . . . .	8 3004
cense granted by		By the shore a plot of	
Elizabeth to . . . . .	6 2347, 2349	ground . . . . . ALLINGHAM . . . . .	1 22
Burgh, Hussey, a Monk		Byrne, Colonel, slain at	
of the Screw . . . . .	2 797	Drogheda . . . . .	7 2568
Burgundian Library,		<i>Byron and the Bless-</i>	
Brussels; MSS. in . . . . . ALEXANDER . . . . .	7 2673	<i>ingtons at Genoa</i> . . . . . MADDEN . . . . .	6 2286
<i>Burial at Sea</i> . . . . .	1 10	— on J. P. Curran . . . . .	2 770
— of Moses, <i>The</i> . . . . . ALEXANDER . . . . .	1 1	— on Lord Castle-	
— of Sir John Moore,		reagh . . . . .	6 2168
<i>The</i> . . . . . WOLFE . . . . .	9 3633	— tells a story of	
<i>Buried Forests of Erin</i>		Sheridan . . . . .	8 3120
<i>The</i> . . . . . MILLIGAN . . . . .	6 2437	Byron's manner, Flip-	
BURKE, EDMUND (por-		pancy of . . . . .	6 2288
trait). (See also			
<i>The Jessamy</i>			
<i>Bride</i> ) . . . . .	1 369		
— a master on ora-			
tory . . . . .	7 xxviii		
— and Sheridan . . . . .	8 3119		
— and the 'Histori-			
cal Society' . . . . .	7 x		
— Goldsmith on . . . . .	4 1378, 1380		
— Meagher on . . . . .	6 2421		
— on Curran . . . . .	7 xxii		
— on Hampden's for-			
tune . . . . .	1 375		
— on the Duke of			
Bedford . . . . .	1 379		
— Secures MS. of Bre-			
hon Laws for			
Trinity College . . . . .	7 2615		
— Sir R. Peel on . . . . .	1 x		
— <i>Some Wise and</i>			
<i>Witty Sayings of</i>			
R., Goldsmith on . . . . .	4 1380		
— The oratory of . . . . .	7 x		
— THOMAS N. . . . .	1 398		
— William . . . . .	4 1380		
Burke's Statue (half-			
tone engraving) . . . . .	1 397		
Burlesque novels . . . . .	1 119, 123		
<i>Burns, Speech on</i> . . . . . FERGUSON . . . . .	3 1170		
Burne-Jones, Sir E., on			
the Irish character . . . . .	8 xv		
<i>Burthen of Ossian, The</i> . . . . . O'GRADY . . . . .	7 2752		
BURTON, RICHARD FRAN-			
CIS . . . . .	2 403		
— on 'The Arabian			
Nights' . . . . .	2 404		
Bush, Raftery and the . . . . .	9 3667, 3671		
<i>Business Quarter and a</i>			
<i>Business Man in Lon-</i>			
<i>don</i> . . . . . RIDDELL . . . . .	8 2949		



	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Calmly, breathe calmly all your music.....	JOHNSON .. 5 1700	Carlyle on Ireland's wrongs .....	3 951
Calton Hill, Burns and the .....	6 2131	— on freedom of re- ligious belief in Ireland .....	3 952
Camden, Lord, and Ninety-Eight .....	8 2930	— on the Reforma- tion .....	3 951
— as Vice-Roy .....	6 2167	Carolan ..... See CAMPION.	
Campbell, Counsellor, duel with Harry Dean Grady .....	1 143	— and Arthur Daw- son .....	3 841
— Lady COLIN .....	2 448	— remembered in the valley of Nephin .....	6 2231
— Sir Colin at Bala- klava .....	8 3009	— Songs .....	7 2615
— Rev. Dr. Thomas .....	7 2695	— See O'Carolan, Tur- lough.	
CAMPION, JOHN T. ....	2 463	Carriages in Dublin in the XVIII. Century..	5 1917
Can the depths of the ocean ..... WILLIAMS	9 3607	<i>Carrick? Have you been at</i> ..... WALSH	9 3507
<i>Canadian Boat-Song</i> , A. MOORE	7 2540	— The massacre at .....	3 955
— governors .....	3 938	Carrickfergus, The gar- rison of .....	3 955
Candle-making in an- cient Ireland .....	5 1737	Carrickmacross, The Fera Ros at .....	7 2709
Candour, Mrs. (charac- ter in 'School for Scandal') .....	8 3099	Carrigaphooka, A folk tale of .....	6 2320
CANNING, GEORGE .....	2 464	Carrighdoun. See <i>The Lament of the Irish Maiden</i> .	
— Life of .....	BELL 1 165	Carrington, Lord, and Pitt .....	6 2285
— on 'Guiliver's Trav- els' .....	1 167	Carroll Malone. .... See MCBURNEY.	
— on Lord Nugent .....	1 171	Cartan, Shemus. See <i>A Sorrowful Lament for Ireland</i> .	
— on parliamentary speaking .....	1 170	Carysville, Salmon fish- ing at .....	7 2730
— on 'The Lady of the Lake' .....	1 169	'Case of Ireland Stated, The' .....	MOLYNEUX. 6 2460
— Oratory of .....	1 170	Casey, Biddy .....	10 3813
— Wit of .....	1 171	— Miss (E. OWENS BLACKBURNE) .....	2 565
Cantwell, Dr. (charac- ter in 'Mr. Maw- worm') .....	1 183	— JOHN KEEGAN .....	2 572
Canzone ..... WILDE	9 3598	— W. B. Yeats on .....	3 xi
<i>Cauch the Piper</i> .....	KEEGAN 5 1762	'Cashel Byron's Profes- sion' .....	SHAW 8 3035
Caolite ..... 2 629, 630; 4 1451, 1525		— of Munster .....	FERGUSON 3 1181
See also Caelte, Calite.		— The Acropolis of Athens and the Rock of .....	MAHAFFY .. 6 2334
Cape Clear (half-tone engraving) .....	6 2222	— Rock and Ruins of (half-tone en- graving) .....	6 2334
— and the surround- ing country .....	2 439; 6 2222	— The Eagle of .....	4 1591
— The Vicar of .....	OTWAY 7 2848	— The Psalm of .....	(See also Saltair) ... 7 2664; 7 2673
Capel Street, Dublin. See <i>A Prospect</i> .		Cashmere, The lake of .....	7 2509
'Captain Blake' .....	MAXWELL 6 2412	Cassandra .....	9 3660
<i>Captain's Story, The</i> .....	MAXWELL 6 2400	CASTLE, AGNES EGERTON (portrait) .....	2 576
<i>Capture of an Indian Chief</i> .....	REID 8 2932	'Castle Daly' .....	KEARY 5 1755
— of Hugh Roe O'Don- nell, <i>The</i> .....	CONNELLAN. 2 632	— Down, <i>The Good Ship</i> .....	MCBURNEY. 6 2113
— of Wolfe Tone, <i>The</i> , O'BRIEN	7 2604	— Hack, The Dub- lin .....	3 888
Carbery, Ethna .....	MRS. MACMANUS.	— Rackrent .....	EDGEWORTH. 3 995
Cardinal de Retz, Gold- smith on .....	4 1347	— M. F. Egan on .....	5 ix, x
Careless (character in 'School for Scandal') .....	8 3109	Castlereagh, Lord, By- ron on .....	6 2168
Carew and the Bishop of Rome .....	7 2852	— Justin McCarthy on .....	6 2169
— Sir George, Presi- dent of Munster .....	7 2740	— Name of, hated .....	8 2930
Caricatures by Gillray .....	1 168	— Plunket's answer to .....	7 xxv
CARLETON, WILLIAM (portrait) .....	2 469	— See <i>A Noble Lord</i> .	
— D. J. O'Donoghue on .....	v xvii	<i>Cat, The Demon</i> .....	WILDE 9 3557
— M. F. Egan on .....	5 vii, xii, xvi		
— Inherently Irish .....	1 xi		
Carlingford Bay .....	6 2277		
Carlisle, Lord, story of .....	1 232		
— and the Waiter .....	8 xxi		
<i>Carlyle, A Dispute with</i> , DUFFY	3 951		
— Conversations of', DUFFY	3 951		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Cathair More .....	7	2752	'Celts, Legendary Fictions of the Irish'....KENNEDY ..	5	1796
Cathald Maguire on the Golden Stone.....	7	2718	1799, 1801, 1803		
The Festology of.....	7	2674	The.....M'GEE ..	6	2223
Cathbad .....	4	1432	Salutation to the M'GEE ..	6	2226
Cathedral at Cashel, compared with the Parthenon .....	6	2335	Cement not used in early building .....	8	2883
Cathleen <i>ni Hoolihan</i> ...YEATS .....	9	3688	Censure, Swift on.....	9	3378
10	xx		Centenary Ode to the Memory of Thomas Moore.....MACCARTHY. 6	2131	
Catholic Celts under the Stuarts .....	6	viii	Century of Subjection, A.TAYLOR ...	9	3390
not heard in Irish Parliament .....	7	viii	Cervantes .....	3	87
Church, The Irish peasant's devotion to the .....	6	2148	Cet mac Mágach.....	4	1615
clergy and the people .....	3	920	Changeling, The.....LAWLESS ..	5	1877
disabilities. See Disabilities of the Roman Catholics.			Changelings .....	2	731; 5
emancipation ....3 773; 6 2161; 9 x			Chanson .....	DECHATEAUBRIAND ..	6 2339
On .....	9	773	Chap-books at Harvard.....	3	xxi
Orators .....	2	xxvii	described .....	3	xx
priests in war time, Leland on.....	3	955	Irish .....	2	469
question, Grantan's speeches on.....	7	xvi	Thackeray on Irish.....	3	xxi
Rights, On .....	7	2629	Welsh on.....	3	17
Catholics, Church building by.....	6	2152	W. B. Yeats on.....	3	xx
Of the Injustice of Disqualification of.....GRATTAN ..	4	1405	Chapel, The Ruined. ALLINGHAM. 1	22	
The, are the Irish.....	9	3426	Chappel's, A., portrait of Maria Edgeworth.....	3	993
Cathub, the Druid.....	6	2756	Character, A.....IRWIN ..	5	1675
'Catiline,' Scene from..CROLY ..	2	747	Irish .....	8	viii
Cats' Rambles to the Child's Saucepan.....	8	xix	John Wesley on.....	8	xiv
Seanchan the Bard and the King of the..WILDE ....	9	3566	Sir Edward Burne-Jones on .....	8	iv
Superstitions about .....	9	3680	of Napoleon, An Historical ....PHILLIPS ..	8	2888
Cattle raiding.....	2	xii	Character Sketches, Reminiscences, etc.		
Cavan .....	1	132	Fire-Eaters, The..BARRINGTON. 1	141	
The mountains and lakes of.....	6	2275, 2277	Irish Gentry and their Retainers..BARRINGTON. 1	138	
Cavanagh, M., of Washington, D. C.....	10	3919	Pulpit, Bar and Parliamentary Eloquence..BARRINGTON. 1	127	
Cave, Sir John, and Sir Boyle Roche.....	1	135	Seven Baronets, The.....BARRINGTON. 1	129	
Stories .....	2	xii	The.....BARRINGTON. 1	129	
Cavern, The.....HAYES ..	10	3977	Gloucester Lodge..BELL .....	1	165
Cavour, Count, on the state church in Ireland .....	6	2150	Princess Talleyrand as a Critic.BLESSINGTON ....	1	212
Cean Dubh Deilish....FERGUSON ..	3	1183	Facetious Irish Peer, A.....DAUNT ....	3	819
duv Deilish.....SHORTER ..	8	3126	King Bagenal.....DAUNT ....	3	817
Cease to Do Evil.....			Icelandic Dinner, An .....	3	942
Learn to Do Well...MACCARTHY. 6	2128		Dispute with Carlyle, A.....DUFFY ..	3	951
Cecil, Lord. See The Earl of Essex.....			My Boyhood Days.EDGEWORTH. 3	1073	
Celtchair .....	4	1617	Sheridan as Orator .....	3	1190
Celtic Authors Biographies in Vol. 10.			Keogh, The Irish Massillon .....	3	1199
Element in Literature, The.....YEATS ....	9	3654	Prince of Dublin Printers, The....GILBERT ...	4	1258
Literature .....	HYDE. See Vols. 2 and 10.		We'll See About It.HALL .....	4	1534
place-names, Origin of.....	6	2228	Origin of O'Connell .....	4	1588
Romances, Old'..JOYCE. 5	1724, 1731		Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798 .....	5	1886
Twilight, The'..YEATS ....	9	3666	Love-Making in Ireland .....	6	2193
3673, 3678, 3679, 3683			Byron and the Blessingtons at Genoa .....	6	2286
			William Pitt....MADDEN ...	6	2284



Character Sketches, Reminiscences, etc.	VOL. PAGE	CHESSON, MRS. W. H. (Norah Hopper)..... W. B. Yeats on.....	VOL. PAGE
— <i>Rambling Reminiscences</i> .....MILLIGAN ..	6 2427	Chess-playing in olden times.....	2 590 3 xiii
— <i>Prince of Inismore</i> .....MORGAN ...	7 2543	Chesterfield and Faulkner.....	5 1739; 7 2668, 2707
— <i>Irish Musical Genius, An</i> .....O'DONOGHUE	7 2690	— as Lord Lieutenant.....	4 1260 6 2150
— <i>Budget of Stories</i> .....O'KEEFE ..	7 2772	Chevalier de St. George, son of Mary D'Este.....	2 768
— <i>Harry Deane Grady</i> .....O'FLANAGAN	7 2728	Chickahominy, The.....	6 2423
— <i>Pen-and-Ink Sketch of Daniel O'Connell</i> .....SHEIL .....	8 3064	'Chiefs of Parties, The'.....MADDEN ..	6 2284
— <i>Some College Recollections</i> .....WALSH ..	9 3513	— The Irish.....DUFFY .....	3 959
— <i>Last Gleeman, The</i> .....YEATS .....	9 3683	Chieftains, Lives of Irish.....	1 30
Characteristics of Ireland.....	8 vii	<i>Childe Charity, The Story of</i> .....BROWNE ..	1 314
— of Irish literature.....	2 xviii	<i>Childhood in Ancient Greece</i> .....MAHAFFY ..	6 2328
<b>Characteristics of the Irish.</b>		Children and parents, Affection between.....	6 2196; 7 2618
— A loving people.....	8 xv	— of Lir, The.....TYNAN-HINKSON...	9 3460
— Approachableness.....	8 xv	Children's games in Ireland.....	7 2783
— Artlessness.....	8 xi	— reading in the XVIII. Century.....	3 1073
— Attention and courtesy to strangers.....	8 xv	— Stories, A Writer of.....	3 994
— Aversion to confess ignorance.....	8 xiv	'Child's History of Ireland, A'.....JOYCE .....	5 1735
— Dancing, Love of.....	8 xix	'China, Narrative of the War with'.....WOLSELEY..	9 3636
— Desire to please.....	8 viii	Chinese Life, picture of.....	6 2206
— Exaggeration.....	8 xiv	Chnoc Nania (hill).....	6 2230
— Faculty for paying compliments.....	8 viii	Chosen People, A: Magee on.....	6 2293
— Familiarity.....	8 x	'Christian Architecture, Early'.....STOKES .....	8 3238
— Flattery.....	8 ix	— <i>Mother, The</i> .....KIRWAN .....	5 1842
— Freedom of manners.....	8 x	Christianity in Ireland.....	9 viii, 3401
— Hospitality of the Irish Celts.....	3 vii	<i>Christmas Song, The Kilkenny Exile's</i> .....KENEALLY ..	5 1788
— Indifference to facts.....	8 viii	'Chrysal'.....JOHNSTONE..	5 1709
— Leisurely and casual.....	8 xix	'Church and Modern Society, The'.....IRELAND ..	5 1662
— Love of hunting.....	8 xlii	— Architecture.....	8 3238
— Love of racing.....	8 xlii	— how covetousness came into the.....	10 3823
— Practical joking.....	8 xvii	— Irish devotion to the Catholic.....	6 2149
— Ready replies.....	8 ix	— of England, The.....	6 2159
— Sense of humor.....	8 xvi	— The Catholic.....	3 920, 6 2148
— Simplicity.....	8 x, xii	— Ruins, Holy Island (half-tone engraving).....	6 2130
— Sociability.....	3 vii	Church-building by Catholics.....	6 2152
— Talkativeness.....	8 x	— by Irish women.....	1 31
<i>Charade, The Amazing Ending of a</i> .....CROMMELIN.	2 751	Churches, Saxon, in Ireland.....	8 2880
<i>Charge of the Light Brigade, The (reference)</i> .....TENNYSON ..	8 3013	Churchman, Newman the.....	7 2556
Charity among the Hill-people.....	4 1456	Cibber, Theophilus.....	7 2699
Charlemagne, Irish version of the wars of.....	7 2672	Cleero (in 'Catiline').....	2 747
'Charles I.'.....WILLS .....	9 3612	Cinderella an Egyptian legend.....	9 3534
— and Ireland.....	9 ix	<i>Circle, A</i> .....SWIFT .....	9 3389
— II. and Ireland.....	9 ix	Circular Stone Forts.....	8 2882
'O'Malley'.....LEVER. 5 1972, 1995		Citruadh.....	4 1452
<i>Charlie, The Coming of Prince</i> .....MAGRATH ..	10 4415	Citizen of the World, The'.....GOLDSMITH. 4 1317	
Charlotte Elizabeth. See MRS. TONNA.		1322, 1326, 1334, 1338, 1341	
<i>Charming Mary Neal</i> .....STREET BAL-LAD .....	8 3275	<i>Citizen-Soldier, The Common</i> .....O'REILLY ..	8 2825
<i>Chartham and Townshend</i> .....BURKE .....	1 391	<i>City in the Great West, A</i> .....DUNRAVEN ..	3 963
Cheltenham.....	6 2410		
CHEERY, ANDREW.....	2 586		
Cheshire Cheese, The, Rhymers Club at.....	5 1693		



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Civil Service in Ireland.....	9	3363	Clonmore, Old Pedhar		
— War, Archbishop			Carthy from.....M'CALL	6	2122
— Ireland in the.....	5	1662	Clontarf, Battle of.....	2 ix;	6 2377
— Irish in the.....	4	1539; 6 2321	Cluain-Dobhain, King		
— The American.....	7	2826, 2831	Ferghal at.....	7	2710
Clacken Lough, Description of country			Cluncalla.....	4	1255
— around.....	1	360	Cluricaune, The.....	2 713; 3	xix
<i>Claims of Science, The</i> , TYNDALL	9	3463	Coach-a-bower, The.....	3	xix
Clan Dega, The.....	7	2752	Coal-mining, Remains of, at Ballycastle, Ulster.....	6	2280
<i>Clang of the Wooden Shoon</i> .....MOLLOY	6	2458	Coats, Styles of.....	9	3498
Clanmorris, Lord, and Curran.....	1	143	COBBE, FRANCES POWER.....	2	605
Clanricarde in the Rebellion of 1641.....	9	ix	<i>Cockade, The White</i> .....CALLANAN	2	442
— Sarsfield's wife the daughter of the Earl of.....	7	2816	Code, Duelling.....	1	148
— Ulick, Earl of, at war with his brother Shane of the Clover.....	7	2743	— HENRY BRERETON.....	2	607
Clar Cuilt.....	4	1443	— Results of the.....	4	xii
<i>Claragh's Lament</i> . From the Irish of John McDonnell.....D'ALTON	2	803	Coelté.....	7	2753
Clare, Lord.....	9	3516, 3524	See also Cailte.		
— Lord, Goldsmith's Poetical Epistle to.....	4	1377	Coercion Laws.....	5	1839
— and Curran, duel between.....	1	142	— Gladstone on.....	7	2658
— County.....	5	1740, 1985	Coffinmaker, Keogh a.....	3	1204
Clarke, Cowden, on Farquahar.....	3	1164	Coif, The.....	9	3495
— General, a Celt of the Spanish type.....	4	1589	Coinage, A National, for Ireland.....	9	3363
— JOSEPH IGNATIUS CONSTANTINE.....	2	596	— Laws of.....	9	3375
Claudius.....	5	1847	— Lord Coke on.....	9	3374
<i>Clearing of Galway, The</i> .....PRENDERGAST	8	2913	<i>Cotruin of the Furze</i> .....HYDE	10	3737
Clebach, The well of.....	3	1163	Coke Lord, on the coinage.....	9	3374
Cleena.....	5	1743, 2004	Colclough, Sir Vesey, Reminiscences of.....	1	130
Clerical life in Ireland.....	6	2411	<i>Cold Sleep of Brighidin, The</i> .....MACMANUS..	6	2270
CLERKE, AGNES MARY.....	2	601	COLEMAN, PATRICK JAMES.....	2	609
Clerkenwell explosion.....	6	2153	Coleraine.....	6	2551
Clew Bay.....	7	2856	Colgan, Father John, cited.....	7	2719
Clive, Lord, Macaulay on.....	6	2446	— collector of Irish manuscripts for Louvain.....	7	2673
Cloaks, Spanish.....	9	3490	Collection of Folk Tales.....	3	xxii
Clochoir, an ancient oracle.....	7	2718	<i>Colleen Bawn, On the</i> .....STREET BAL-LAD	9	3310
Cloghan Lucas, M'William leaders hanged at.....	7	2858	— M. F. Egan on.....	5	xiv
Clogher, Origin of the name.....	7	2718	— Rock (half-tone engraving).....	4	1494
— In Tyrone.....	5	1724, 1726	— Rue.....STREET BAL-LAD	8	3277
Clogherina.....	5	1423	'Colleians, The'.....GRIFFIN	5	1481
<i>Cloghroe, The Maid of</i> .....STREET BAL-LAD	9	3299	1483, 1482, 1494, 1503		
Clonakilty.....	7	2613	— Griffin's master-piece.....	1	xii
Clonard, Finnen of.....	5	1727	<i>Colloquy of the Ancients, On the</i> .....ROLLESTON.	8	2968
Clonavaddock.....	6	2433	(See also <i>Literary Qualities of the Saga</i> .)		
Clonfert, The Book of.....	7	2664	<i>Colonial Slavery, 1831</i> .....O'CONNELL.	7	2650
Clonmacnoise (half-tone engraving).....	8	2979	Colonizations of Ireland, Early.....	2	xi
— Graves at.....	9	3484	COLUM, PADRAIC.....	2	612
— <i>The Dead at</i> .....ROLLESTON..	8	2979	Columille, Death of.....	2	xvii
— The Monastery of.....	4	1600	— <i>The Death of St.</i> .....HYDE	4	1618
Clonnell, Lord, duels with Lord Tyrawly and Lord Llandaff.....	1	142	Columkille. See St. Columba.		
			'Come all you pale lovers'.....DUFFET	3	948
			— in the evening.....DAVIS	3	830
			— piper, play the Shaskan Reel'.....CASEY	2	574
			— see the Dolphin's anchor forged.....FERGUSON..	3	1174
			— tell me, dearest mother.....STREET BAL-LAD	9	3316
			— <i>to me, dearest</i> .....BRENAN	1	278

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Comedians in Queen Elizabeth's reign .....	6 2349	Conlaach .....	4 1427
Comharda, The Irish .....	4 xiii	Conn — Ced-cathach, the hundred fighter.....	4 1609; 6 2354
Comic papers, why they do not flourish in Ireland. ....	6 x	Connacht, Dermot's entrance into .....	7 2762
'Coming of Cuculain, The' .....	O'GRADY .. 7 2756	— Love Songs of .....	HYDE .. 10 3735
— of Finn, The .....	GREGORY .. 4 1447	— 3749, 3763, 3777, 3789	
— Prince Charlie, The .....	MAGRATH .. 10 4015	— Religious Songs of .....	HYDE .. 10 3795
Commandments, The .....		— 3813, 3823, 3829, 3917	
Thirty-Six .....	1 148	— Songs of .....	HYDE .. 10 3833
Commemorative funerals for the Manchester martyrs. ....	7 2609	— Speakers in .....	6 1603
Commerce. ....		Connall .....	2 804
— and the Union .....	8 2902	Connaught, folk-tale of .....	5 1724
— Declaration of .....		— Aldfrid in .....	6 2376
— Irish Rights .....	GRATTAN .. 4 1387	— Meave and the host of .....	7 2752
— Decrease in Ireland .....	9 3416	— Place-names in .....	6 2229
— On a Commercial Treaty with France .....	FLOOD .. 3 1219	— Sarsfield in .....	7 2818
— Short View of Ireland, 1727, A .....	SWIFT .. 9 3362	— The Brown Wind of MACMANUS. ....	6 2275
Commercialism in America .....	1 342	— The Duke of; his welcome to Ireland. ....	7 xvi
Committee of Selection, The work of the .....	2 xxiii	— The first boycott in .....	7 2612
Common Citizen-Soldier, The .....	O'REILLY .. 7 2825	— See The Gray Fog and also The West's Asleep .....	
Commune of Paris, The .....	2 678	Connaught's approbation of Henry Flood .....	3 1216
Con Cead Catha (Con of the Hundred Fights) .....	2 444; 5 1731; 8 2979	— boast of beauty .....	3 1216
— The Lake of .....	6 2230	CONNELL, F. NORRYS .....	2 616
Conal of Ossian quoted by O'Connell .....	3 813	CONNELLAN, OWEN .....	2 629
Connell and Conlaach .....	4 1428	Connemara (See also A May Love Song) .....	7 2615
— Ceárnach .....	4 1617	— Lord Carlisle in .....	1 233, 241
— derg O'Corra .....	5 1724	— Starving peasantry of .....	7 2868
Conan .....	4 1451, 1525	Connla of the Golden Hair (half-tone engraving) .....	JOYCE. 5 1731. 1734
— MAOL, Biography (portrait) .....	10 4029	Connla's Well .....	RUSSELL .. 8 3001
Concerning the Brass Halfpence Coined by Mr. Wood with a design to have them Pass in this Kingdom. ....	SWIFT .. 9 3369	Connor, Son of Nais .....	2 804
Conchubar. See Conchobar .....	4 1427, 1433	Conor, King of Ulster .....	4 1613
Conciliation with America, On .....	BURKE .. 1 376	Conquest of Ireland .....	9 ix
Conchobar. See Conchubar .....	7 2748, 2757	Conry, The parish of .....	5 1731
Condall (now Old Connell, County Kildare) .....	7 2711	Consent of the governed .....	9 3362
Condition of the peasantry .....	9 3426	Consolation .....	LARMINIE .. 5 1874
Condon convicted at Manchester .....	7 2608	Constitution, Goldsmith on the English .....	4 1333
Condy Cullen and the Gauger .....	CARLETON .. 2 541	— On the English .....	CANNING .. 2 465
Confederation, The Irish .....	6 2418	Conservatism of Americans .....	1 348
'Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman' .....	BLESSINGTON .. 1 200	Consumption of admiration, The .....	6 2383
— of Tom Bourke .....	CROKER .. 2 681	Contagion of Love, The .....	COBBE .. 2 605
Confiscation of Ecclesiastical Property .....	9 3391	Contents of 'IRISH LITERATURE' described .....	2 xlx
Cong, Lord Carlisle at .....	1 235	'Contentment.' From 'A Hymn to .....	PARNELL .. 7 2876
'Congal' .....	FERGUSON .. 3 1185	Continuation of the Memoirs of the Rackrent Family .....	EDGEWORTH. 3 1014
Congregation, The Loan of .....	MAXWELL .. 6 2411	Continuity of national spirit in literature .....	1 xiv
CONGREVE, WILLIAM .....	2 614	— of Irish in Irish literature .....	2 viii
— W. B. Yeats on .....	3 vii	Convent life, A picture of .....	6 2497
Conjugal fidelity in Ireland .....	5 1923	'Conversations with Carlyle' .....	DUFFY .. 3 951
		Conversion of Ireland .....	9 3401
		— of King Laogh-haire's Daughters. Folk Lore. ....	ANONYMOUS. 3 1162



	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Convivial <i>Extracts from</i>		Corn laws, O'Connell on	
<i>Retaliation</i> . . . . . GOLDSMITH. 4	1380	the . . . . .	7 2633
<b>Convivial Songs.</b>		Corn-mills in ancient	
— <i>The Cruiskeen</i>		Ireland . . . . .	5 1736
<i>Lawn</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS. 8	3279	Cornwall, Lord . . . . .	8 3278
<i>Garryowen</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS. 8	3283	Cornwallis, Lord, Vice-	
<i>Lanigan's Ball</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS. 8	3293	Roy of Ireland. . . . .	6 2167
<i>Rakes of Mallow</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS. 9	3312	— Character of . . . . .	6 2168
<i>Monks of the Screw</i> . . . . . CURRAN . . . 2	797	— on Catholic eman-	
<i>Why Liquor of</i>		cipation . . . . .	6 2171
<i>Life?</i> . . . . . D'ALTON . . . 2	805	Coronation chair, The	
— <i>Bumpers, Squire</i>		(half-tone en-	
<i>Jones</i> . . . . . DAWSON . . . 3	841	graving) . . . . .	7 2717
— <i>Of Drinking</i> . . . . . FLECKNOE . . . 3	1209	— stone, Goldsmith	
— <i>Maggy Ladir</i> . . . . . FURLONG . . . 4	1249	on the (see also	
— <i>The Three Pigeons</i> . . . . . GOLDSMITH. 4	1350	<i>The Lia Fail</i> ) . . . . .	4 1321
— <i>Abhrain an Bhuidéil</i> . . . . . LE FANU . . . 5	1946	Corradhu. See <i>A Memory</i> .	
— <i>Good Luck to the</i>		<b>Correspondence.</b>	
<i>Friars of Old</i> . . . . . LEVER . . . . 5	1958	— <i>Extracts from a</i>	
— <i>I drink to the</i>		<i>Letter to a Noble</i>	
<i>graces</i> . . . . . LEVER . . . . 5	1993	Lord . . . . . BURKE . . . 1	379
— <i>Man for Galway</i> . . . . . LEVER . . . . 5	1975	— <i>To the Duke of</i>	
— <i>The Pope He Leads</i>		<i>Grafton</i> . . . . . FRANCIS . . . 3	1228
<i>a Happy Life</i> . . . . . LEVER . . . . 5	2002	— <i>Letter from the</i>	
— <i>Sweet Chloe</i> . . . . . LYSAGHT . . . 6	2109	<i>Place of his Birth</i> . . . . . MCHALE . . . 6	2227
— <i>The Irish Exile</i> . . . . . M'DERMOTT. 6	2189	Corrig-a-Howly, castle. . . . .	8 2857
— <i>Humors of Donny-</i>		Corry, Isaac, duel with	
<i>brook Fair</i> . . . . . O'FLAHERTY. 7	2713	Henry Grattan . . . . .	1 142, 4 1385
— <i>Friar of Orders</i>		<i>Corrymeela</i> . . . . . SKRINE . . . 8	3154
<i>Gray</i> . . . . . O'KEEFFE . . . 7	2778	COSTELLO, MARY . . . . .	2 640
— <i>'Whisky, drink di-</i>		<b>Costume.</b> See <i>Dress</i> .	
<i>vine!</i> . . . . . O'LEARY . . . 7	2803	Cottage, An Irish (half-	
— <i>Here's to the val-</i>		tone engraving) . . . . .	2 512
<i>den of bashful fi-</i>		— in Killarney (half-	
<i>teen</i> . . . . . SHERIDAN . . . 8	3117	tone engraving) . . . . .	4 1484
Conviviality in Iceland. . . . .	3 943	'— <i>Life in Ireland</i> . . . . . O'KENNEDY. 7	2782
— <i>in Ireland</i> . . . . .	1 239	Cottonian Library, Ex-	
2 521, 534, 655, 710, 797; 3 817, 997,		tract from MS. in . . . . .	6 2348
1025, 1053, 1201; 4 1565; 5 1956,		Couldah, The River (See	
1969, 1975, 1990		<i>Innishoven</i> ).	
— <i>in Irish humor</i> . . . . .	6 3	Count each affliction . . . . . DE VERE . . . 3	860
Cooke, Sir Charles. . . . .	8 2914	<i>Counterfeit Footman,</i>	
— JOHN . . . . .	9 3481	<i>The</i> . . . . . FARQUHAR. . . 3	1165
Coole, Dr. Douglas Hyde		<i>Countess Kathleen</i>	
at . . . . .	4 1650	<i>O'Shea, The. Folk Lore</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS. 3	1157
<i>Coolun, The.</i> From the		<i>Country Folk</i> . . . . . JOHNSON . . . 5	1694
<i>Irish</i> . . . . . FERGUSON. . . 3	1188	<b>Country Life in Ire-</b>	
<i>'Cooper's Hill'</i> . . . . . DENHAM . . . 3	850	<i>land.</i>	
<i>Copernican theory, The</i> . . . . .	2 603	— <i>The Plover</i> . . . . .	2 612
<i>Copernicus anticipated</i>		— <i>Bindin' the Oats</i> . . . . . COLEMAN . . . 2	610
<i>in Ireland</i> . . . . .	8 3242	— <i>Seed-Time</i> . . . . . COLEMAN . . . 2	609
Copyright in Ireland . . . . . 1 xxiv; 5	1919	— <i>Castle Rackrent</i> . . . . . EDGEWORTH. 3	999
Coracle, A (half-tone		— <i>The Widow's Mes-</i>	
engraving) . . . . .	9 3458	<i>sage to Her Son</i> . . . . . FORRESTER. . . 3	1222
Coran the Druid . . . . .	5 1732	— <i>How Myles Mur-</i>	
Cork, County, A benevo-		<i>phy got his Pon-</i>	
<i>lent landlord of</i> . . . . .	6 2397	<i>ies out of the</i>	
— <i>An entrance to</i>		<i>Pound</i> . . . . . GRIFFIN . . . 4	1483
<i>Tirnanoghe fa-</i>		— <i>We'll See About It</i> . . . . . HALL . . . . 4	1534
<i>bled to be in</i> . . . . .	5 1714	— <i>A Swarm of Bees</i> . . . . . HAMILTON . . . 4	1549
— <i>Scenery in</i> . . . . .	7 2602	— <i>An Electioneering</i>	
— <i>Harbor (half-tone</i>		<i>Scene</i> . . . . . HARTLEY . . . 4	1557
<i>engraving)</i> . . . . .	2 427	— <i>Picture of Ulster</i> . . . . . MACNEVIN . . . 6	2276
— <i>Raleigh in</i> . . . . .	3 912	— <i>The Exile</i> . . . . . MOORE . . . 7	2483
— <i>Swimming to Que-</i>		— <i>The Vicar of Cape</i>	
<i>bec from</i> . . . . .	3 1117	<i>Clear</i> . . . . . OTWAY . . . 7	2848
— <i>The Mayor of, A</i>		<i>County Dispensary, A</i> . . . . . GRIFFIN . . . 4	1499
<i>joke on</i> . . . . .	8 xvii	— <i>of Mayo, The</i> . . . . . FOX . . . . 3	1224
Cormac Conlingas . . . . .	7 2751	Court players in the	
— <i>Conlingas</i> . . . . .	4 1430	time of Henry VII. . . . .	6 2347
— <i>Duvlingas</i> . . . . .	7 2751	Courting, Irish ideas of. . . . .	6 2204
— <i>mac Art at Tara</i> . . . . .	4 1610	Courtly (character in	
Cormac's Chapel, Cash-		<i>'London Assurance')</i> . . . . .	1 252
<i>el, compared with the</i>		Courtship. . . . .	2 xlii
<i>Erechtheum at Athens</i> . . . . .	6 2335	<i>Coverley Family Por-</i>	
		<i>traits, The</i> . . . . . STEELE . . . 8	3204



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Covetousness, how, came			Cromwell's invasion.		
into the Church	10	3823	See The Irish		
<i>Cow Charmer, The</i> .....BOYLE	1	264	Grand-Mother.		
Cowshra Mead Macha	7	2757	— partition of Ire-		
Cows, Woman of three	10	3831	land	4	3423
Cow-sports	2	xii	Crookhaven, The scen-		
Coyle, Barney, duel			ery around	7	2852
— with George Ogle	1	143	<i>Croppy Boy, The</i> .....McBURNAY	6	2115
— Bishop	9	3684	— STREET BAL-		
COYNE, JOSEPH STR-			LAD	8	3278
LING	2	644	'Croppy, The'.....BANIM	1	76
Cox, Watty, D. J.			—, The Irish	6	2108
O'Donoghue on	6	ix	Cross at Monasterboice		
Crabbe, the poet, on			(half-tone en-		
keening	9	3643	graving)	9	3486
Crabtree (character in			— sign of the, forever	10	3829
'School for Scandal')	8	3099	<i>Crosses and Round Tow-</i>		
Craglea. See <i>Brian's</i>			<i>ers of Ireland</i> .....COOKE and		
<i>Lament</i> .			WAKEMAN.	9	3482
Cranbourne, Lord, on			<i>Crossing the Black-</i>		
Disraeli	6	2158	<i>water, A. D. 1603</i> .....JOYCE	5	1744
Cravats as worn in Ire-			<i>Crotta Clach, The</i>		
land	9	3498	Mountain of	4	1488
CRAWFORD, MRS. JULIA	2	658	CROTTY, JULIA	2	758
<i>Credhe, Cael and</i> .....GREGORY	4	1445	Cruachan, the palace of		
Cred's house, Manner			Connaught	7	2720
of building	4	1612	Cruelties in India	1	385
'Crescent and the Cross' WARBURTON.	9	3529	<i>Cruiskeen Lawn, The</i> .....STREET BAL-		
		3535	LAD	8	3279
Crifan	6	2355	Crystallization	9	3472
Crimall	4	1449	<i>Cuanna's House, The</i>		
Crimean War	8	3008	<i>Hospitality of</i> .....CONNELLAN.	2	629
<i>Criminality of Letty</i>			Cubretan	7	2710
Moore, The	3	1096	Cuchulain	2 xii;	9 3657
'Critic, The'.....SHERIDAN	8	3114	— Coming of'.....O'GRADY	7	2756
<b>Criticism.</b> See <i>Life-</i>			— Death of'.....GREGORY	4	1431
<i>rary Appreciations.</i>			— described	2	xiv
<i>Critics of the Stage</i> .....KELLY	5	1782	— of Muirthemne'.....GREGORY	4	1426
Crnagh, Patrick	1	235	— Sagas, The	4	1613
Croft's 'Life of Young,'			— <i>The Knighting of</i> O'GRADY	7	2756
Burke on	1	397	Cuchullin Cycle, Tales		
Croghan, The Rath of	3	1162	of the	4	1601
CROKER, JOHN WILSON			— Saga, The'.....HULL	4	1597
(portrait)	2	675	Cucullain. See Cuchu-		
— D. J. O'Donoghue	6	ix	lain.		
— on	2	660	Cucullan. (See also Cu-		
— Mrs. B. M.	3	1197	chulain, Cucullain and		
— on Sheridan	2	680	Cuchullen.)	4	1609
— THOMAS CROFTON	6	xv	<i>Cuckoo Sings in the</i>		
— M. F. Egan on	6	2313	<i>Heart of Winner, The</i> .....CHESSON	2	591
Croker's 'Fairy Le-	6	2313	Cudgels, Irish	2	496, 607
gends	2	739	Cuhoolin. See Cuchu-		
CROLY, GEORGE	7	2718, 2721	lain.		
Cromcrnach, the Idol			Cuilleagh, The mountain,		
Cromlech at Dundalk			'cradle of the Shan-		
(half-tone engraving)	7	2666	non'	6	2275
CROMMELIN, MAY	2	751	' <i>Jóis dá Pié</i> ' The.....RAFTERY	10	3917
Cromwell and Drogheda	1	151	Cullain	4	1443
— and Ireland	9	ix	Cumann na Gael, The	10	xiii
— Hatred of the			Cumberland, Richard,		
Irish for	4	1530;	Goldsmith on	4	1380
— in Ireland'.....MURPHY	7	2567	Cumhal, Father of Finn	4	1447
— loosed on Ireland	4	1530	Cumsaigh	4	1617
— On me and on my			<b>Cumulative stories</b>	4	1649
children	9	3512	Cunlaid	4	1443
— on the massacre at			Curleck, Scenery near	1	360
Drogheda	7	2568, 2571	Curlew Mountains, The	6	2357
<i>The Queen and</i> .....WILLS	9	3612	Curlew's Pass, The,		
See <i>The Groves of</i>			Normans at	3	829
<i>Blarney</i> .			<i>Curoi, The Exploits of</i> .....JOYCE	5	1749
Cromwellian confisca-			Curraachs and canoes	5	1740
tion, The	2	426	Curragh Beg	1	351, 357
— Settlement of Ire-			— (half-tone engrav-		
land, The'.....PRENDERGAST	8	2913	ing)	9	3458
Cromwell's Bridge (half-			CURRAN, HENRY GRATTAN	2	767
tone engraving)	2	445	— JOHN PHILPOT		
			(portrait)	2	770

	VOL.	PAGE		D.	VOL.	PAGE
Curran, John Philpot, and Father			Daddy O'Dowd, Boucl-			
— O'Leary	7	2793	— ault as	1	252	
— a master in ora-			— Dagda, The	2	xi	
— tory	7	xxviii	— <i>Daily Life in Ancient</i>			
— and Grattan con-			— Ireland, Food, Dress			
— trasted	7	xxii	— and	JOYCE	5	1735
— and Lord Clan-			— Dalcassians, The. See			
— morris	1	143	— Kinkora.			
— Speech for Lord			— Dalkey Island, Essex on	3	1234	
— Edward Fitz-			— Dailling, Lord, on			
— gerald	7	xxlii	— George Canning	2	464	
— Speech for Peter			— D'ALTON, JOHN	2	802	
— Finnerty	7	xxlii	— Dame Street, Dublin	6	2107	
— Prior of the			— Dana	RUSSELL	8	2995
— Monks of the			— See <i>The Flower</i> .			
— Screw	5	1957	— Danaanic colony, The	6	2280	
— Master of the			— 'Dance light, for my			
— Rolls, duel			— heart it lies under			
— with Lord			— your feet, love'	WALLER	9	3501
— Clare	1	142	— Dancing, An Irish Lass.			
— Burke on	7	xxii	— See <i>Kitty Neal</i> .			
— Meagher on	6	2422	— Dangle (character in			
— secures a writ of			— Sheridan's 'The			
— <i>habeas corpus</i>			— Critic')	8	3114	
— for Tone	7	2606	— Daniel O'Rourke	MAGINN	6	2315
Curran's defense of H.			— Danish Invasion, The	9	vii	
— Rowan	7	xxlii	— Dante's portrait by Gi-			
— genius described	7	xxiv	— otto discovered			
— quips beyond re-			— through R. H. Wilde	9	3596	
— call	6	ix	— Dara, King of South			
— repartees	6	ix	— Coolney	7	2740	
— Witticisms, Some			— Darby Doyle's Voyage			
— of	2	798	— to Quebec	ETTINGSALL	3	1114
Curse, The	CARLETON	2	— Dardan. See Bridget			
— An Irish. See <i>Nell</i>			— Cruise.			
— of Doneraile, The. O'KELLY	7	2779	— 'Darell Blake'	CAMPBELL	2	448
— of the Boers on			— Dark Girl by the Holy			
— England, The	GREGORY	10	— Well, The	KEEGAN	5	1766
— Cursing at a funeral	9	3641	— Man, The	CHESSON	2	592
— of Tara, The	O'GRADY	7	— Rosaleen. From			
— Cushman gal Machree	8	3271	— the Irish	MANGAN	6	2365
— Custom, An Old	GRIFFIN	4	— (cited)	1	vii	
Customs and Man-			— source of my an-			
— ners.			— gulsh	CURRAN	2	768
— The Battle of the			— Darkly, the cloud of			
— Factions	CARLETON	2	— night	9	3644	
— The Curse	CARLETON	2	DARLEY, GEORGE	2	807	
— Shane Padh's Wed-			— Darryncloughery fair	9	3314	
— ding	CARLETON	2	— Darwin C. and Dr. Si-			
— Tim Hogan's Wake	COYNE	2	— gerson	8	3132	
— Castle Rackrent	EDGEWORTH	3	— on the divine origin			
— Books of Courtesy			— of life	5	1786	
— in the XV. Cen-			DAUNT, WILLIAM JO-			
— tury	GREEN	4	— SEPH O'NEILL	3	811	
— We'll See About It	HALL	4	Davies, Sir John: let-			
— An Electioneering			— tery to Salls-			
— Scene	HARTLEY	4	— bury	6	2274	
— Food, Dress and			— True character	9	3394	
— Daily Life in			— of			
— Ancient Ireland	JOYCE	5	— Tom, the London			
— Their Last Race	MATHEW	6	— book-seller	7	2474	
— A Budget of			DAVIS, THOMAS OS-			
— Stories	O'KEEFE	7	— BORNE	3	821	
— Keening and			— (portrait)	3	xxi	
— Wakes	WOOD-MAR-		— See also <i>The Irish</i>			
	TIN	9	— Chiefs.			
'Customs of Ancient			— (quoted)	1	xvi	
— Erin, Manners			— and Young Ireland	9	x	
— and'	O'CURRY	7	— Ferguson and	6	2214	
— Scotch	2	754	— W. B. Yeats on	3	vii, 1	
Cyclopean style of archi-			DAVITT, MICHAEL	3	831	
— tecture	8	2881	— (portrait)	3	xxi	
Cynick, Thomas, and			— and the Land			
— Richard Pockrich	7	2701	— League	9	x	
			— J. H. McCarthy	6	2174	
			— on			

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Dawning of the Day,</i> <i>The</i> ..... WALSH ....	9 3507	Dechtire .....	4 1431
— <i>of the Year, The</i> ..... BLAKE ....	1 189	Declaration of Indepen-	
DAWSON, ARTHUR.....	3 841	dence, <i>The Ameri-</i>	
Day as a Monk of the		can .....	5 1665; 7 2640
Screw .....	5 1957	— <i>of Irish Rights</i> ..... GRATTAN ..	4 1387
Dazzle (character in		See also Moly-	
'London Assurance').....	1 252	neux.	
De Boisseleau .....	8 3324	Decline of the Bards.....	2 xx
De Burghs, William,		Decoration Day, May	
Earl of Ulster, Prohi-		31, 1886; J. B.	
bition of intermar-		O'Reilly's speech.....	7 2825
riage by .....	3 1179	— of Crosses in Ire-	
De Burgo, Thomas .....	4 1626	land .....	9 3485
D'Este, Mary, Queen of		Dedanann, Tuatha de.....	2 xl
James II., A lament		Dedannans, Invasion of.....	9 vli
for .....	2 768	DEENY, DANIEL .....	3 845
D'Esterre and O'Con-		Deep, deep in the earth. McCARTHY..	6 2172
nell .....	7 2625	— in Canadian Woods. SULLIVAN...	9 3341
De Foix, Françoise, Com-		<i>Defense of Charles Ga-</i>	
tesse de Chateaubri-		van Duffy ..... WHITESIDE.	9 3550
and .....	6 2338	— <i>of the Volun-</i>	
De Jubainville, M. d'Ar-		teers, A ..... FLOOD ....	3 1217
bois .....	4 1608	Deirdre, a name that	
De la Croix, Charles .....	9 3420	stirs .....	8 2990
<i>De Profundis</i> .....	TYNAN-	— and Naisi ..... JOYCE ....	5 1746
	HINKSON. 9 3455	— <i>in the Woods</i> (half-	
De Retz, Cardinal, Gold-		tone engraving). TRENCH ....	9 3431
smith on .....	4 1347	— the renowned .....	4 1245
De Tourville, Admiral.....	7 2823	— the sad-eyed .....	7 2593
DE VERE, SIR AUBREY.....	3 851	— <i>The Story of</i> .....	10 xvi
— AUBREY THOMAS.....	3 853	memorized .....	3 xviii
— on G. Griffin .....	4 1465	— <i>Wed'</i> .....	9 3431
— on Sir Samuel		and other	
Ferguson's		Poems' .....	9 3432
poetry .....	3 1169	De Jubainville, A., on	
— W. B. Yeats on.....	3 vii	Irish MSS.....	2 xi
<i>Dead Antiquary, O'Don-</i>		— His Work for Cel-	
ovan, <i>The</i> ..... M'GEE ....	6 2218	tic literature .....	2 xviii
— <i>at Clonmacnois,</i>		Delany, Mrs., Letters of.....	5 1918
<i>The</i> ..... ROLLESTON. 8 2979		Delights of ignorance.....	3 885
— heat and windless		Democracy, American	
air .....	TYNAN-	faith in .....	1 333
	HINKSON. 9 3458	— Problems of Mod-	
Dean Kirwan, Eloquence		ern .....	4 1290
of .....	1 127	<i>Demon Cat, The</i> ..... GODKIN ....	9 3557
Dean of Lismore's		DENHAM, SIR JOHN.....	3 849
Book .....	8 3139, 3144	— W. B. Yeats on .....	3 vii
<i>Dear and Darling Boy</i> . STREET BAL		Dennis was hearty when	
LAD ..... 8 3280		Dennis was young. SKRINE ...	8 3153
— <i>Lady Disdain'</i> ..... McCARTHY..	6 2134	Denon, Baron, and the	
— maiden, when the		Princess Talleyrand.....	1 213
sun is down ..... WALSH ....	9 3510	Dependence on England.....	9 3417
— <i>Land</i> ..... O'HAGAN ....	7 2768	Derby, Lord, on dises-	
— <i>Old Ireland</i> ..... SULLIVAN...	9 3341	tablishment of the	
Dearg Mór .....	4 1609	Irish Church .....	6 2159
Deasy, the Fenian		'Derga, The Bruidhen	
leader, Rescue of.....	7 2607	da' .....	4 1601
Death, From 'A Night-		<i>Dermot, The thankful-</i>	
piece on ..... PARNELL ....	7 2874	ness of ..... P. O'LEARY..	10 3953
— of an Arctic Hero,		— and Ruadhan .....	7 2762
<i>The</i> ..... ALEXANDER. 1 10		— <i>Astore</i> ..... CRAWFORD..	2 658
— of <i>Cuchulain</i> ..... GREGORY ..	4 1431	Derrick, D. J. O'Dono-	
— of <i>Dr. Swift, On</i>		ghue on the wit of.....	6 xiii
<i>the</i> ..... SWIFT ....	9 3380	Derry, Dean of.....	4 1380
— of <i>St. Columcille,</i>		— Reminiscences of.....	6 2427
<i>The</i> ..... HYDE ....	4 1618	— <i>The Maiden City</i> .....	9 3428
— of <i>the Homeward</i>		— <i>The Siege of</i> ..... ALEXANDER..	1 3
<i>Bound</i> ..... M'GEE ....	6 2222	(reference) .....	9 ix
— of <i>the Huntsman,</i>		— watered by Lough	
<i>The</i> ..... GRIFFIN ....	4 1480	Neagh .....	6 2277
— of <i>Virginia, The</i> ..... KNOWLES ..	4 1847	Derrybrien, Mary Hynes	
— <i>The three Shafts</i>		at .....	9 3669
of .....	10 3965	Derrycarn, The black-	
Decay of Lying, <i>The</i> ..... WILDE ..	9 3578	bird of .....	7 2755
<i>Deception, An Heroic</i> ..... GWYNN ..	4 1512	Derrynane House (half-	
		tone engraving).....	4 1588
		Desaix, General .....	9 3418



**Description.**

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
See Travel, etc.			Dillon, Father Dom-		
— of the Sea. From			nick, slain at		
the Irish.....O'CURRY ...	7	2664	Drogheda .....	7	2573
'Desert is Life'.....BROOKE ....	1	300	— T., and the Land		
Deserted Cabins (half-			League .....	9	xi
tone engraving).....	6	2267	— WENTWORTH, EARL		
Deserted Village, The..GOLDSMITH. 4	1367		OF ROSCOMMON.....	8	2981
Deserter's Meditation,			Dimma's Book .....	7	2671
The .....	2	796	Dineley, T., on funeral		
Desmond. See O'Don-			customs .....	9	3642
nell Aboo.			Dingle, County Cork,		
— Spenser in the			An amusing story of.....	6	2199
palace of .....	6	2276	DINNEEN, REV. PAT-		
— Waste, The .....	9	3392	RICK S. ....	10	3959, 4025
Despair and Hope in			Dinner Party Broken		
Prison .....	3	837	Up, A .....	5	1972
Destruction of fortified			Dinnree, Wax candles		
places .....	2	xii	used in, before the		
— of Irish MSS.....	2	xi	V. Century .....	5	1737
— by Norse .....	2	viii	Dinnseanchus, The .....	4	1611; 6
— of Jerusalem, Irish			Dirge of O'Sullivan		
version of the.....	7	2672	Bear. From the		
— of Troy, Irish ver-			Irish .....	2	445
sion of the .....	7	2672	— of Rory O'More.....	3	859
Detail, Minute, in the			Disabilities of the		
Sagas .....	2	xv	Roman Catho-		
De Tocqueville on Amer-			lics.		
ica .....	4	1295	— Women in Ireland		
'Deus meus.' From the			in Penal Days...ATKINSON...	1	28
Irish of Maellisu.....SIGERSON ..	8	3140	— Farewell to the		
Devenish, Ruins of an			Irish Parliament.CURRAN ...	2	788
old Abbey, at.....	6	2276	— On Catholic Eman-		
— The lake of. See			cipation .....	2	777
Feithfailge.			— The True Friends		
Devil, The .....	9	3673	of the Poor and		
Devotion of children to			the Afflicted .... DOYLE ....	3	921
parents in Ire-			— The Irish Intellect.GILES ....	4	1281
land .....	6	2197	— The Penal Laws...MCCARTHY..	6	2171
— of Irishmen abroad			— Justice for Ireland.O'CONNELL..	7	2641
to Ireland .....	7	2618	— Ireland's Part in		
'Diamond Lens, The'. O'BRIEN ..	7	2594	English Achieve-		
Diaries, Journals, etc.			ment .....	8	305
— Interviews with			Disarming of Ulster,		
Buonaparte .....	9	3418	The .....	2	780
— Journal of a Lady			Disestablishment of the		
of Fashion .....	1	193	Irish Church .....	9	i
— Macaulay and Ba-			— Movement for the.....	6	2151
con .....	6	2444	Disillusion .....	9	3600
— Rhapsody on			Dispute with Carlyle, A.DUFFY ....	3	95
Ruins, A .....	6	2454	Disqualification of Cath-		
Diarmid (see also A Lay			olics, On the Injus-		
of Ossian and			tice of .....	4	140.
Patrick) .....	7	2752	Disraeli, Lord Cran-		
— servant of St. Col-			bourne on .....	6	215.
umelle .....	4	1618	'Dissenchas Tracts,		
— O'Duibhne. See			The .....	4	159.
The Hospitality			Dissensions in Ireland.....	2	789; 9
of Cuanna's			Distances of the Stars,		
House.			The .....	1	3
'Diary, Leaves from a			Distilling, Illicit .....	1	46; 2
Prison' .....	3	832, 837	'Divide, The Great' .....	3	96
Dick Wildgoose .....	4	1347	Divinities of the Irish .....	7	272
Dickens, Charles; E.			Divorce, Singular man-		
— Dowden on .....	3	873	ner of .....	7	285
— describes speech of			Dixon, a Choctaw .....	7	283
O'Connell's .....	7	xxvi	— W. Mac Neile, on		
Did I stand on the top			Sir Aubrey de		
of bald Nefin?.....	10	3777	Vere's 'Mary		
— ye hear of the			Tudor' .....	3	85
Widow Malone?. LEVER ....	5	1999	— on Aubrey T. de		
Diddler, Jeremy (char-			Vere's poetry .....	3	85
acter in 'Raising the			— on E. Dowden's		
Wind') .....	5	1805	verse .....	3	86
			Do you remember, long		
			ago .....	4	152

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Dobson, Austin, on William Congreve .....	2	614	DOYLE, J. W., duel with Hely Hutchinson .....	1	143
Dodder, The; threat to divert its stream from Dublin .....	7	2728	— MARY .....	10	3875, 3887
DOHENY, MICHAEL .....	3	864	<i>Draherin O Machree</i> .....	HOGAN	4 1593
— W. B. Yeats on .....	3	x	Drake, J. R., in prison .....		9 3330
Donaghmore, Round Towers at .....	9	3491	<b>Drama, The.</b>		
Donal Kenny .....	2	574	— Mr. Mawworm .....	BICKERSTAFF	1 182
Donald and His Neighbors .....	ANONYMOUS,	3 1147	— Lady Gay Spanker .....	BOUCICAULT,	1 252
— 'Donall-na-Glanna.' See D. LANE.			— Gone to Death .....	BROOKE	1 288
Donane, Voters from, at a Ballynakill election .....	1	140	— Scene from 'Cathline' .....	CROLY	2 747
<i>Donegal Fairy, A</i> .....	MACLINTOCK	6 2253	— She Stoops to Conquer .....	GOLDSMITH,	4 1348
— <i>Far Darrig in</i> .....	MACLINTOCK	6 2248	— The Counterfeit Footman .....	FARQUHAR	3 1165
— Fishing at Lough Colum in .....	4	1520	— The Lost Saint .....	HYDE	4 1651
— Humors of ' .....	MACMANUS,	6 2254	— The Twisting of the Rope .....		10 3989
— parishes .....	4	1512	— Mr. Diddler's Ways .....	KENNEY	5 1805
— Tale, A .....	6	2242	— The Death of Virginia .....	KNOWLES	5 1847
— The Franciscan monastery of .....	1	31	— How to Get On in the World .....	MACKLIN	6 2237
— The Irish Gaelic in .....	6	2428	— The End of a Dream .....	MARTY	6 2385
— The mountains of. See <i>Innishowen</i> .			— How to Fall Out .....	MURPHY	7 2564
<i>Doneraile, The Curse of</i> , O'KELLY ...	7	2779	— Mrs. Malaprop .....	SHERIDAN	8 3078
Donnach Cromdubh .....	7	2719	— Bob Acres' Duel .....	SHERIDAN	8 3088
Donn of the Sand Mounds .....	7	2752	— Auctioning off One's Relatives .....	SHERIDAN	8 3105
Donno, or Donnban .....	7	2709	— The Scandal Class Meets .....	SHERIDAN	8 3099
'Donnelly and Cooper' .....	8	3270	— Sir Fretful Plagiary's Play .....	SHERIDAN	8 3114
Donnybrook Fair .....	2	607	— The Queen and Cromwell .....	WILLS	9 3612
— The Humors of .....	O'FLAHERTY,	7 2713	— Cathleen Ni Hoolihan .....	YEATS	9 3688
Donoughmore, Lord, translated in <i>The Dublin Journal</i> .....	7	2640	Drama in Ireland, Lady Gregory on .....		10 xxvi
<i>Donovans, The</i> .....	FAHY	3 1132	— The Irish .....	GWYNN	10 xlii
Dorinda (character in 'The Beaux' Stratagem') .....	3	1165	Dramatic criticism .....		5 1782
Dorothy Monroe, the famous beauty. See <i>The Haunch of Venison</i> .			— Revival, Irish .....		10 vii
D'Orsay and Byron .....	6	2288	— Society, The Irish National .....		10 xlii
DOTTIN, G., <i>The Red Duck</i> .....	10	3779	'Drapler, Letters, The' .....	SWIFT	9 3369
Douglas, Dr., Canon of Windsor .....	4	1380	Drawing Room in Dublin Castle, A .....		1 246, 2203
DOWDEN, EDWARD .....	3	866	<i>Dream, A</i> .....	ALLINGHAM,	1 21
— on Sir S. Ferguson's poetry .....	3	1170	— of a Blessed Spirit .....	YEATS	9 3706
— W. B. Yeats on .....	3	xiv	— The Age of a .....	JOHNSON	5 1699
DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW .....	3	878	— The End of a .....	MARTIN	6 2385
— RICHARD .....	3	881	DRENNAN, WILLIAM .....		3 924
— Edited poems of J. F. O'Donnell .....	7	2678	— JR., WILLIAM .....		3 928
Down. See <i>The Muster of the North</i> .			'Dreolilin' .....	See FRANCIS A. FAHY.	
— The majestic mountains of .....	6	2275	<b>Dress.</b>		
— by the salley gardens' .....	YEATS	9 3705	— In Africa .....		2 418
DOWNY, EDMUND (see also note to <i>An Heroic Deception</i> ) .....	3	891	— In ancient Ireland .....		5 1737
DOWNING, ELLEN MARY PATRICK .....	3	916	— In the XVII. Century .....		1 33
Downpatrick .....	3	1182	— Kathleen Mavourneen (half-tone engraving) .....		2 658
DOYLE, JAMES .....	10	3375, 3887	— Of an Irish chieftain .....		7 2546
— J. (biography) .....	10	4025	— Of ancient Irish (color plate) .....		8 3144
— JAMES WARREN .....	3	918	— Of Fergus Mac Roy .....		7 2750
			— Of Grana Uaille .....		7 2858
			— Of Irish women .....		1 33
					7 2544, 2547, 2548
			— Of Munster women .....		1 33
			— Of Queen Maeve .....		7 2747
			— Of the ancient Irish .....		3 xiv

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Dress of the Ancient Irish</i> .....	WALLER	9 3493	Dublin. Neighborhood,		
— Of the Bards (color plate).....		3 xiv	— A.....	2 660	
— Of the Ollamhs (color plate).....		3 xiv	— <i>News-letter, The</i> .....	5 1919	
— See also <i>Shane the Proud</i> .....			— <i>Printers, The</i> .....	4 1258	GILBERT
<i>Drimin Donn Dills</i> .....	WALSH	9 3511	— Red Hugh impris- oned in.....	2 635	
— Dubh.....		2 442	— Satire on.....	6 2107	
<i>Driminuch, The wood of</i> .....	4 1643, 1646		— Society formed to increase the price of meat in.....	7 2633	
<i>Drimmin don dills, The</i> .....	7 2615		— <i>Street Arabs</i> .....	4 1568	HARTLEY
— <i>Dubh Dheelish</i> .....	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3281	— <i>Three</i> .....	6 2397	
Drink, Evils of.....		6 2397	— <i>The Apostle of</i> <i>Temperance in</i> .....	6 2397	MATHEW
<i>Drinking, Of</i> .....	FLECKNOE	3 1209	— theaters.....	5 1920	
— <i>Song</i> .....	SHERIDAN	8 3117	— Thomas Cynlick's attempt to con- vert the people of.....	7 2701	
Dripsey stream, The.....		1 353	— University.....	5 1914	
Drogheda; Cromwell au- thor of the mass- acre at.....		6 2150	— <i>University Review</i> .....	3 1150	
— Crosses at.....		9 3486	— See <i>Daniel O'Connell and Biddy</i> <i>Moriarty; The Gray Fog; The</i> <i>Monks of the Screw; and</i> <i>Tried by his Peers</i> .....		
— (half-tone engrav- in).....		1 150	Dubourg, the violinist.....	5 1919	
— Lawrence's Gate (half-tone en- graving).....		7 2568	Dubthach.....	4 1430	
— Parliament held before Sir Chris- topher Preston at.....		7 2462	Duc de Feltre (General Clarke).....	4 1589	
— The Marquis of.....		1 140	Duel between D'Esterre and O'Connell.....	7 2625	
— <i>The Massacre at</i> .....	BARRY	1 150	— O'Connell chal- lenged by Sir R. Peel.....	7 2625	
— <i>The Massacre at</i> .....	MURPHY	7 2567	<i>Duel with Ensign</i> <i>Brady. Bob Burke's</i> .....	6 2303	MAGINN
Dromoland, County Clare (half-tone en- graving).....		7 2619	<b>Duelling.</b>		
Dromsdeach, The Book of.....		2 x	— Anecdotes of.....	1 141	
Dromsnechta, The Book of.....		7 2668	— Bagenal on.....	3 817	
<i>Drover, A</i> .....	COLUM	2 613	— Code.....	1 148	
Druidical order, Cos- tume of (color plate).....		8 3144	— See <i>An Affair of Honor and</i> <i>The Battle of the Factions</i> .....		
Druidism, Sources of.....		7 2666	DUFFERIN, LADY (por- trait).....	3 932	
Druids and Druidism.....	O'CURRY	7 2666	— LORD.....	3 937	
— Julius Cæsar on the.....		7 2721	DUFFET, THOMAS.....	3 948	
— The ancient Irish.....		5 1732	DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVAN.....	3 950	
Drumcleiff.....		6 2354	— and Repeal.....	9 x	
Drumgoole.....		5 1936	— and 'Young Ire- land'.....	9 xl	
DRUMMOND, WILLIAM HAMILTON.....		3 930	— <i>Edward</i> .....	8 2983	ROSSA
<i>Drunkard to a Bottle of</i> <i>Whisky, Address of a</i> .....	LE FANU	5 1946	— <i>In Defense of</i> <i>Charles Gavan</i> .....	9 3550	WHITESIDE
'Dry be that tear'.....	SHERIDAN	8 3118	— In Prison.....	3 811; 6 2128, 2129, 2220	
Dryden on R. Flecknoe.....		3 1208	— In Prison, To.....	6 2220	M'GEE
Dubhdun, King of Oriel.....		4 1623	— on faction fight at Turloughmore.....	9 3316	
Dublacha.....		4 1608	— on T. Furlong.....	4 1244	
<b>Dublin.</b>			— on Gerald Griffin.....	4 1465	
— A new student at Trinity College.....		5 1986	— on J. C. Mangan.....	6 2351	
— Beautiful view of, from Killiney Hill.....		7 2652	DUGAN, MAURICE (bi- ography).....	10 4011	
— Castle, A Drawing Room in.....		1 246	— Translation from the Irish of.....	3 1188	
— On.....	DOWLING	3 887	Duigenan, Dr., at the College visitation.....	9 3516	
— History of the City of'.....	GILBERT	4 1258	— duel with a bar- rister.....	1 143	
— in the XVIII. Cen- tury.....	LECKY	5 1914	<i>Duke of Grafton, To the</i> .....	3 1228	FRANCIS
— <i>Journal, The</i> .....		7 2637	Dullahan, The, described.....	3 xix	
— O'Connell on.....		7 2637	Dun Angus, A visit to the.....	8 xii	
— <i>Life, Jane: A</i> <i>Sketch from</i> .....	COSTELLO	2 640	<i>Dunbolg, The Battle of</i> .....	4 1622	HYDE
— <i>Magazine, 1825</i> .....		3 1142	Dunboy, The storming of.....	7 2744	



	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Dunbury, The Girl of</i> ..DAVIS .....	3	829
<i>Dun Cow, Book of the</i> .....	4	1600
<i>Dundalk</i> .....	2	639
— Cromlech at (half-tone engraving).....	7	2666
<i>Dundargvals</i> .....	3	931
<i>Dundealgan</i> .....	4	1427
<i>Dundrum</i> .....	7	2715
<i>Dunfanaghy. See An Heroic Deception and The Phantom Ship.</i>		
<i>Dungan, Garrett</i> .....	7	2570
<i>Dungannon</i> .....	2	639, 786
<i>Dunkerron, The Lord of</i> .CROKER ...	2	736
<i>Dunleckny, Bagenal at home at</i> .....	3	817
<i>Dunluce</i> .....	4	1255
— Castle (color plate) .....	7	2853
— The ruins of .....	6	2278
<i>DUNRAVEN, EARL OF.</i> .....	3	963
— Lord, on Round Towers .....	9	3490
<i>Durrow, The Book of.</i> .....	7	2671
— Gospels, Ornaments and initials from (color plate) .....	4	1620
<i>Dursey Island</i> .....	6	2314
<i>'Dust Hath Closed Helen's Eye'</i> .....	9	3666
<i>Duties of a Representative, The</i> .....	1	394
<i>Duty of Criticism in a Democracy, The</i> ....	4	1290
<i>Duvac Dael Ulla</i> .....	7	2751
<i>Dying Girl, The</i> .....	9	3609
— <i>Mother's Lament, The</i> .....	5	1764

## E.

<i>Each nation master at its own fireside</i> .INGRAM ...	5	1661
— poet with a different talent .....	8	2981
<i>Eagle of Cashel, The</i> .....	4	1591
<i>Eamania, The palace of</i> .....	9	3493
<i>Eanachbuidhe (Rosebrook)</i> .....	6	2277
<i>'Earl of Essex, The'</i> .....	1	288
<i>'Early Christian Architecture'</i> .....	8	3238
— humor of Irish Celts .....	6	vii
— <i>Irish Literature</i> .....	2	vii
— Irish satirists .....	6	vii
— <i>Stage, The</i> .....	6	2346
<i>Earrennamore</i> .....	6	2393
<i>Earth and Man, The</i> .....	1	299
<i>Spirit, The</i> .....	8	2996
<i>Ease often visits shepherd swains</i> .....	6	2109
<i>East India Company</i> .....	1	373, 383
— West, Home's best.O'FARRELLY..	10	3967
<i>Eire, The Fair Hills, of</i> .SIGERSON ..	10	3937
<i>ECCLES, CHARLOTTE O'CONOR</i> .....	3	967
<i>Ecclesiastical Property, Confiscation of</i> .....	9	3391
— Remains, Ancient Irish .....	8	2880
<i>Echo, The</i> .....	10	3983
<i>Echtge Hills, The</i> .....	4	3669
<b>Economics and Sociology.</b>		
— <i>Extracts from 'The Querist'</i> .....	1	177

	VOL.	PAGE
<b>Economics and Sociology.</b>		
— <i>National Characteristics as Molding Public Opinion</i> .....	1	331
— <i>Position of Women in the United States</i> .....	1	343
— <i>The True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted</i> ....	3	919
— <i>A Scene in the Irish Famine</i> .....	4	1573
— <i>Amusements of the People</i> .....	7	2620
<i>Edain</i> .....	7	2667
<i>Eden, Mr.</i> .....	4	1403
<i>EDGEWORTH, MARIA (portrait)</i> .....	3	993
— M. F. Egan on .....	5	vii; 8
— RICHARD LOVELL .....	3	1073
<i>Edgeworthstown, County Longford, home of R. L. Edgeworth</i> .....	3	1073
<i>Edinburgh reviewer, Macaulay an</i> .....	6	2444
<i>Editorial work on 'IRISH LITERATURE'</i> .....	2	xix
<b>Education.</b>		
— <i>Childhood in Ancient Greece</i> .....	6	2329
— <i>Gaelic Movement, The</i> .....	8	2908
— <i>In America</i> .....	1	334
— <i>In Ireland</i> .....	1	34
— <i>Irish as a Spoken Language</i> .....	4	1603
— <i>Irish Intellect, The</i> .GILES ....	4	1280
— not completed without a duel .....	1	145
— of the Catholic Irish .....	4	1283
— <i>Plea for the Study of Irish, A</i> .....	7	2614
— <i>The Board of National</i> .....	4	1603, 1609
— Greek .....	6	2328
<i>Edward I., removal of the Jacob's Stone to London</i> .....	7	2718
— <i>Duffy</i> .....	8	2983
<i>EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS (portrait)</i> .....	3	1080
— on Irish novels .....	5	vii
<i>Egan's Duel with Roger Barrett</i> .....	1	142
<i>Eglinton, John</i> .....	See	WILLIAM K. MAGEE.
<i>Egypt</i> .....	7	2512, 2537
— <i>Burton on</i> .....	2	409
<i>Eighteenth Century, Children's reading in the</i> .....	3	1073
— <i>Dress in the</i> .....	1	33
— <i>Dublin in the</i> .....	5	1914
— <i>'Eighty-Five Years of Irish History'</i> .....	3	811, 817
— <i>Eileen Aroon</i> .....	4	1251
— .....	4	1509
<i>Elrenach</i> .....	See	DOHENY.
<i>Elric, Bishop, and Brig-it</i> .....	8	3256
— <i>'El Medinah and Mecca, Pilgrimage to'</i> .....	2	408

	VOL.	PAGE
'Elder Faiths of Ireland, Traces of the'.	WOOD-MARTIN	9 3640
Election incident at Ballynakill		1 140
Electioneering in England		2 448
— In Ireland. See <i>An Irish Mistake and Castle Rackrent</i> .		
— <i>Scene, An</i> . . . . . HARTLEY	4	1557
Electors of 1868, The		6 2160
<i>Elegy, An, on Madam Blaize</i> . . . . . GOLDSMITH.	4	1382
'Elfintown, The End of' . . . . . BARLOW	1	116
<b>Elizabeth, Queen.</b>		
— and Grana Ualle . . . . .	7	2858
— and Granua Wail . . . . .	10	4013
— and Hugh Roe O'Donnell . . . . .	2	632
— and Ireland . . . . .	7 2745; 9	ix
— and Sir Walter Raleigh . . . . .	3	909
— and the Earl of Essex . . . . .	1	288
— and the Stage . . . . .	6	2349
— Ireland under . . . . .	8 3266; 10	3853
— Players during the reign of . . . . .	6	2349
Ellis, Mr., on Poetry . . . . .	9	3664
Eloquence . . . . .	2	xii
— Irish . . . . .	4	1289
— <i>Pulpit, Bar and Parliamentary.</i> . . . . BARRINGTON.	1	127
— <i>Last Speech of Robert Emmet.</i> . . . . EMMET	3	1087
— See Oratory . . . . .		
Ellington the actor . . . . .	5	1918
"Elzevir, The Oak-footed." See G. Faulkner.		
Email . . . . .	4	1433
— Macha . . . . .	7	2759
Emancipation and Reform . . . . .	8	3058
— Catholic . . . . .	2 773; 6	2161
— Lincoln's proclamation of . . . . .	5	1665
— <i>On Catholic</i> . . . . . CURRAN	2	773
Emer, Wife of Cuchulain . . . . .	4	1426, 1433
'Emerald Isle, The' See DRENNAN.		
'Emergency Men, The' JESSOP . . . . .	5	1688
Emerson and Newman MULLANEY . . . . .	7	2556
— on folk tales . . . . .	3	xxiii
<i>Emigrant in America, The Song of the Irish</i> . . . . . FITZSIMON.	3	1206
— <i>Lament of the Irish</i> . . . . . DUFFERIN	3	933
Emigrants, Character of KICKHAM . . . . .	5	1817
<b>Emigration.</b>		
— 'I'm very happy where I am' . . . . . BOUCICAULT.	1	257
— <i>A Scene in the South of Ireland.</i> BUTT . . . . .	2	427
— <i>Donal Kenny</i> . . . . . CASEY	2	574
— <i>Lament of the Irish Emigrant.</i> . . . . DUFFERIN	3	933
— <i>Terence's Farewell</i> DUFFERIN . . . . .	3	934
— <i>The Exile's Return</i> LOCKE . . . . .	5	2003
— <i>A Memory</i> . . . . . MACALEESE.	6	2111
— <i>The Passing of the Gael</i> . . . . . MACMANUS.	6	2267
— <i>The Exile</i> . . . . . MOORE	7	2483

**Emigration.**

— <i>The Irishman's Farewell</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS.	8	3287
— <i>Song of an Exile.</i> . . . .	7	2840
— <i>The Exodus</i> . . . . . WILDE	9	3570
— <i>A Farewell to America</i> . . . . . WILDE	9	3599
'Eminent Irishmen in Foreign Service' . . . . . ONAHAN	7	2814
<b>Emmet, Robert.</b> . . . .	3	1086
— (portrait) . . . . .	3	1093
— absent from college visitation . . . . .	9	3519
— Death of . . . . . CAMPION	2	463
— expelled from University . . . . .	9	3526
— first against Union . . . . .	9	x
— Lord Norbury at the trial of . . . . .	3	1093
— Plunket prosecutor of . . . . .	8	2894
— secretary of United Irishmen . . . . .	9	3523
— The betrothed of . . . . .	7	2533
— See <i>A Song of Defeat and When He Who Adores Thee.</i>		
— Thomas Addis . . . . .	6	2166
'Emotions, An Essay on the' . . . . . COBRE	2	605
<i>En Attendant</i> . . . . . WYNNE	9	3646
<i>Enchanted Woods</i> . . . . . YEATS	9	3676
<i>Enchantment of Georoidh Iarla</i> . . . . . KENNEDY	5	1801
<i>End of a Dream, The.</i> . . . . MARTYN	6	2385
— <i>Elfintown, The.</i> . . . . BARLOW	1	116
<i>Engine-Shed, In the</i> . . . . . WILKINS.	9	3600
<i>England and Ireland.</i> . . . . BRYCE	1	346
— and the American war . . . . .	4	1386
— cannot govern Ireland . . . . .	8	2931
— Enlisting in . . . . .	1	353
— 'History of' . . . . . LECKY	5	1914
— <i>in Shakespeare's Youth</i> . . . . . DOWDEN	3	866
— The Curse of the Boers on (Trans.) GREGORY . . . . .	10	3926
England's Battles fought by Irishmen . . . . .	9	3552
— Empire . . . . .	9	3582
— Parliament, Ireland's Cause in . . . . . MCCARTHY.	6	2163
<i>English Academy, The.</i> . . . . BANIM	1	60
<i>Achievement, Ireland's Part in.</i> . . . . SHEIL	8	3057
— Bribery by the . . . . .	2	792
— Buck . . . . .	1	144
— Bull, An . . . . .	3	1057
— <i>Constitution, On.</i> . . . . CANNING	2	463
— freedom . . . . .	2	466
— indebtedness to Irish literature . . . . .	2	xvii
— institutions satirized . . . . .	9	3355
— 'Misrule and Irish Misdeeds' . . . . . DE VERE	3	852
— of the Pale, The . . . . .	9	3397
— Irish writers in, in XVII. and XVIII. Centuries . . . . .	1	b
Engus . . . . .	2	802
<i>Enlightened by a Cow-stealer</i> . . . . .	7	2652



	VOL.	PAGE
Enlisting in England.....	1	358
Enna .....	5	1725
Ennis .....	7	2611
Enniscorthy .....	1	80
Enniscoven .....	9	3620
Enniskillen .....	7	2818
Ensign Epps, the Color- bearer .....	O'REILLY ..	7 2830
Eochaidh Airemh, King of Erin .....	7	2667
Epilogue to Fand .....	LARMINIE ..	5 1875
Epitaph on Doctor Par- nell .....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1383
— on Edward Purdon.....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1383
Eric, Son of Cairbre .....	4	1433
Erechtheum of Athens.....	6	2335
Erigal .....	1	258
Erin .....	DRENNAN ..	3 924
— History of the Il- lustrious Women of .....	1	32
— The Buried Forests of .....	MILLIGAN ..	6 2437
— Manners and Cus- toms of Ancient ..	O'CURRY ..	7 2666
— The Old Books of ..	O'CURRY ..	7 2670
Erin's Lament for O'Connell .....	8	3269
Erne, Lord .....	7	2612
— The .....	6 2354, 2363,	2365
Errigal .....	6	2436
Erskine, Lord, Sheridan on .....	8	3125
Erwin, Bishop, of Kil- lala .....	6	2232
Escape of Hugh Roe.....	2	635
ESLER, MRS. E. REN- TOUL .....	3	1096
Essay on Irish Bulls ..	EDGEWORTH. 3	1055
— on the Emotions ..	COBBE ....	2 605
— on the State of Ire- land in 1720.....	TONE .....	9 3415
— on Translated Verse, From the.....	ROSCOMMON. 8	2981
Essays' .....	WISEMAN ..	9 3627

### Essays and Studies.

— True Pleasures ..	BERKELEY ..	1 174
— The View from Honeyman's Hill.....	BERKELEY ..	1 176
— A Gentleman .....	BROOKE ...	1 285
— The Preternatural in Fiction .....	BURTON ...	1 404
— The Contagion of Love .....	COBBE ....	2 605
— Despair and Hope in Prison .....	DAVITT ....	3 837
— The Originality of Irish Bulls Ex- amined .....	EDGEWORTH. 3	1055
— The Gentleman in Black .....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1317
— Advice to the La- dies .....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1322
— Beau Tibbs .....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1326
— Liberty in England.....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1331
— The Love of Freaks .....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1334
— The Worship of Pinchbeck Heroes.....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1338
— Whang and his Dream of Dia- monds .....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1341
— The Love of Quack Medicines .....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1343

### Essays and Studies.

— Happiness and Good-Nature .....	GOLDSMITH. 4	1345
— Mountain Theology.....	GREGORY ..	4 1455
— Ireland, Visible and Invisible .....	JOHNSTON ..	5 1702
— A Quiet Irish Talk.....	KEELING ..	5 1769
— Moral and Intel- lectual Differ- ences between the Sexes .....	LECKY ....	5 1920
— What is the Rem- nant? .....	MAGEE ....	6 2292
— The Irish in Amer- ica .....	O'BRIEN ...	7 2617
— Monotony and the Lark .....	RUSSELL ..	8 3005
— Sir Roger and the Widow .....	STEELE ....	8 3198
— The Coverley Fam- ily Portraits .....	STEELE ....	8 3203
— The Art of Pleas- ing .....	STEELE ....	8 3206
— The Story of Yor- ick .....	STERNE ....	8 3213
— The Story of Le Fevre .....	STERNE ....	8 3220
— 'Dust Hath Closed Helen's Eye' .....	YEATS ....	9 3666
— Village Ghosts .....	YEATS ....	9 3673
— Enchanted Woods.....	YEATS ....	9 3679
Essex, The Earl of.....	BROOKE ...	1 288
— (reference) .....	7	2744
"Essex-street, The Wooden man in".....	4	1259
Esthetic sensibility of Pagan Irish .....	2	xviii
'Ethelstan' .....	DARLEY ...	2 809
Ethical content of an- cient Irish literature.....	8	2973
Ethnic legends of Ire- land .....	9	vii
ETTINGSALL, THOMAS.....	3	1114
— O'Donoghue on .....	6	xlv
Eulogy of Washington.....	PHILLIPS ..	8 2891
Europe, Irish scholars in .....	9	3395
European literature, Ireland's influence on.....	4	vii
Evangelistarium of St. Molling, The .....	7	2671
Evening Hymn, The.....	TRENCH ..	9 3437
Evensong .....	ROLLESTON. 8	2977
Events of 1798, The.....	6	2229
Ever eating .....	SWIFT ....	9 3389
Eviction, An .....	BARLOW ...	1 98
Evolution, Doctrine of ..	9	3466
— Sir J. Herschel on ..	5	1787
— of Species .....	5	1786
Execution of Lady Jane Grey .....	3	851

### Executions.

— The Manchester martyrs .....	7	2607
— 'The Night before Larry was stretched' .....	9	3308
— 'Trust to luck' .....	9	3319
Exile, The .....	MOORE ....	7 2483
— Song of an .....	ORR ....	7 2840
— The Irish .....	MCDERMOTT. 6	2189
Exile's Christmas Song, The Kilkenny .....	KENEALY ...	5 1788



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Exile's Return, or Morn- ing on the Irish</i>			Fairy Brugh of Slieve- namon, The	8	2971
<i>Coast, The</i> ..... LOCKE	5	2003	— <i>Court, The</i> ..... DARLEY	2	809
<i>Exiles, Our</i> ..... SULLIVAN	9	3328	— <i>Fiddler, The</i> ..... CHESSON	2	592
<i>Exodus, The</i> ..... WILDE	9	3570	— <i>Gold</i> ..... TODHUNTER	9	3411
— <i>The Great</i> ..... 4 xii		9 3395	— <i>Greyhound, The</i> ..... ANONYMOUS	3	1154
<i>Expeditions</i> ..... 2 xii			— <i>Legends and Tra- ditions'</i> ..... CROKER	2	695 730
<i>Exploits of Curol, The</i> JOYCE	5	1749	— <i>Poetry</i> ..... 3 xx		
<i>Exports and Imports, The</i>			— <i>Shoemaker, The</i>		
Irish	9	3364	— <i>Leprecaun or</i> ..... ALLINGHAM	1	20
<i>Extract from the 'Jour- nal to Stella'</i> ..... SWIFT	9	3378	— <i>Tales, Irish'</i> ..... LEAMY	5	1899
— <i>from the Life of</i>			— <i>Importance of, to Irish-Ameri- cans</i> ..... 3 xxiii		
Irish	8	3246	— <i>Tales. See Folk Lore.</i>		
<i>Extracts from a Letter</i>			— <i>The Selfish Giant</i> ..... 9 3584		
to a Noble Lord. BURKE	1	379	— <i>The Story of</i>		
— <i>The Querist</i> ..... BERKELEY	1	177	— <i>Childe Charity</i> ..... 1 314		
<i>Extraordinary Phenom- enon, An</i> ..... IRWIN	5	1669	<i>Faith of a Felon, The</i> ..... LALOR	5	1855
			— <i>'Faiths of Ireland'</i> ..... WOOD-MAR- TIN	9	3640
<b>F.</b>			<i>Falls of Killarney, The</i>		
F. M. Allen ..... See DOWNEY.			— (half-tone engraving) ..... 5 1876		
<i>Fabian Dei Franchi</i> ..... WILDE	9	3593	<i>Fallon, Squire</i> ..... 1 145		
— <i>Society, The</i> ..... 8 3035			<b>Famine.</b>		
<i>Facetious Irish Peer, A</i> DAUNT	3	811	— <i>and the Plague in</i>		
<i>Facsimile of first Irish</i>			— <i>Ireland, The</i> ..... 1 86		
newspaper	4	1258	— <i>A Lay of the</i> ..... STREET BAL- LAD	9	3295
— <i>title page of first</i>			— <i>A Scene in the</i> ..... KEARY	5	1755
book printed in			— <i>A Scene in the</i>		
Gaelic in Ireland	7	2941	— <i>Irish</i> ..... HIGGINS	4	1573
<i>Facsimiles. See 'Irish</i>			— <i>Drinlin Donn Dills</i> ..... 0 3511		
MSS. Illuminated,			— <i>The great</i> ..... 6 2391		
'Irish MSS.' 'Ancient			— <i>of 1879, The</i> ..... 6 2861		
Irish MSS.'			— <i>of 1845, The</i> ..... 9 xi		
<i>Faction Fight, The</i> ..... MATHEW	6	2391	— <i>Year, The (half- tone engraving)</i> ..... WILDE	9	3575
<i>Factories and Work- shops Bill of 1878</i> ..... 6 2178			<i>Fand, Epilogue to</i> ..... LARMINIE	5	1875
<i>Faery Fool, The</i> ..... CHESSON	2	593	— <i>Fannet. See Jamie Freel and the Young Lady and Rambling Remi- niscences.</i>		
— <i>Song, A</i> ..... YEATS	9	3704	<i>Far are the Gaelic</i>		
<i>Fahan</i> ..... 6 2427			— <i>tribes</i> ..... M'GEE	6	2218
<i>FAYX, FRANCIS A.</i> ..... 3 1124			— <i>Darrig, The</i> ..... WELSH	3 xvii, xix	
<i>Faint are the breezes</i> ..... DOWNING	3	916	— <i>in Donegal</i> ..... MAC LIN- TOCK	6	2248
<i>Faintly as tolls the eve- ning chime</i> ..... MOORE	7	2540	— <i>Farewell, A</i> ..... SIGERSON	8	3142
<i>Fair Amoret has gone</i>			— <i>Gorta, The</i> ..... 3 xi		
astray ..... CONGREVE	2	614	— <i>the gray loch runs</i> ..... TRENCH	9	3432
— <i>An Irish Pig (half- tone engraving)</i> ..... 7 2484			<i>Far-Away</i> ..... SIGERSON	8	3135
— <i>Hills of Eiré, The</i>			<i>Farewell</i> ..... SULLIVAN	9	3331
From the			— <i>but whenever you</i>		
Irish of Mac			— <i>welcome the</i>		
Connmara ..... SIGERSON	10	3937	— <i>hour</i> ..... MOORE	7	2525
— <i>From the Irish</i>			— <i>my more than fa- therland</i> ..... WILDE	9	3596
of Mac Con- mara ..... MANGAN	6	2378	— <i>the doom is</i>		
— <i>of Ireland, The</i>			— <i>spoken</i> ..... SIGERSON	8	3132
(half-tone en- graving) ..... FERGUSON	3	1185	— <i>to America, A</i> ..... WILDE	9	3596
— <i>Rent, fixity of ten- ure, and fair sale</i>			— <i>to the Irish Par- liament</i> ..... CURRAN	2	788
(the 'Three F's') ..... 6 2179			<i>Farm life in Ireland</i> ..... 4 1467		
<i>Fatrest! put on achille</i> ..... MOORE	7	2529	<i>Farmer in Ireland, The</i> ..... 4 1574		
<i>Fairhead, or Benmore</i> ..... 6 2278			<i>FARQUHAR, GEORGE</i> ..... 3 1164		
<b>Fairies.</b>			<i>Farran, Miss, Sheridan</i>		
— <i>or No Fairies</i> ..... CROKER	2	720	— <i>on</i> ..... 8 3122		
— <i>The</i> ..... ALLINGHAM	1	18	<i>Far-Shee, The. See</i>		
— <i>The Flitting of the</i> ..... BARLOW	1	116	— <i>Banshee.</i>		
— <i>The history of the</i>			<i>Fate of Frank M'Kenna,</i>		
Sidhe ..... 9 3707			— <i>The</i> ..... CARLETON	2	552
<i>Fairy, A Donegal</i> ..... MACLINTOCK	6	2253	— <i>'Father Connell'</i> ..... BANIM	1	60
— <i>and Folk Tales,</i>					
Irish ..... WELSH	3	xvii			
— <i>and Folk Tales of</i>					
Ireland ..... ANONYMOUS	3	1136			

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Father Gilligan, The</i>		
<i>Ballad of</i> . . . . . YEATS . . . . .	9	3702
<i>Lalor is Promoted</i> . . . . . BLUNDELL . . . . .	1	225
<i>O'Flynn</i> . . . . . GRAVES . . . . .	4	1412
<i>O'Leary, Some An-</i> <i>ecdotes of</i> . . . . .	7	2793
Prout . . . . . See MAHONY.		
personalities of . . . . .	6	ix
Faulkner, George . . . . .	4	1258; 5
Feasts . . . . .	2	xii
Féis, The, of Tara . . . . .	4	1611; 5
<i>Feithfaiige</i> . . . . . MACMANUS . . . . .	6	2269
<i>Felire Aengusa</i> (the Festology of Aengus) . . . . .	7	2673
<i>Felon, The Faith of a</i> . . . . . LALOR . . . . .	5	1855
'Felon-setting,' Ste-		
phens' article on . . . . .	7	2799
Fena, The . . . . .	5	1722
<i>The Last of the</i> . . . . . JOYCE . . . . .	5	1714
Fencing with the small- sword . . . . .	1	147
Fenian Brotherhood, The . . . . .	9	xi
Cycle, The . . . . .	2	xi
movement, Poets of the, W. B. Yeats on . . . . .	3	xi
<b>Fenian Movement, The.</b>		
<i>The Irish Church</i> . . . . . MCCARTHY . . . . .	6	2148
<i>A Young Ireland</i> <i>Meeting</i> . . . . .	6	2180
<i>Why Parnell Went</i> <i>into Politics</i> . . . . . O'BRIEN . . . . .	7	2607
<i>Charles Kickham</i> <i>and 'The Irish</i> <i>People'</i> . . . . .	7	2798
<i>The Irishman's</i> <i>Farwell</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS . . . . .	8	3287
'Fenian Nights' Enter- tainments, The . . . . . MCCALL . . . . .	6	2117
'Fenians and Fenianism, Recollections of' . . . . . O'LEARY . . . . .	7	2798
Feral, The Lake of . . . . .	6	2276
Fera-Ros, The King of . . . . .	7	2708
Ferghal, King . . . . .	7	2709
Fergus, Son of a Noble Sire . . . . .	2	804
Son of Flaithrí . . . . .	4	1624
The wars of . . . . .	5	1705
FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL (portrait) . . . . .	3	1168
(reference) . . . . .	6	2219
M. F. Egan on . . . . .	5	xiv
Sir H. Plunkett on . . . . .	8	2911
W. B. Yeats on . . . . .	3	x
<i>Ferguson's Speech on</i> <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . FERGUSON . . . . .	3	1170
Fermoy, an adventure at . . . . .	7	2730
<i>The Book of</i> . . . . .	5	1724
<i>Fern, The Mountain</i> . . . . . GEOGHEGHAN . . . . .	4	1255
Ferocity in Irish hu- mor . . . . .	6	xi
'Festology of Aengus', of 'Cathal Ma- guire, The' . . . . .	7	2673
<i>guire, The</i> . . . . .	7	2674
Fendal tenure, The . . . . .	7	2862
Feuquères, Marquise de . . . . .	2	677
Fews Mountains in Ar- magh, The . . . . .	2	639
Flacha, Mac Hugh (O'Byrne) . . . . .	2	636
Son of Conga . . . . .	4	1453
Flanna, The . . . . . 4 1447, 1524; 6 2231; 7 2755		
<i>After the</i> . . . . . From		
Oisín . . . . . SIGERSON . . . . .	8	3139

	VOL.	PAGE
<b>Fiction.</b> All works of fiction, short stories, etc., are in- dexed under their titles and the authors' names.		
<i>The Preternatural</i> in . . . . . BURTON . . . . .	2	404
'Fictions of the Irish Celts, Legendary' . . . . . KENNEDY . . . . .	5	1796
1799, 1801, 1803		
Fielding, The humor of . . . . .	3	873
<i>Fifteenth Century,</i> <i>Books of Courtesy in</i> <i>the</i> . . . . . GREEN . . . . .	4	1417
<i>Figaro, The Novel in</i> <i>the</i> . . . . . O'MEARA . . . . .	7	2805
<i>Fight of the "Arm-     strong" Privateer</i> . . . . . ROCHE . . . . .	8	2961
<i>Fighting Race, The</i> . . . . . CLARKE . . . . .	2	598
Files (filas) in Ancient Ireland . . . . .	2	xviii
Fin. See Finn.		
<i>Fineen the Rover</i> . . . . . JOYCE . . . . .	5	1743
Flnegas, the poet of the Boinn . . . . .	4	1449
Fingal, Lord, O'Connell on . . . . .	7	2635, 2640
Finley, Michael. See note to Phaidrig Cro- hoore.		
<i>Finn, The Coming of</i> . . . . . GREGORY . . . . .	4	1447
or Fionn, mac Cumhail or Mac- Cool, Glory of . . . . .	4	1524
and his people . . . . .	2	630
and the Fena . . . . . 5 1715; 7 2753		
and the Princess . . . . . MCCALL . . . . .	6	2117
Banner of . . . . .	2	594
Cleat of . . . . .	5	2052
Horn of . . . . .	2	591
Influence of the le- gends of . . . . .	8	2990
Keen of . . . . .	9	3642
in the third Cycle . . . . .	2	xii
Mac Gorman, Bishop of Kil- dare . . . . .	4	1600
or Ossianic cycle . . . . .	2	629
Finnachta and the Cler- ics . . . . . O'DONOVAN . . . . .	7	2706
<i>Became Rich, How</i> . . . . . O'DONOVAN . . . . .	7	2708
Finnerty, P., Grattan's speech on . . . . .	7	xxiii
Fintan Street . . . . .	3	930
Fionn Ghall (Normans or English) . . . . .	2	635
Fionn's monument on Nephin . . . . .	6	2231
<i>Fionnuala</i> . . . . . MILLIGAN . . . . .	6	2437
<i>From</i> . . . . . ARMSTRONG . . . . .	1	25
<i>The Song of</i> . . . . . MOORE . . . . .	7	2534
Firbolgs, The . . . . . 7 2752; 9 x, 3482		
Buildings of the . . . . .	8	2382
<i>Fire-Eaters, The</i> . . . . . BARRINGTON . . . . .	1	141
Fires, Druidical . . . . .	7	2667
'Fireside Stories of Ire- land, The' . . . . . KENNEDY . . . . .	5	1789
1793		
'Firing of Rome, The'. CROLY . . . . .	2	739
<i>First Boycott, The</i> . . . . . O'BRIEN . . . . .	7	2611
Irish newspaper . . . . .	4	1253
<i>Lord Liftinant,</i> <i>The</i> . . . . . TRENCH . . . . .	4	1233
printed book in Gaelic, Facsimile of . . . . .	7	2741
<i>Sight of the Rocky</i> <i>Mountains</i> . . . . . BUTLER . . . . .	2	415



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>First Step towards Home</i>			Foley's, J. H., O'Connell		
— <i>Rule, The</i> . . . . . REDMOND ..	8	2926	monument (half-		
— <i>Steps, The</i> . . . . . BLAKE ..	1	190	tone engraving) . . . . .	7	2645
— <i>Voyage, The</i> . . . . . MOLLOY ..	6	2459	— Statue of Burke..		
Fisher Folk life . . . . .	1	103, 114; 2	(half-tone en-		
	4	1266, 1512; 5	graving) . . . . .	1	397
— <i>The Young</i> . . . . . GWYNN ..	4	1516	— Statue of Grattan.		
Fisheries Bill, The Irish . . . . .	6	2176	(half-tone en-		
Fishing-curragh (half-			graving) . . . . .	4	1384
tone engraving) . . . . .	9	3458	<i>Folk and Fairy Tales,</i>		
Fitzgerald, Amby . . . . .	1	145	Irish . . . . . WELSH ..	3	xvii
— Fireeater; Duel			<i>Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.</i>		
with Lord Nor-			— <i>The Ban-Shee</i> . . . . . ALLINGHAM. 1		17
bury . . . . .	1	143	— <i>The Fairies</i> . . . . . ALLINGHAM. 1		18
— Lord Edward and			— <i>The Leprecaun, or</i>		
'98 . . . . .	4	1531; 9	<i>Fairy Shoemaker</i> . ALLINGHAM. 1		20
— Sir Boyle Roche			— <i>Flitting of the</i>		
on . . . . .	1	137	<i>Fairies</i> . . . . . BARLOW ..	1	116
— Curran's speech			— <i>From Fionnuala</i> . ARMSTRONG. 1		125
for . . . . .	7	xxiii	— <i>To the Leanan</i>		
— MAURICE (biograp-			<i>Sidhe</i> . . . . . BOYD ..	1	258
phy) . . . . .	10	4011	— <i>Ned Geraghty's</i>		
— Translation from			<i>Luck</i> . . . . . BROUGHAM. 1		301
the Irish of. . . . .	1	280	— <i>The Story of Childe</i>		
— PERCY HETHERING-			<i>Charity</i> . . . . . BROWNE ..	1	314
TON . . . . .	3	1190	— <i>The Fairy Fiddler</i> . CHESSON ..	2	592
FITZPATRICK, WILLIAM			— <i>The Faery Fool</i> . CHESSON ..	2	593
JOHN. . . . .	3	1190	— <i>The Hospitality of</i>		
FITZSIMON, MRS. ELLEN.	3	1206	<i>Cuanna's House</i> . CONNELLAN. 2		629
Fitzwilliam (Lord),			— <i>The Confessions of</i>		
Character of . . . . .	6	2164	<i>Tom Bourke</i> . . . . . CROKER ..	2	681
— recalled . . . . .	8	2930	— <i>The Soul Cages</i> . . CROKER ..	2	695
Five Ends of Erin, The . . . . .	2	442	— <i>The Haunted Cel-</i>		
Fixity of tenure, Isaac			<i>lar</i> . . . . . CROKER ..	2	707
Butt on . . . . .	2	425	— <i>Teigue of the Lee</i> . CROKER ..	2	714
— J. H. McCarthy on . . . . .	6	2179	— <i>Fairies or No Fair-</i>		
Flanders, Irish soldiers			<i>ies</i> . . . . . CROKER ..	2	720
in the battle of			— <i>Flory Cantillon's</i>		
Fontenoy . . . . .	3	823, 842	<i>Funeral</i> . . . . . CROKER ..	2	724
— Sarsfield at . . . . .	7	2816	— <i>The Banshee of the</i>		
— The battle of . . . . .	7	2830	<i>MacCarthys</i> . . . . . CROKER ..	2	727
FLAVELL, THOMAS (bi-			— <i>The Brewery of</i>		
ography) . . . . .	10	4011	<i>Egg-Shells</i> . . . . . CROKER ..	2	731
— <i>The County of</i>			— <i>The Story of the</i>		
<i>Mayo</i> by . . . . .	3	1224	<i>Little Bird</i> . . . . . CROKER ..	2	734
FLECKNOE, RICHARD. . . . .	3	1208	— <i>The Lord of Dun-</i>		
Fleming, Colonel, slain			<i>kerron</i> . . . . . CROKER ..	2	736
at Drogheda . . . . .	7	2568	— <i>Little Woman in</i>		
'Flitters, Tatters, and			<i>Red, A</i> . . . . . DEENY ..	3	846
the Counselor' . . . . . HARTLEY ..	4	1568	— <i>Strange Indeed!</i> . . DEENY ..	3	847
<i>Flitting of the Fairies,</i>			— <i>Will O' The Wisp</i> . ANONYMOUS. 3		1136
<i>The</i> . . . . . BARLOW ..	1	116	— <i>Loughleagh</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS. 3		1142
Flood, Sir Frederick. . . . .	1	130	— <i>Donald, and his</i>		
HENRY . . . . .	3	1210	<i>Neighbors</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS. 3		1147
— the first real Irish			— <i>Queen's County</i>		
orator . . . . .	7	x	<i>Witch</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS. 3		1150
— and Grattan . . . . .	3	1210; 4	— <i>Rent-Day</i> . . . . . ANONYMOUS. 3		1160
— and the Monks of			— <i>The Only Son of</i>		
the Screw . . . . .	2	797	<i>Aoife</i> . . . . . GREGORY ..	4	1426
— Grattan on . . . . .	7	2421	— <i>Conversion of King</i>		
— Opposed to Ameri-			<i>Laoghaire's</i>		
can Liberty . . . . .	4	1402	<i>Daughters</i> . . . . .	3	1162
— <i>Philippic against</i> . GRATTAN ..	4	1400	— <i>Death of Cuchul-</i>		
<i>tain's Inveective</i> . . . . . FLOOD ..	3	1212	<i>tain</i> . . . . . GREGORY ..	4	1431
Florida Gardens . . . . .	1	165	— <i>Cael and Credhc</i> . GREGORY ..	4	1445
<i>Flory Cantillon's Fu-</i>			— <i>The Coming of</i>		
<i>neral</i> . . . . . CROKER ..	2	724	<i>Finn</i> . . . . . GREGORY ..	4	1447
Flotow, Irish influence			— <i>Mountain Theol-</i>		
on . . . . .	3	vii	<i>ogy</i> . . . . . GREGORY ..	4	1455
Flower of the young			— <i>Hard-Gum, Strong-</i>		
and fair . . . . . FURLONG ..	3	1252	<i>Ham, Swift</i>		
<i>Flowers I Would Bring</i> . DE VERE ..	3	861	<i>Foot, and the</i>		
Flying, Wings invented			<i>Eyeless Lad</i> . . . . . HYDE ..	4	1625
by Pockrich for . . . . .	7	2698	— <i>Neil O'Carree</i> . . . . . HYDE ..	4	1638
			— <i>The Hags of the</i>		
			<i>Long Teeth</i> . . . . . HYDE ..	4	1642



VOL. PAGE			VOL. PAGE		
<b>Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.</b>			<b>Folk Tales</b> ..... 10 3735 et seq.		
— <i>Munachar and Manachar</i> ..... HYDE ..... 4 1647			— Collectors of ..... 3 xxii		
— <i>Oisín in Tirnánoge</i> ..... JOYCE ..... 5 1714			— Elements of the ..... 8 2972		
— <i>The Voyage of the Sons of O'Corra</i> ..... JOYCE ..... 5 1724			— Irish ..... LARMINIE ..... 5 1866		
— <i>Connla of the Golden Hair</i> ..... JOYCE ..... 5 1731			— Nature in ..... 9 3658		
— <i>The Exploits of Curoi</i> ..... JOYCE ..... 5 1749			— of Ireland, <i>Fairy and</i> ..... ANONYMOUS. 3 1136		
— <i>The Lazy Beauty and her Aunts</i> ..... KENNEDY .. 5 1789			— Fomor of the Blows ..... 5 1717		
— <i>The Haughty Princess</i> ..... KENNEDY ..... 5 1793			— Fomorlan Pirates, The ..... 5 1746		
— <i>The Kildare Pooka</i> ..... KENNEDY .. 5 1796			— Fomorians, The ..... 9 vii		
— <i>The Witches' Ex-cursion</i> ..... KENNEDY .. 5 1799			— Fontenoy ..... DAVIS ..... 3 823		
— <i>The Enchantment of Gearoidh Iarla</i> ..... KENNEDY .. 5 1801			— The Brigade at ..... DOWLING .. 3 878		
— <i>The Long Spoon</i> ..... KENNEDY ..... 5 1803			— Battle of (half-tone engraving) ..... 3 880		
— <i>The Red Pony</i> ..... LARMINIE ..... 5 1866			— (reference) ..... 2 599		
— <i>The Nameless Story</i> ..... LARMINIE .. 5 1871			— Father Anthony's father slain at ..... 9 3445		
— <i>The Changeling</i> ..... LAWLESS ..... 5 1877			<i>Food, Dress and Daily Life in Ancient Ireland</i> ..... JOYCE ..... 5 1735		
— <i>The Golden Spears</i> ..... LEAMY .... 5 1899			— 'Fool and his Heart, The' ..... CONNELL ..... 2 616		
— <i>King O'Toole and Saint Kevin</i> ..... LOVER .... 5 2046			— Footing, Paying the ..... 4 1482		
— <i>Mac Cumhail and the Princess</i> ..... MCCALL ... 6 2117			— Foot-warmer, The ..... 6 2233		
— <i>Jamie Freel and the Young Lady</i> ..... MACLINTOCK 6 2242			— For, now returned from golden lands ..... GREENE ..... 4 1424		
— <i>Far Darrig in Don-egal</i> ..... MACLINTOCK 6 2248			— <i>For thee I shall not die</i> ..... HYDE .... 4 1656		
— <i>Grace Connor</i> ..... MACLINTOCK 6 2251			— Forbuidé ..... 4 1430		
— <i>Daniel O'Rourke</i> ..... MAGINN .... 6 2313			— Foreclosure of mortgage ..... 8 3230		
— <i>Fionnuala</i> ..... MILLIGAN .. 6 2437			— Foreign languages in Greece ..... 6 2332		
— <i>Account of King Eochaidh Airemh</i> ..... O'CURRY ... 7 2667			— 'Service, Eminent Irishmen in' ..... ONAHAN .. 7 2814		
— <i>Finnachta and the Clerics</i> ..... O'DONOVAN. 7 2706			— <i>Fore-Song to 'Malmorda'</i> ..... CLARKE .... 2 596		
— <i>How Finnachta Became Rich</i> ..... O'DONOVAN. 7 2708			— <i>Forests of Erin, The Buried</i> ..... MILLIGAN .. 6 2437		
— <i>The Battle of Almhain</i> ..... O'DONOVAN. 7 2709			— <i>Foreword</i> ..... WELSH .... 1 xvii		
— <i>Queen Maeve and her Hosts</i> ..... O'GRADY ... 7 2746			— <i>Forging of the Anchor, The</i> ..... FERGUSON . 3 1174		
— <i>The Burthen of Ossian</i> ..... O'GRADY ... 7 2752			— FORRESTER, MRS. ELLEN ..... 3 1222		
— <i>The Knighting of Cuculain</i> ..... O'GRADY ... 7 2756			— <i>Forsaken</i> ..... TODHUNTER. 9 3406		
— <i>Tara</i> ..... O'GRADY ..... 7 2762			— <i>Ports, Circular Stone</i> ..... 8 2882		
— <i>Cacille's Lament</i> ..... O'GRADY ... 7 2766			— <i>Crosses, and Round Towers of Ireland</i> ..... WAKEMAN and COOKE. 9 3482		
— <i>The Lament of Maev Leith</i> ..... ROLLESTON. 8 2975			— 'Forty-eight' ..... 7 2872		
— <i>Dhery</i> ..... WILDE ..... 9 3557			— <i>Forus Feasa, The</i> ..... 10 3959		
— <i>The Demon Cat</i> ..... 9 3557			— <i>Fosbery's, El. portrait of Charles Welsh</i> ..... 9 viii		
— <i>The Horned Women</i> ..... WILDE ..... 9 3558			— <i>Fosterage explained</i> ..... 1 35; 5 1739		
— <i>The Priest's Soul</i> ..... WILDE ..... 9 3561			— <i>Found Out</i> ..... BLESSINGTON ..... 1 200		
— <i>Seanchán the Bard and the King of the Cats</i> ..... WILDE ..... 9 3566			— <i>Founding of The Nation</i> ..... 3 950		
— <i>The Black Lamb</i> ..... WILDE ..... 9 3569			— <i>Fouquier-Tinville, Trial of</i> ..... 2 677		
— <i>The Selfish Giant</i> ..... WILDE ..... 9 3584			— <i>Fountain of Tears, The</i> ..... O'SHAUGHNESSY ... 7 2845		
— <i>The Devil</i> ..... YEATS ..... 9 3673			— <i>Four Courts, Dublin, The</i> ..... 8 3065		
— <i>Enchanted Woods</i> ..... YEATS ..... 9 3679			— 'ducks on a pond' ..... ALLINGHAM. 1 15		
— <i>Village Ghosts</i> ..... YEATS ..... 9 3673			— <i>Masters, Annals of the (see also M. O'Clery)</i> ..... 632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2377; 7 2663, 2674, 2705; 10 4018		
— <i>Miraculous Creatures</i> ..... YEATS ..... 9 3678			— 'things did Finn dislike' (Irish Rann) ..... HYDE ..... 10 3839		
— <i>The Old Age of Queen Maeve</i> ..... YEATS ..... 9 3697			— <i>Fox, GEORGE</i> ..... 4 1224		
— <i>A Fairy Song</i> ..... YEATS ..... 9 3704			— <i>Burke on</i> ..... 1 397		
— <i>The Hosting of the Sidhe</i> ..... YEATS ..... 9 3707					
Folk Songs ..... 10 3713 et seq.					





	VOL.	PAGE
<b>Gaelic Writers.</b>		
— <i>Twisting of the Rope, The</i> ..... HYDE, DOUGLAS ..... 10 3989		
— <i>Biography</i> ..... KEATING, GEOFFREY. 10 4012		
— <i>Vision of Viands, The</i> ..... MAC CON-GLINNE, ANAIR ..... 8 3134		
— <i>Fair Hills of Eiré, O</i> MAC CON-MARA, DONOGH ..... 6 2378		
— <i>'Tis not War we Want to Wage</i> .. MAC DAIRE, TEIGE ..... 4 1657		
— <i>Claragh's Lament.</i> MAC DON-NELL, JOHN ..... 2 803		
— <i>Biography</i> ..... MAC FORBES, DONALD ..... 10 4014		
— <i>Kinkora</i> ..... MAC-LIAG ..... 6 2377		
— <i>Deus Meus</i> ..... MAELISU ..... 8 3140		
— <i>Lament of the Mangaire Sugach</i> MAGRATH, ANDREW ..... 9 3508		
— <i>Ode on leaving Ire-land</i> ..... NUGENT, GERALD ..... 3 930		
— <i>Bridget Cruise</i> ... O'CAROLAN, TURLOUGH ..... 4 1244		
— <i>Gentle Brideen</i> ... O'CAROLAN ..... 8 3143		
— <i>Grace Nugent</i> ... O'CAROLAN ..... 3 1186		
— <i>Mary Maguire</i> ... O'CAROLAN ..... 4 1246		
— <i>Mild Mabel Kelly</i> ... O'CAROLAN ..... 3 1186		
— <i>O'More's Fair Daughter</i> ..... O'CAROLAN ..... 4 1252		
— <i>Peggy Browne</i> ..... O'CAROLAN ..... 4 1252		
— <i>Why, Liquor of Life?</i> ..... O'CAROLAN ..... 2 805		
— <i>Biography</i> ..... O'CLEER, MICHAEL ..... 10 4018		
— <i>Love's Despair</i> ... O'CURNAN, DIARMAD ..... 8 3137		
— <i>East, West, Home's Best</i> ..... O'FARRELLY, A. .... 10 3967		
— <i>Thankfulness of Dermot, The</i> ... O'LEARY, PATRICK ..... 10 3953		
— <i>Seadna's Three Wishes</i> ..... O'LEARY, FATHER PETER ..... 10 3941		
— <i>Lament, A</i> ..... O'NEACHTAN, JOHN ..... 2 768		
— <i>Maggy Ladir</i> ... O'NEACHTAN, JOHN ..... 4 1249		
— <i>Shane the Proud.</i> O'SHEA, P. J. .... 10 3843		
— <i>After the Fianna.</i> OISIN ..... 8 3139		
— <i>In Tirnanoge</i> ..... OISIN ..... 5 1714		
— <i>Things Delightful.</i> OISIN ..... 8 3144		
— <i>How long has it been said</i> ..... RAFFERTY ..... 10 3923		
— <i>The Cuis da plé.</i> RAFFERTY ..... 10 3917		
— <i>Poem on Mary Hynes</i> ..... RAFFERTY ..... 9 3668		
— <i>Jesukin</i> ..... ST. ITA ..... 8 3141		
— <i>Hymn Called Saint Patrick's Breast-plate, The</i> ..... ST. PATRICK ..... 8 3244		
— <i>Lament</i> ..... WARD, OWEN ..... 6 2352		
— <i>Dawning of the Day, The</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 9 3507		
— <i>Description of the Sea</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 7 2664		
— <i>Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 2 445		

	VOL.	PAGE
<b>Gaelic Writers.</b>		
— <i>Extract from the Life of Brigit</i> ... ANONYMOUS ..... 8 3246		
— <i>Fair Hills of Ire-land, The</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 3 1185		
— <i>Have You Been at Carrick?</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 9 3506		
— <i>Hospitality of Cuan-na's House</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 2 629		
— <i>I Shall Not Die for Thee</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 4 1656		
— <i>King Ailill's Death</i> ANONYMOUS ..... 8 3261		
— <i>Lament of Maev</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 8 2975		
— <i>Leith-Dherg</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 2 443		
— <i>Lament of O'Gnive, The</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 4 1655		
— <i>Little Child, I Call Thee</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 6 2371		
— <i>Love Ballad</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 8 3262		
— <i>Man O'Capitartie</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 7 2676		
— <i>Murmurs of Love</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 4 1656		
— <i>O Were You on the Mountain?</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 1 141		
— <i>Outlaw of Loch Lene, The</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 3 1184		
— <i>Pasthen Fion</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 7 2886		
— <i>Pearl of the White Breast</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 4 1247		
— <i>Roisin Dubh</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 4 1413		
— <i>She is my Love</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 4 1413		
— <i>Since We Should Part</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 2 442		
— <i>White Cockade, The</i> ..... ANONYMOUS ..... 6 2370		
— <i>Galang, The hero of</i> ..... 9 3549		
— <i>Galatians, The</i> ..... 9 3549		
— <i>Gallo-Greclians</i> ..... 6 2675		
— <i>Galtees, The</i> ..... 5 1938		
— <i>Galtimore</i> ..... 6 2412		
— <i>Galway, A Letter from.</i> MAXWELL ..... 7 2916		
— <i>advantages of, for trading</i> ..... 2 575		
— <i>Bay</i> ..... 1 145		
— <i>Duelling in</i> ..... 1 31		
— <i>Monastery in</i> ..... 8 2913		
— <i>The Clearing of.</i> PRENDERGAST ..... 5 1975		
— <i>The Man for</i> ..... LEVER ..... 3 xix		
— <i>Ganconagh described.</i> ..... KERNAHAN ..... 5 1809		
— <i>Garden of God, The</i> ..... 6 2113		
— <i>Garmoyle</i> ..... 6 2108		
— <i>Garnavilla, Kate of</i> ..... LYSAGHT ..... 6 2300		
— <i>Garnett, Sir R., on W. Maginn</i> ..... 6 2300		
— <i>Garrick, David. See A Goodly Company.</i>		
— <i>as Hamlet in Dub-lin</i> ..... 5 1919		
— <i>Epitaph on Sterne</i> ..... 8 3211		
— <i>Goldsmith on</i> ..... 4 1346		
— <i>on Goldsmith</i> ..... 4 1380		
— <i>Stevens' retort on</i> ..... 8 3227		
— <i>Garristown. (See also Gavra)</i> ..... 5 1714		
— <i>Garrovagh, Scenery around</i> ..... 1 353		
— <i>Garry, King of Leinster</i> ..... 6 2118		
— <i>Garryowen</i> ..... STREET BAL-LAD ..... 8 3283		
— <i>Gates of Dreamland.</i> ..... RUSSELL ..... 8 2997		
— <i>Gauger, Condy Cullen and the</i> ..... CARLETON ..... 2 541		
— <i>Gauntlet, O'Keefe fol-lowing his servant through a</i> ..... 7 2776		
— <i>Gavra, ancient name of</i> ..... 5 1714		
— <i>Garristown</i> ..... 4 1695		
— <i>Gay, Letter by</i> ..... 4 1695		



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Gay Spanker, Lady</i> ... BOUICICAULT	1	252	<i>Glance, A, at Ireland's</i>		
<i>Geardoidh Iarla, En-</i>			<i>History</i> ... WELSH	9	vii
<i>chantment of</i> ... KENNEDY	5	1801	Glastonbury Thorn, The ...	9	3366
<i>Genealogy of Jesus</i>	2	ix	Gleeman and Actor, The ...	9	3681
<i>Genevieve, The Story of</i> JAMESON	5	1679	— <i>The Last</i> ... YEATS	9	3683
<i>Geniality of the Irish</i>	8	vii	Gleeman's funeral, The ...	9	3681
<i>Genius of English is un-</i>			<i>Glen Dun, The Song of</i> SKRINE	8	3156
<i>Irish</i> ...	9	3421	<i>Glennan, A Song of</i> ... SKRINE	8	3157
— <i>the national</i> ...	8	2990	<i>Glenarm</i> ...	7	2551
— <i>True</i> ...	9	3377	<i>Glenasmole</i> ...	5	1722
<i>Genoa, Byron and the</i>			<i>Glendalough</i> ...	5	2118
<i>Blessingtons at</i> ... MADDEN	6	2286	— (color plate) ...	5	Front
<i>Gentle Brideen. From</i>			— <i>A Legend of</i> ... LOVER	5	2046
<i>the Irish</i> ... SIGERSON	8	3143	Glengall ...	5	1937
<i>Gentleman, A</i> ... BROOKE	1	285	Glengariff. See <i>Daniel</i>		
<i>Gentleman in Black,</i>			<i>O'Rourke.</i>		
<i>The</i> ... GOLDSMITH	4	1317	<i>Glenmalure</i> ...	2	636; 4
— <i>What is a</i> ... O'DONOGHUE	7	2703	<i>Glen-na-Smoel</i> ... FURLONG	4	1241
— <i>of the Kingdom</i>			<i>Glenveigh</i> ...	6	2259
<i>of Ireland, A</i> ... KEIGHTLEY	5	1774	<i>Glimpse of his Country</i>		
<i>Gently! — gently! —</i>			<i>House near Newport,</i>		
<i>down!</i> ... DARLEY	2	809	<i>A</i> ... BERKELEY	1	175
<i>Gentry and their Re-</i>			<i>Glin, The Knight of</i> ...	4	1590
<i>tainers, Irish</i> ... BARRINGTON	1	138	<i>Glink</i> ...	1	146
GEOGHEGAN, ARTHUR			<i>Glory of Ireland, The</i> ... MEAGHER	6	2420
GERALD ...	4	1254	<i>Glossary</i> ...	10	4031
George II, on the Irish			<i>Gloucester, Duchess of</i> ...	1	166
<i>soldiers of Louis</i>			— <i>Lodge</i> ... BELL	1	165
— <i>III. on Catholic</i>			<i>Gluck and Pockrich's</i>		
<i>emancipation</i> ...	6	2163	<i>musical glasses</i> ...	7	2692
— <i>Geith of Fen</i>			<i>Glyn-Nephin, old songs</i>		
<i>Court</i> ... RIDDELL	8	2949	<i>and traditions in</i> ...	6	2230
Geraldines, The ...	6	2417; 8	<i>"Glynnes" or valleys</i> ...	6	2275
— <i>Spoke Gaelic</i> ...	7	2670	<i>Go not to the hills of</i>		
<i>Gesticulation, Italian</i> ... WISEMAN	9	3627	<i>Erin</i> ... SHORTER	7	3127
<i>Ghosts</i> ...	9	3681	<i>'Go where glory waits</i>		
— <i>Village</i> ... YEATS	9	3673	<i>thee'</i> ... MOORE	7	2339, 2530
<i>Giant, The Selfish</i> ... WILDE	9	3584	<i>Gobbin cliffs</i> ...	3	955
<i>Giant's Causeway, The</i> ...	6	2278	<i>God bless the gray</i>		
Gifford, Countess of. See <i>LADY DUFFERIN</i>			<i>mountains</i> ... DUFFY	3	961
Gifford, Earl of ...	3	932	<i>God save Ireland</i> ... SULLIVAN	9	3339
GILBERT, LADY (ROSA			— (reference) ...	8	3270
MULHOLLAND)			— <i>send us peace</i> ... O'REILLY	7	2831
— <i>portrait</i> ...	4	1265	<i>GODKIN, E. L.</i>	5	1290
— <i>M. F. Egan on</i> ...	5	xv	— <i>on imagination</i> ...	4	1597
— <i>SIR JOHN T.</i> ...	4	1257	<i>'Gods and Fighting</i>		
<i>'Gile Machree'</i> ... GRIFFIN	4	1507	<i>Men'</i> ... GREGORY	4	1445
GILES, HENRY ...	4	1280	— ...		1447
Gillana-naomh O'Huid-			<i>Goethe, W. K. Magee on</i> ...	6	2296
<i>rin</i> ...	7	2706	<i>Goibniu</i> ...	4	1449
<i>Gilray the caricaturist</i> ...	1	168	<i>'Goldelica'</i> ... STOKES	8	3244
<i>Girl I Love, The</i> ... CALLANAN	2	440	<i>Going to Mass by the</i>		
<i>of Dumbury, The</i> ... DAVIS	3	829	<i>Well of God</i> ...	9	3668
— <i>of the red-mouth</i> MACDERMOTT	6	2191	<i>Gold found in Ulster</i> ...	6	2280
Gladstone and Home			<i>Gold, To</i> ... WILDE	9	3596
<i>Rule</i> ...	9	xi	<i>'Golden Sorrow, A'</i> ... HOEY	4	1578
— <i>and Land Pur-</i>			— <i>Spears, The</i> ... LEAMY	5	1899
<i>chase</i> ...	9	xi	<i>Gold-mining in Montana</i> ...	3	966
— <i>and the National</i>			<i>GOLDSMITH, OLIVER</i>		
<i>League</i> ...	6	2164	— (portrait) ...	4	1298
— <i>and the Great</i>			— <i>D. J. O'Donoghue</i>		
<i>Home Rule De-</i>			— <i>on</i> ...	6	xlv
<i>bate</i> ... O'CONNOR	7	2656	— <i>on the musical</i>		
— <i>on O'Connell</i> ...	7	2624	<i>glasses</i> ...	7	2690
— <i>on Shell</i> ...	7	xxviii	— <i>W. B. Yeats on the</i>		
— <i>on Shell's oratory</i> ...	8	3055	<i>poetry of</i> ...	3	vii
Gladstone's first resolu-			— (See <i>A Goodly</i>		
<i>tions</i> ...	6	2157, 2160	<i>Company</i> ) ...		
— <i>Home Rule Bill,</i>			<i>Goll</i> ...	4	1451, 1609
<i>Redmond on</i> ...	8	2929	<i>Gollam (Milesius), an-</i>		
— <i>personality</i> ...	7	2656	<i>cestor of the O's and</i>		
— <i>policy for Ireland</i> ...	6	2153	<i>the Mac's</i> ...	2	444
— <i>triumph in 1868</i> ...	6	2160	<i>Gomarians, The</i> ...	9	3549
			<i>Gombeem Man, The</i> ... STOKER	8	3228
			<i>Gomerus-Gallus</i> ...	9	3549
			<i>Gonconer, The, described</i> ...	3	xix

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Gone in the Wind</i> .....	MANGAN	6 2359	Grattan and Catholic		
<i>'Gone to Death'</i> .....	BROOKE	1 288	emancipation .....	6	2164
Gonne, Miss Maud, as			— and Curran con-		
an actress .....	10	xxi	trasted .....	7	xxii
<i>'Good and Evil, Ideas</i>			— and Flood .....	3	1210; 4
of' .....	YEATS.	9 3654, 3661	— and Pitt .....	7	xv
<i>Good Luck to the Fri-</i>			— as a Monk of the		
ars of Old .....	LEVER	5 1958	Screw .....	2	797
— men and true! in			— Duel with Chancel-		
this house who			lor Corry .....	1	142
dwell .....	MCBURNEY..	6 2115	— <i>Inceptive, Flood's</i>		
— people all, with			<i>Reply to</i> .....	3	1212
one accord .....	GOLDSMITH..	4 1382	— Lord Brougham on		
— <i>Ship Castle Down,</i>			Opposition of, to	6	2421
<i>The</i> .....	MCBURNEY..	6 2113	the Act of Union.....	6	2170
<i>Goodly Company, A</i> .....	MOORE	7 2468	— Oratorical methods		
Gore House .....		1 193	of .....	7	xi, xiii
Gorey .....		6 2115	— Oratory of .....	7	x, xi
Gort, County Galway ..		4 1455	— described .....	7	xx
Gortaveha .....		4 1455	— statute of (half-		
Gosse, E., on Parnell's			tone engraving).....	4	1384
poems .....		7 2874	— tribute of, to Dr.		
— on Sir John Den-			Kilrwan .....	7	xvii
ham .....		3 849	— See <i>The Irish</i>		
— on Thomas Moore ..		7 2508	<i>Chieftains.</i>		
Göttingen, University of		4 466	<i>Grave, the Grave, The</i> .MANGAN ...	6	2380
<i>Gougane Barra</i> (half-			GRAVES, ALFRED PERCE-		
tone engraving) .....	CALLANAN..	2 439	VAL .....	4	1409
Goulbourn, Mr. ....		7 2652	— on Sir Samuel Fer-		
Gounod on Mrs. Alex-			guson's poetry .....	3	1169
ander .....		1 1	— on J. S. Le Fanu ..	5	1927
<b>Government.</b> See Pol-			— Dr. ....	9	3521
itics.			— Early Christian, in		
— by consent .....		9 3362	Ireland .....	9	3484
— newspaper, A .....		7 2639	Gray, John, and Repeal ..	9	x
— of Ireland under			— in prison .....	3	811; 4
Henry II. ....		7 2741	— <i>Fog, The</i> .....	2	591
— the Tudors .....		7 2741	— gray is Abbey Asa-		
— Principles of' ..	O'BRIEN	7 2620	roe .....	ALLINGHAM.	1 13
" G. P. O." and W. M.			— the poet, on music-		
Thackeray .....		8 xvi	al glasses .....	7	2691
<i>Grace Connor</i> .....	MACLINTOCK.	6 2251	Gray's portrait of W.		
— <i>Nugent.</i> From the			Carleton .....	2	469
Irish .....	FERGUSON..	3 1186	<i>Grally, and Mullen,</i>		
— of the Heroes. See			<i>Sorrowful Lamenta-</i>		
Grace O'Mealley.			<i>tion of Callaghan.</i>	STREET BAL-	
— O'Mealley .....		7 2856	LAD .....	9	3316
<i>Gracie Og Machree</i> ..	CASEY	2 573	<i>Great Breath, The</i> .....	8	3004
<i>Grady, Harry Deane</i> ..	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2728	— <i>Cry and Little</i>		
— duels with Coun-			<i>Wool</i> .....	7	2653
sellors O'Mahon			— <i>Diamond is Ob-</i>		
and Campbell .....		1 143	tained and Used.	O'BRIEN	7 2594
<i>Grafton, To the Duke of</i>	FRANCIS	3 1228	— Divide, The' .....	DUNRAVEN	3 963
<i>'Gra-gal-machree'</i> ..		8 3270	— Irish Struggle,		
Graham's, P. P. por-			The' .....	O'CONNOR	7 2656
trait of G. Griffin ..		4 1464	— Lone Land, The'.	BUTLER	2 415
<i>'Grammont, Memoirs of</i>			— <i>Risk, A</i> .....	HOEY	4 1578
the Count de'.HAMILTON ..	4	1542	Greece, Age of begin-		
— Sir W. Scott on ..	4	1542	ning education in		
Grana O'Maille of the			ancient .....	6	2334
Uisles .....		7 2859	— <i>Childhood in An-</i>		
— Uaile and Queen			cient .....	MAHAFFY	6 2328
Elizabeth .....		7 2858	<i>'Greek Education'</i> .....	6	2328
— <i>The Story of</i> .....	OTWAY	7 2856	— families small ..	6	2332
Granna Wail and Queen			— origin of Irish		
Elizabeth .....		10 4013	people, The .....	1	viii
Grand Jury Reform Bill,			— and Irish com-		
The .....		6 2176	pared .....	4	1285
— <i>Match, The</i> .....	SKERINE	8 3153	Green, in the wizard		
— Sarah .....	See MACFALL.		arms .....	TODHUNTER.	9 3409
Granee .....		6 2223	— <i>Little Shamrock of</i>		
<i>'Granla'</i> .....	LAWLESS	5 1877	Ireland, The' ..	CHERRY	2 587
GRATTAN, HENRY .....		4 1384	— J. R. on Steele ..	8	3196
— a master in ora-			— Mrs. J. R. ....	4	1417
tory .....		6 xxviii	Greencastle .....	6	2113



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
GREENE, GEORGE AR-			Half a league, half a		
THUR	4	1433	league	TENNYSON	8 301
— on A. P. Graves'	4	1410	Half-Red Maeve of Lein-		
poetry			ster, The	7	2748
— and the Rhymers'	5	1693	HALL, Mrs. S. C.	4	1538
Club			— describes Lady		
— on Jane Barlow's	1	98	Morgan	7	2542
stories			— M. F. Egan on	5	x
GREGORY, LADY AUGUSTA			— on Maria Edge-		
(portrait)	4	1426	worth	3	99
— cited on 'The Lost	4	1650	— Mr. and Mrs. on		
Saint'	5	vii	wakes and keen-		
— M. F. Egan on	1	xvii	ing	9	364
— on Home Rule			HALPINE, CHARLES GRA-		
— on the drama in	10	xxvi	HAM	4	153
Ireland			— as a humorist	6	xv
— W. B. Yeats on the	3	xiv	HAMILTON, COUNT	4	1542
translations of			— Miss	4	1544
literature	2	xvii	— 'Single Speech'	7	13
— <i>The Curse of the</i>			Sir John Stuart	1	129
<i>Boers</i>	10	3928	Hampden's Fortune,		
— <i>The grief of a</i>			Burke on	1	37
<i>girl's heart</i>	10	3933	HAND, JOHN	7	326
Grey of Macha, Cuchul-			'Handbook of Irish An-		
ain's warhorse	2	xviii	tiquities'	WAKEMAN	
'Greydrake, Geoffrey.'			and COOKE	9	348
See ETTINGSALL.			Handel in Dublin	5	191
Gridiron, The	5	2063	Hand-wall of Ulster	4	161
Grief of a Girl's Heart.	10	3933	Hannah Healy, the		
GRIFFIN, GERALD (por-			Pride of Howth	STREET BAL-	
trait)	4	1464	LAD	8	328
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii	Happiness and Good Na-		
— inherently Irish	1	xi	ture	GOLDSMITH	4 134
— 'The Collegians'			Happy the Wooing		
his masterpiece	1	xi	that's Not Long a Do-		
Grimpat	3	1097	ing	TYNAN-	
Gudrun and Ireland	4	viii	HINKSON	9	343
Guernsey and Ireland			'Happy Prince and		
compared	7	2865	Other Tales, The'	WILDE	9 358
Guesses	O'DONNELL	7 2687	Harcourt, Sir (charac-		
Guiccioli, The Countess			ter in 'London Assur-		
of, and Byron	6	2288	ance')	1	25
Guide to Ignorance, A.	DOWLING	3 881	Harcourt's Ministry,		
Guiney, L. I., on J. C.			Grattan on	4	140
Mangan	6	2352	Hardcastle (character	4	135
Gulliver Among the			in 'She Stoops to		
Giants	9	3354	Conquer')	4	135
— the Pigmies	SWIFT	9 3346	Hard-Gum, Strong-Ham-		
'Gulliver's Travels'	SWIFT	9 3346, 3354	Swift-Foot and the		
Guillotine in France,			Eyeless Lad	HYDE	4 162
The	CROKER	2 676	Hardiman on John Mac-		
Guizot	1	153, 154	Donnell	10	401
Gull Mac Morna	4	1525, 1526	Hardiman's 'Irish Min-		
Gutter Children	4	1568	streisy'	4	1251; 6 223
'Guy Mannerling' Lord			Hardy, Gathorne, on the		
Derby's quotation			Irish Church	6	215
from	6	2159	— 'The Art of		
GWYNN, STEPHEN (por-			Thomas'	JOHNSON	5 169
trait)	4	1512	Hark! a martial sound		
— on the poetry of			is heard	BUGGY	1 558
'A. E.'	8	2987	'Hark! the vesper		
Gymnasium of Elo-			hymn'	MOORE	7 253
quence, A	7	x	Harleian MSS., The		
			(color plate)	8	From
H.			'Harp that once through		
Habeas Corpus Bill, The	4	1395	Tara's halls, The'	MOORE	7 253
Hacketstown	6	2123	Harris, Walter, trans-		
Had I a heart for false-			lator of the Works of		
hood framed	SHERIDAN	8 3118	Sir James Ware	9	3544
Hags of the Long Teeth,			Harrison, Cozey	1	145
The	HYDE	4 1642	'Harry Lorrequer'	LEVER	5 1979
Hall to our Celtic			HARTLEY, MRS. (MAY		
brethren	M'GEE	6 226	LAFFAN)	4	1557
Hal Godfrey	See MISS ECCLES.		— M. F. Egan on	5	vii
			Harvard, Chap-books at	3	xxi
			Harvest Hymn, The		
			Irish Reaper's	KEEGAN	5 1765



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Has summer come with- out the rose .....	O'SHAUGH- NESSY	7 2844	Henrys, Ireland under the .....	10	3845
Hastings (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer') .....		4 1349	<i>Her Majesty the King</i> .....	8	2959
— Warren, <i>Extract from 'The Im- peachment of'</i> .....	BURKE	1 383	— <i>Voice</i> .....	9	3593
— Sheridan's Speech on .....		1 129	Hercules, Pillars of .....	2	747
— Meagher on .....		6 2424	Here is the road .....	6	2273
Hats in Ireland .....		9 3496	— lies Nolly Gold- smith .....	4	1380
<i>Haughty Princess, The</i> .....	KENNEDY	5 1793	— poor Ned Fur- don .....	4	1383
<i>Haunch of Venison, The</i> .....	GOLDSMITH	4 1377	Heredity in the Sheri- dan family .....	8	3068
<i>Haunted Cellar, The</i> .....	CROKER	2 707	Here's first the toast .....	4	1249
'Have you been at Car- rick?' .....	WALSH	9 3507	— to the maiden of bashful fifteen .....	8	3117
— Garnavilla? .....	LYSAGHT	6 2108	Hermann Kelstach, an ancient idol .....	7	2718
Hawkesworth on 'The Arabian Nights' .....		2 405	'Hero, The Death of an Arctic' .....	1	10
Hayes, 'Ballads of Ire- land' .....		5 1788	Herodotus, Keating the Irish .....	10	3065
— THOMAS (biogra- phy) .....		10 4027	Heroes, National leg- endary .....	8	2990
— <i>The Cavern</i> , by .....		10 3977	— The Irish mythical, not represented in art .....	9	3665
— <i>The Echo</i> , by .....		10 3983	Heroic Cycle, The .....	2	xi
Hazlett on George Far- quhar .....		3 1164	— <i>Deception, An</i> .....	4	1512
— on R. B. Sheridan .....		8 3070	Heron on 'The Arabian Nights' .....	2	406
"He dies to-day," said the heartless judge .....	CAMPION	2 463	Herschel, Sir John, on evolution .....	5	1787
He found his work, but far behind .....	LECKY	5 1913	'Herself' .....	1	98
He grasped his ponder- ous hammer .....	JOYCE	5 1741	— <i>and Myself</i> .....	6	2125
He planted an oak .....	LECKY	5 1926	'Hesperia' .....	9	3596
'He said that he was not our brother' .....	BANIM	1 58	<i>Hesperus and Phosphor, The Planet Venus</i> .....	2	601
He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober .....		3 997	Hi Fianna, The .....	6	2232
He that is down is trampled (Irish prov- erb) .....		10 3901	Hibernian Tales, The .....	3	xx
Head-dress, Ancient .....		9 3495	— 'Tales,' a Chap- book (fairy and folk lore) .....	4	1136
Healings by Brigit .....	8	3251, 3255	HIGGINS, MATTHEW JAMES .....	4	1147
Heardst thou over the Fortress .....	ALLINGHAM	1 17	High Church Ritualists and Irish Roman- ists, Disraeli al- leges conspiracy between .....	6	2158
Heartiness of Irish hu- mor .....		6 viii	— Kings of Ireland, The .....	2	xii
<i>Heather, Among the</i> .....	ALLINGHAM	1 16	— upon the gallows tree .....	9	3339
— Field, The .....	MARTYN	6 2385	'Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage, An' .....	6	2346
Hedge-school, The .....	1 34; 4	1283	— <i>Character of Na- poleon, An</i> .....	8	2888
Hedgehogs, Supersti- tions about .....		9 3680	— Essay on the Dress of the An- cient and Mod- ern Irish .....	9	3493
Heine, H., on Ireland .....	8	xxi	— Map of Ireland .....	9	3708
<i>Hélas</i> .....	WILDE	9 3595	— Society, the found- ation of Irish eloquence .....	7	x
Helen .....		9 3660	<b>History.</b>		
'Hell-fire Club,' The .....	5	1916, 1917	— <i>Women in Ireland in Penal Days</i> .....	1	28
Hemans, Mrs., A Keen by .....		9 3646	— <i>Lynch law on Vin- egar Hill</i> .....	1	77
Henley, W. E., on Os- car Wilde .....		9 3571	— <i>A Nation's History</i> .....	1	398
Hennesys, The .....		3 941	— <i>Capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell</i> .....	2	632
Henry II. and the con- quest of Ireland .....	9	viii			
— VII., Extract from a daily expense- book of .....	6	2347			
— VIII., Ireland un- der .....	7	2742			
— King, declared head of Church .....	9	3390			
— Policy of, to- ward Ireland .....	9	ix			
— Patrick .....	6	2114			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<b>History.</b>			'History of England'..LECKY ....	5	1914
— Escape of Hugh Roe .....	CONNELLAN..	2 635	— of Ireland, Critical and Philosophical' .....	O'GRADY ....	7 275
— Guillotine in France .....	CROKER ...	2 678	— 'A Literary' .....	HYDE ....	4 160
— Repealers in Prison and Out. ....	DAUNT ....	3 811	— as told in her Ruins' .....	BURKE ....	1 39
— England in Shakespeare's Youth .....	DOWDEN ...	3 869	— of my Horse Saladin, The .....	BROWNE ...	1 32
— Books of Courtesy in the Fifteenth Century .....	GREEN ....	4 1417	— of Our Own Times, A' .....	MCCARTHY..	6 214
— Scene in the Irish Famine .....	HIGGINS ...	4 1573	— of the City of Dublin' .....	GILBERT ...	4 125
— Death of St. Columcille .....	HYDE ....	4 1618	— of the Guillotine, The' .....	CROKER ...	2 67
— Splendors of Tara. ....	HYDE ....	4 1610	— of the Illustrious Women of Erin' .....		1 3
— Food, Dress, and Ancient Ireland .....	JOYCE ....	5 1735	— of the Lombards, Irish version of the .....		7 267
— Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798 .....	LEADBEATER.	5 1886	— Relation of myths and legends to .....		1 vi
— Dublin in the Eighteenth Century. ....	LECKY ....	5 1914	— Two Centuries of Irish' .....	BYRCE ....	1 34
— Beginnings of Home Rule .....	MCCARTHY..	6 2174	Hitchinson, Francis, duel with Lord Mountmorris .....		1 14
— The Irish Church. ....	MCCARTHY..	6 2148	Hobart, Major (dinner party) .....		1 13
— An Outline of Irish History .....	MCCARTHY..	6 2174	Hoche, General .....		9 341
— The Early Stage. ....	MALONE ...	6 2346	HOEY, MRS. CASHEL .....		4 157
— Picture of Ulster. ....	MACNEVIN ..	6 2274	— JOHN CASHEL .....		4 158
— Irish in the War. ....	MAGUIRE ...	6 2321	HOGAN, MICHAEL .....		4 159
— Massacre at Drogheda .....	MURPHY ...	7 2567	— M. P.' .....	HARTLEY ...	4 155
— Capture of Wolfe Tone .....	O'BRIEN ...	7 2604	Hogarth, view of life .....		3 87
— The First Boycott. ....	O'BRIEN ...	7 2611	Hold the Harvest .....	PARNELL ...	7 287
— Gladstone and the Great Home Rule Debate .....	O'CONNOR..	7 2656	Holland, described in 'The Traveller' .....		4 136
— Druids and Druidism .....	O'CURRY ...	7 2666	Holmes, Oliver Wendell, on Moore .....		7 250
— Old Books of Erin .....	O'CURRY ...	7 2670	Holy was good St. Joseph .....		10 380
— Idolatry of the Irish .....	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2718	— Well, The Dark Girl by the .....	KEEGAN ...	5 176
— Lia Fail; or Jacob's Stone .....	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2717	Hollywood .....		6 211
— Tried by his Peers. ....	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2723	Home manufactures in Ireland .....		9 336
— 'Pacata Hibernia'. ....	O'GRADY ...	7 2740	— Swift on .....		9 341
— Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. ....	ONAHAN ...	7 2814	— market, O'Connell on the .....		7 264
— Shane the Proud. ....	O'SHEA ...	10 3843	— Rule Association, The .....		9 x
— Story of Granuaile .....	OTWAY ....	7 2856	— Bill (the second) .....		9 x
— Clearing of Galway .....	PRENDERGAST	8 2913	— Debate, Gladstone and the Great .....	O'CONNOR ..	7 265
— Balaklava .....	RUSSELL ...	8 3008	— in Canada .....		6 217
— Marriage of Florence MacCarthy More .....	SADLER ...	8 3018	— in the Australasian colonies .....		6 217
— Sarsfield's Ride. ....	SULLIVAN ...	9 3323	— Isle of Man .....		6 217
— A Century of Subjection .....	TAYLOR ....	9 3390	— United States .....		6 217
— Interviews with Buonaparte .....	TONE ....	9 3418	— Gladstone and .....		9 x
— Origin of the Irish War .....	WARE ....	9 3547	— Lady Gregory on .....		1 xvi
— A Glance at Ireland's History. ....	WELSH ....	9 vii	— Redmond on .....		8 292
History and Biography .....		9 vii	— Beginnings of .....	MCCARTHY..	6 217
— and Literature .....		9 vii	— First Step towards .....	RICHMOND..	8 292
— Eighty-Five Years of Irish' .....	DAUNT ....	3 811	— vs. Local Self-Government .....		3 83
— Lectures on Manuscript Materials of Irish' .....	O'CURRY ...	7 2670	Homeward Bound .....	LOVER ....	5 202
— Not only a record of War .....		4 vii	Honey Fair, The. ....	RHYS ....	8 294
			Honey-sweet, sweet as honey .....	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9 345



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Honor of the Irish people	7	2533	Hughes, Joseph	1	131
Honor, <i>An Affair of</i> ... CASTLE	2	576	Huguenot influence on Irish dress	9	3496
Hoods worn by Irish ladies	9	3498	HULL, ELEANOR	4	1597
'Hope, thou nurse of young desire'..... BICKERSTAFF	1	187	— Work of, for Celtic literature	2	xviii
Hopper, Nora..... See CHESSON.			Humor, American	1	332
Horneck, Mary (The Jessamy Bride)	4	1301	— Conviviality in	6	x
Horned Women, <i>The</i> ... WILDE	9	3558	— Ferocity in	6	ix
Horse, St. Columcille's... 2 xvii; 4	1619		— Greek and Irish, compared	1	viii
Horse-dealing in Ireland	8	3182	— Heartiness of Irish	6	viii
Horsemanship	8	2935	— Imaginative character of Irish	6	viii
Horse-racing in Ireland	8	3166	— in Iceland	3	943
Hose, Gentlemen's	9	3498	— in Anglo-Irish literature	6	xli
— in ancient times	7	2496	— Irish	3	1114
Hospitality	5	1724, 1736	— sense of	8	xvi
— in Ireland	1	29, 33	— wit and, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	vii
— of <i>Cuanna's House, The. From the Irish</i> ..... CONNELLAN.	2	629	— Merriment in	6	ix
<i>Host of the Air, The</i> ... YEATS	9	3701	— Theories of	6	x
Hostelries, Ancient	5	1736	— of <i>Shakespeare, The</i> ..... DOWDEN	3	870
Hosting of the <i>Sidhe, The</i> ..... YEATS	9	3707	— Pathos of	6	viii
Hotel life in Ireland	8	xx	— Political	6	ix
Hotels, Dr. Magee on	8	xxi	— Prevalence of	6	x
'Hours of Exercise in the Alps'	9	3478	— Sources of	6	ix
'House by the Churchyard, The'	5	1934	— See <i>The Sunniness of Irish Life.</i>		
— spirits described	3	xx	Humorists, <i>The Irish. See Irish Wit and Humor, D. J. O'Donoghue.</i>		
Household occupations	1	35	<b>Humorous Poems.</b>		
Houses, Ancient, in Ireland	4	1613	— <i>The French Revolution</i> ..... BARRY	1	151
<i>How Covetousness Came into the Church (folk song)</i> ... HYDE	10	3823	— <i>Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder</i> ... CANNING	2	467
— dimmed is the glory..... CALLANAN.	2	443	— <i>Song</i> ..... CANNING	2	466
— <i>Finnachta Became Rich</i> ..... O'DONOVAN.	7	2708	— <i>The Sprig of Shillelagh</i> ..... CODE	2	607
— happy is the sailor's life..... BICKERSTAFF	1	186	— <i>Monks of the Screw</i> ..... CURRAN	2	797
— <i>Ireland Lost Her Parliament</i> ... MCCARTHY.	6	2161	— <i>Bumpers, Squire Jones</i> ..... DAWSON	3	841
— 'Irish Literature' was made..... 2 xxiii			— <i>Kate's Letter</i> ... DUFFERIN	3	935
— justly alarmed is each Dublin cit. LYSAGHT	6	2107	— <i>Elegy on Madam Blaize</i> ..... GOLDSMITH.	4	1382
— <i>Long Has it Been Said'</i> ..... RAFTERY	10	3923	— <i>Extracts from 'Retaliation'</i> ... GOLDSMITH.	4	1380
— <i>Myles Murphy got his Ponies out of the Pound</i> ... GRIFFIN	4	1483	— <i>Haunch of Venison</i> ..... GOLDSMITH.	4	1377
— sad is my case. Irish Rann..... HYDE	10	3835	— <i>Father O'Flynn</i> ... GRAVES	4	1412
— shall we bury him? ALEXANDER.	1	10	— <i>Paddy MacCarthy</i> ... HOGAN	4	1594
— the Anglo-Irish Problem Could be Solved..... DAVITT	3	832	— <i>An Irish Thing in Rhyme</i> ..... KEELING	5	1772
— to Become a Poet. FAHY	3	1124	— <i>Why Are You Wandering Here?</i> KENNEY	5	1807
— get on in the World..... MACKLIN	6	2237	— <i>Good Luck to the Friars of Old</i> ... LEVER	5	1958
— govern Ireland. DE VERE	3	854	— <i>The Man for Galway</i> ..... LEVER	5	1975
Howth and Killiney	6	2132	— <i>Larry McHale</i> ... LEVER	5	2001
— scenery around	7	2652	— <i>The Pope He Leads a Happy Life</i> ... LEVER	5	2002
Hudden, Dudden, and Donald	3	xxi, 1147	— <i>The Widow Malone</i> ..... LEVER	5	1999
Hugh O'Neill	4	1530	— <i>Barney O'Hea</i> ... LOVER	6	2080
— <i>Roe O'Donnell, Capture of</i> ... CONNELLAN.	2	632	— <i>I'm Not Myself at All</i> ..... LOVER	6	2083
— <i>The Escape of</i> ... CONNELLAN.	2	635	— <i>The Low-Backed Car</i> ..... LOVER	6	2079
			— <i>Molly Carew</i> ... LOVER	6	2076



	VOL.	PAGE
<b>Humorous Poems.</b>		
— Rory O'More .....	LOVER	6 2084
— The Whistlin' .....		
— Thief .....	LOVER	6 2081
— Widow Machree .....	LOVER	6 2078
— A Prospect .....	LYSAGHT	6 2107
— Herself and Myself .....	MCCALL	6 2125
— Groves of Blarney .....	MILLIKEN	6 2439
— Orator Puff .....	MOORE	7 2541
— Humors of Donnybrook Fair .....	O'FLAHERTY	7 2713
— Friar of Orders .....		
— Gray .....	O'KEEFE	7 2778
— Curse of Doneraile .....	O'KELLY	7 2779
— The V-A-S-E .....	ROCHE	8 2966
— Kitty of Coleraine .....	SHANLY	8 3032
— The Legend of Stiffenbach .....	WILLIAMS	9 3610
— Brian O'Linn .....	ANONYMOUS.	8 3273
— Garryoven .....	ANONYMOUS.	8 3283
— Lantigan's Ball .....	ANONYMOUS.	8 3293
— Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye .....	ANONYMOUS.	8 3290
<b>Humorous and Satirical Prose.</b>		
— Modern Medievalism .....	BARRETT	1 120
— Montmorenci and Cherubina .....	BARRETT	1 123
— The Seven Barons .....	BARRINGTON.	1 129
— The Cow Charmer .....	BOYLE	1 264
— The Rival Swains .....	BULLOCK	1 360
— Burke, Wise and Witty Sayings of .....		1 396
— Condy Cullen and the Gauger .....	CARLETON	2 541
— Biddy Brady's Banshee .....	CASEY	2 565
— An Affair of Honor .....	CASTLE	2 578
— A Blast .....	CROTTY	2 758
— Curran's Witticisms, Some of .....		2 798
— Guide to Ignorance .....	DOWLING	3 881
— On Dublin Castle .....	DOWLING	3 887
— Portlaw to Paradise .....	DOWNEY	3 891
— King John and the Mayor .....	DOWNEY	2 900
— Raleigh in Munster .....	DOWNEY	3 909
— An Icelandic Dinner .....	DUFFERIN	3 942
— Originality of Irish Bulls Examined .....	EDGEWORTH.	3 1055
— Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec .....	ETTINGSALL.	3 114
— How to Become a Poet .....	FAHY	3 1124
— First Lord Liftin'ant .....	FRENCH	3 1233
— Advice to the Ladies .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1322
— Beau Tibbs .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1326
— Love of Freaks .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1334
— Love of Quack Medicines .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1343
— 'We'll See About It' .....	HALL	4 1534
— An Extraordinary Phenomenon .....	IRWIN	5 1669
— Poet and Publisher .....	JOHNSTONE.	5 1709
— An Irish Thing in Prose .....	KEELING	5 1771

	VOL.	PAGE
<b>Humorous Prose.</b>		
— The Thrush and the Blackbird .....	KICKHAM	5 1324
— The Quare Gander .....	LE FANU	5 1920
— Dinner Party Broken Up .....	LEVER	5 1972
— Major Bob Mahon's Hospitality .....	LEVER	5 1964
— Monks of the Screw .....	LEVER	5 1953
— My First Day in Trinity .....	LEVER	5 1986
— My Last Night in Trinity .....	LEVER	5 1990
— Othello at Drill .....	LEVER	5 1979
— Barney O'Reardon .....	LOVER	5 2008
— The Gridiron .....	LOVER	5 2063
— King O'Toole and St. Kevin .....	LOVER	5 2046
— New Potatoes .....	LOVER	6 2071
— Paddy the Piper .....	LOVER	5 2055
— Fionn MacCumhail and the Princess .....	MCCALL	6 2117
— Nathaniel P. Cramp .....	MCCARTHY.	6 2134
— Love-Making in Ireland .....	MACDONAGH	6 2193
— Jim Walsh's Tin Box .....	MACINTOSH.	6 2233
— Macklin, Anecdotes of .....		6 2241
— Why Thomas Dubh Walked .....	MACMANUS.	6 2254
— O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty .....	MADDEN	6 2281
— Bob Burke's Duel .....	MAGINN	6 2303
— Daniel O'Rourke .....	MAGINN	6 2313
— Rogueries of Tom Moore .....	MAHONY	6 2337
— The Captain's Story .....	MAXWELL	6 2400
— A Letter from Galway .....	MAXWELL	6 2412
— Loan of a Congregation .....	MAXWELL	6 2411
— A Goody Company .....	MOORE	7 2468
— O'Rory Converses with the Quality .....	MORGAN	7 2549
— O'Connell, Some Anecdotes of .....		7 2651
— Paddy Fret, the Priest's Boy .....	O'DONNELL.	7 2678
— Father O'Leary, Anecdotes of .....		7 2793
— Her Majesty the King .....	ROCHE	8 2959
— Sheridan, Bons Mots of .....		8 3119
— Lisheen Races, Second-Hand .....	SOMERVILLE.	8 3166
— Trinket's Colt .....	SOMERVILLE.	8 3182
— Sterne, Some Bons Mots of .....		8 3227
— Widow Wadman's Eye .....	STERNE	8 3211
— Rackrenters on the Stump .....	SULLIVAN	9 3333
— Gulliver among the Giants .....	SWIFT	9 3354
— Gulliver among the Piamies .....	SWIFT	9 3346
— 'Humors of Donegal' .....	MACMANUS.	6 2254
— of Donnybrook Fair .....	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2713
— Humphrey attacked by Lord Santry .....		7 2723

	VOL. PAGE	I.	VOL. PAGE
Hunchback Quasimodo, Hugo's description of .....	6 2343	I am a friar of orders gray .....	O'KEEFFE .. 7 2778
<i>Hunt, The</i> .....	5 1995	— a wand'ring min- strel man .....	WALSH ... 9 3503
Hunting, Irish love of .....	8 xiii	— desolate .....	SIGERSON .. 8 3137
Quinting Song .....	4 1490	— God's Martin, (Irish Rann) ..	HYDE .... 10 3841
— Tom Moody .....	2 588	— the tender voice ..	RUSSELL .. 8 2999
<i>Huntsman, The Death of the</i> .....	4 1489	— blind myself to day to a strong vir- tue .....	STOKES ... 8 3244
Hush! hear you how the night wind .....	8 3295	— do not love thee! ..	NORTON ... 7 2589
Hutchinson, Hely, duel with Doyle .....	1 143	— drink to the Graces, Law, Physic, Divinity ..	LEVER .... 5 1993
Huxley, Professor T. H., on the origin of life .....	4 1785	— found in Innisfall the fair .....	MANGAN ... 6 2375
— on Bishop Berke- ley .....	1 1734	— give my heart to thee' .....	O'GRADY ... 7 2760
Huzza for McDonnell, Dunluce is our own ..	7 2856	— go to knit two clans together ..	DE VERE .. 3 860
<i>Hy-Brasail; The Isle of the Blest</i> (see also I-Breasil) .....	4 1510	— grieve when I think .....	HOGAN .... 5 1593
HYDE, DOUGLAS (por- trait) .....	4 1603	— groan as I put out ..	TYNAN- HINKSON. 9 3458
— M. F. Egan on .....	5 vii	— hate a castle on bog land built' (Irish Rann) ..	HYDE .... 10 3839
— on antiquity of Irish litera- ture .....	3 xvii	— hate poor hounds about a house' (Irish Rann) ..	HYDE .... 10 3839
— early Irish lit- erature .....	2 vii	— heard a distant clarion blare ..	ARMSTRONG. 1 25
— Kennedy's col- lection of folk tales .....	5 1789	— the dogs howl in the moonlight night .....	ALLINGHAM. 1 21
— Eugene O'Curry ..	7 2663	— hope and pray that none may kill me' .....	HYDE .... 10 3833
— J. O'Donovan and 'The Annals of the Four Masters' .....	7 2705	— know a lake .....	MOORE .... 7 2529
— Mrs. Clement Shorter's verse ..	8 3126	— know a maiden; she is dark and fair ..	O'DONNELL. 7 2687
— Dr. Sigerson's poetry .....	8 3132	— what will hap- pen, sweet .....	SULLIVAN... 9 3340
— The plays of .....	10 xiii	— who won the peace of God ..	STOKES ... 8 3261
— <i>The Twisting of the Rope</i> .....	10 3989	— left two lovers ..	M'GEE .... 7 2224
— Work of, for Cel- tic literature .....	2 xviii	— love you, and I love you .....	FURLONG .. 4 1242
— W. B. Yeats on translations of ..	3 xiv	— loved a love—a royal love .....	LEAMY .... 5 1910
Hy-Many, Connacht .....	7 2762	— made another gar- den, yea .....	O'SHAUGH- NESSY ... 7 2844
— The Tribes and Customs of' .....	7 2705	— met an ould cail- lach .....	SKRINE ... 8 3152
<i>Hymn Before Tarah, St. Patrick's. From the Irish</i> .....	6 2360	— Mind not being drunk, but then' (Irish Rann) ..	HYDE .... 10 3833
— Called St. Pat- rick's Breast- plate, <i>The</i> .....	8 3244	— placed the silver in her palm ..	CAREY .... 2 573
— to Contentment, From .....	7 2876	— said my pleasure ..	RUSSELL .. 8 3001
Hymns. — <i>There is a Green Hill Far Away</i> ..	1 3	— sat within the val- ley green .....	JOYCE .... 5 1746
— <i>Litany</i> .....	7 2465	— saw the Master of the Sun .....	DE VERE .. 3 858
— <i>Soon and Forever</i> ..	7 2466	— sell the best brandy and sherry .....	MAGRATH . 10 4016
— <i>Sound the Loud Timbrel</i> .....	7 2537	— shall not die for love of thee ..	GRAVES ... 4 1414
— <i>This World is All a Fleeting Show</i> ..	7 2538	— Die for Thee ..	HYDE .... 4 1656
— <i>Thou Art, O God</i> ..	7 2538	— sit beside my dar- ling's grave .....	O'LEARY ... 7 2796
Hynes, Mary, and Raf- tery .....	9 3667		
Hyperbole in Irish lit- erature .....	2 xiii		
'Hypocrite, The' .....	1 182		



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
I tell you an ancient story .....	GWYNN	4 1523	Imaal, The crags of .....	G	2267
— thank the goodness and the grace .....	4	1610	Image of beauty, when I .....	RUSSELL	8 3000
— walked in the lone- some evening .....	ALLINGHAM	1 14	Imageries of dreams re- veal .....	JOHNSON	4 1699
— want no lectures from a learned master .....	GRIFFIN	4 1382	'Imagination and Art in Gaelic Litera- ture' .....	ROLLESTON	8 2968
— watched last night the rising moon .....	KENEALY	5 1788	— <i>Scientific Limit of the</i> .....	TYNDALL	9 3471
— wear a shamrock in my heart .....	GILBERT	4 1279	— Scientific use of the .....	1	xvii
— will arise and go now .....	YEATS	9 3707	Imaginative character of Irish wit .....	6	viii
— would I were on yonder hill .....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3315	— element in the Irish character .....	4	1287
I-Brazil (see also Hy- Brasail) .....	MACMANUS	6 2268	Imogen, Shakespeare's love of .....	3	875
Ibsen and the Irish drama .....	10	xx	'Impeachment of War- ren Hastings' .....	BURKE	1 383
Iceland, Manners and customs in .....	3	943	<i>Imperatrix, Ave</i> .....	WILDE	9 3588
<i>Icelandic Dinner, An</i> .....	DUFFERIN	3 942	Imports and exports, Irish .....	9	3364
Iclilius, the Roman lover of Virginia .....	5	1850	Impressionism .....	9	3582
I'd rock my own sweet childie .....	GRAVES	4 1411	Imtheacht na Tromd- haimhe, The .....	2	629
— wed you without herds .....	3	1181	In a quiet watered land .....	ROLLESTON	8 2979
'Ideals in Ireland' .....	RUSSELL	8 2989	— a slumber visional .....	8	3134
'Ideas of Good and Evil' .....	YEATS	9 3654, 3661	— <i>Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy</i> .....	WHITESIDE	9 3550
<i>Idler in France, The</i> .....	BLESSING- TON	1 212	— Egypt's land, con- tagious to the Nile .....	9	3685
<i>Idolatry of the Irish</i> .....	O'FLAHERTY	7 2718	— <i>Exile, Australia</i> .....	ORR	7 2837
If I had thought thou couldst have died .....	WOLFE	9 3634	— France they called them <i>Trouba- dours</i> .....	LOVER	5 2007
— I'm the Faery fool, Dalua .....	CHESSON	2 593	— Ireland 't is even- ing .....	ORR	7 2840
— sadly thinking, with spirits sink- ing .....	CURRAN	2 796	— Pulchram Lacti- feram .....	MAHONY	6 2340
— you go over desert and mountain .....	O'SHAUGH- NESSY	7 2845	— <i>Saint Patrick's Ward</i> .....	BLUNDELL	1 215
' — hope to teach, you must be a fool' (Irish Rann) .....	HYDE	10 3833	— <i>September</i> .....	TODHUNTER	9 3406
— searched the county o' Car- low .....	M'CALL	6 2122	— Siberia's wastes .....	MANGAN	6 2368
— would like to see .....	FAHY	3 1132	— the airy whirling wheel .....	ROLLESTON	8 2976
'Ignorant Essays' .....	DOWLING	3 881	— <i>The Engine-Shed</i> .....	WILKINS	9 3600
Ikerrin .....	3	859	— <i>The Gates of the North</i> .....	O'GRADY	7 2746
Ilbrec, son of Manan- nan .....	4	1449	— the gloomy ocean bed .....	ROCHE	8 2964
Illicit distilling .....	1 46; 2 541; 4	1456	— the gold vale of Limerick .....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3310
Illuminated MSS., An- cient Irish .....	2	xx	— the heart of a German forest .....	ROLLESTON	8 2977
— ornaments and ini- tials (color plate) ...	4 1620; 8	Front 9 Front	— the heart of high blue hills .....	FURLONG	4 1241
I'm a bold undaunted Irishman .....	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3275	— the Kingdom of Kerry .....	CROKER	2 660
— left all alone like a stone .....	GRAVES	4 1414	— the town of Athy one Jeremy Lani- gan .....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3293
— <i>Not Myself at All</i> .....	LOVER	6 2083	— the Valley of Shanganagh .....	MARTLEY	6 2382
— sittin' on the stile. Mary .....	DUFFERIN	3 933	— the wet dusk sil- ver sweet .....	RUSSELL	8 3003
— up and down and round about .....	SWIFT	9 3389	— 'Thoughtland and Dreamland' .....	KEELING	5 1769
— very happy where I am .....	BOUCAULT	1 257	— yonder well there lurks a spell .....	MAHONY	2 680
			Inchegelagh .....	3	114
			Inchy .....	4	1650



	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Income-Tax, Speech in</i>		<i>Invasion, The Danish</i> .....	9 viii
<i>Opposition to Pitt's</i>		<i>Invasions, caused dis-</i>	
<i>First</i> .....SHERIDAN ..	8 3072	person of MSS.....	7 2670
<i>Independence, Declara-</i>		of Ireland.....	9 vii
<i>tion of American</i> .....	4 1665	<i>Inver Bay, My</i> .....MACMANUS..	6 2264
<i>India. See Warren</i>		Sceline.....	4 1484
Hastings.....	1 385	<i>Iona, The Abbey of</i> .....	4 1618
<i>Indian Chief, Capture</i>		<i>Iona's ruined cloisters</i> .....	6 2226
<i>of an</i> .....REID .....	8 2935	<i>Iota</i> .....See CAFFYN ..	2 429
<i>horsemanship</i> .....	8 2935	<i>Ireland</i> .....GWYNN ..	4 1532
<i>Tale, An</i> .....	4 1323	<i>A Literary History</i>	
<i>India's diadems</i> .....	7 2511	<i>of</i> .....HYDE .....	4 1603
<i>Individual ownership</i>		1610, 1613, 1618	
<i>of land</i> .....	7 2866	<i>A Sorrowful La-</i>	
<i>Individuality of Irish</i>		<i>ment for</i> .....GREGORY ..	4 1459
<i>literature</i> .....	2 xvii	<i>Ancient Legends</i>	
<i>Indo-European family,</i>		<i>of</i> .....WILDE .....	9 3557
<i>Irish part of an</i> .....	3 xvii	<i>and the Arts</i> .....YEATS ..	9 3566
<i>Industries, Irish</i> .....	9 3362	<i>Annals of</i> .....O'DONOVAN..	7 2706
<i>Infanticide in ancient</i>		2708, 2709	
<i>Greece</i> .....	6 2332	<i>Antiquity of</i> .....	1 399
<i>Influence of Irish learn-</i>		<i>Cromwell in</i> .....MURPHY ..	7 2567
<i>ing and art</i> .....	4 1599	<i>Fair Hills of</i> .....FERGUSON ..	3 1185
<i>the Irish Lan-</i>		<i>Food, Dress and</i>	
<i>guage, The</i> .....O'BRIEN ..	7 2614	<i>Daily Life in An-</i>	
GRAM, JOHN KELLS.....	4 1659	<i>cient</i> .....JOYCE ....	5 1735
<i>Inheritance</i> .....RUSSELL ..	8 3002	<i>her own or the</i>	
<i>Is Fall, the Isle of</i>		<i>world in a blaze</i> .....	8 3067
<i>Destiny</i> .....	2 443; 5 1708	<i>Historic and Pic-</i>	
<i>Isfall</i> .....	5 1745	<i>turesque</i> .....JOHNSTON ..	5 1702
<i>Aldrid's Itinerary</i>		<i>How to Govern</i> .....DE VERE ..	3 854
<i>in</i> .....	6 2375	<i>in 1720, Essay on</i>	
<i>See Ode written on</i>		<i>the State of</i> .....TONE ....	9 3415
<i>Leaving Ireland</i>		<i>in 1727, A Short</i>	
<i>and Ways of</i>		<i>View of</i> .....SWIFT ....	9 3362
<i>War</i> .....	5 1875	<i>in 1798, The State</i>	
<i>Isfallen</i> .....	5 1875	<i>of</i> .....TONE ....	9 3421
<i>Killarney (half-</i>		<i>in Penal Days,</i>	
<i>tone engraving)</i> .....	8 3020	<i>Women in</i> .....ATKINSON ..	1 28
<i>ruined abbey at</i> .....	8 3020	<i>in Summer (half-</i>	
<i>The beauty of</i> .....	5 1875	<i>tone engraving)</i> .....	5 1703
<i>Ishmaan</i> .....	5 1884	<i>in the New Cen-</i>	
<i>Ismore, The Prince of</i>		<i>tury</i> .....PLUNKETT ..	8 2908
MORGAN .....	7 2543	<i>in the Past Gen-</i>	
<i>Justice of Disqualifi-</i>		<i>eration, Revela-</i>	
<i>cation of Catholics,</i>		<i>tions of</i> .....MADDEN ..	6 2281
<i>Of the</i> .....GRATTAN ..	4 1405	JOHN, ARCH-	
<i>nisboffin, Island of</i> .....	4 1266	BISHOP (portrait).....	5 1662
<i>niscaarra</i> .....BUCKLEY ..	1 351	<i>Justice for</i> .....O'CONNELL..	7 2641
<i>nisdoyle</i> .....	2 758	<i>Letters on the</i>	
<i>nisfree, The Lake Isle</i>		<i>State of</i> .....DOYLE ....	3 919
<i>of</i> .....YEATS .....	9 3707	<i>Love-making in</i> .....MACDONAGH	6 2193
<i>nisshowen</i> .....DUFFY .....	3 961	<i>Meeting, A Young</i> .....MACCARTHY..	6 2180
<i>nisstull</i> .....	2 632	<i>No Snakes in</i> .....O'KEEFE ..	7 2771
<i>ny (river), The</i> .....	2 573; 5 575	<i>of His Day, The</i> .....FERGUSON ..	3 1170
<i>scription</i> .....ALEXANDER..	1 8	<i>oh Ireland! cen-</i>	
<i>(Petrie's</i>		<i>ter of my long-</i>	
<i>Christian cited)</i> .....	9 3684	<i>ings</i> .....GWYNN ....	4 1532
<i>ularity of the Greeks</i> .....	6 2332	<i>On the Policy for</i> .....MEAGHER ..	6 2415
<i>urrection of Tyrone</i>		<i>St. Patrick, Apos-</i>	
<i>and Desmond, The</i> .....	7 2862	<i>tle of</i> .....TODD ....	9 3400
<i>Intellectual achievement</i>		<i>Sixty Years Ago</i> .....WALSH ....	9 3513
<i>and moral force</i> .....	9 2468	<i>Sketches in</i> .....OTWAY ....	7 2848
<i>awakening caused</i>		2853	
<i>by The Nation</i> .....	9 xi	The Cromwellian	
<i>termarriage of Irish</i>		<i>Settlement of</i> .....PRENDER-	
<i>and English prohibi-</i>		GAST .....	8 2913
<i>ted</i> .....	9 ix	<i>The Glory of</i> .....MEAGHER ..	6 2420
<i>Interpretation of Lite-</i>		<i>The National Mu-</i>	
<i>ature, The</i> .....DOWDEN ..	3 866	<i>sic of</i> .....BURKE ....	2 400
<i>Interview between Fion</i>		<i>The Northmen in</i> .....STOKES ..	8 3238
<i>Ma Cubhall and Can-</i>		<i>The Pillar Towers</i>	
<i>nan</i> .....	9 3494	<i>of</i> .....MACCARTHY..	6 2130
<i>Interviews with Buona-</i>		<i>The Story of</i> .....SULLIVAN ..	9 3323
<i>parte</i> .....TONE ....	9 3418		
<i>to the Twilight</i> .....YEATS ..	9 3705		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Ireland, The Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concerning' . . . . . WARE . . . . .	9	3544	Irish Grandmother, The. STREET BAL-	8	3288
— To . . . . . WILDE . . . . .	9	3573	— History, An Out-		
— Traces of the El-			— line of . . . . . MCCARTHY . . . . .	6	2174
— der Faiths of . . . . . WOOD-MAR-	9	3640	— Eighty-Five		
— Visible and Invisi-			— Years of . . . . . DAUNT . . . . .	3	811
— ble . . . . . JOHNSTON . . . . .	5	1702	— Lectures on		
N. B. The foregoing are the titles			— Manuscript		
in which the word "Ireland" oc-			— Materials of . O'CURRY . . . . .	7	2670
curs: to index all references to			— House of Com-		
Ireland would have taken too			— mons, October,		
much space and is scarcely nec-			— 1783 . . . . . O'BRIEN . . . . .	4	1400
essary.			— Idylls' . . . . . O'BRIEN . . . . .	7	2617
'Ireland's Cause in Eng-			— Idylls' . . . . . BARLOW . . . . .	1	98
land's Parlia-			— in America, The . MAGUIRE . . . . .	6	2321
ment' . . . . . MCCARTHY . . . . .	6	2161	— in America, The . O'BRIEN . . . . .	7	2617
— Influence on Euro-			— in the War, The . MAGUIRE . . . . .	6	2321
— pean literature . SIGERSON . . . . .	4	vii	— Intellect, The . . . . . GILES . . . . .	4	1280
— Part in English			— Land Bill of 1876 . . . . .	6	2177
— Achievement . . . . . SHEIL . . . . .	8	3057	— Language of the		
— Wrongs, Carlyle			— Ancient . . . . . WARE . . . . .	9	3544
on . . . . .	3	951	— prohibited . . . . .	9	ix
Iris Oikyrn . . . . . See MILLIGAN.			— Life, The Sunniness		
Irish, A Plea for the			— of . . . . .	8	vii
Study of . . . . . O'BRIEN . . . . .	7	2614	— Literature, Charac-		
— Antiquities, Hand			— teristics of . . . . .	2	xviii
book of' . . . . . WAKEMAN			— wrongly classed		
and COOKE . . . . .	9	3482	— as English . . . . .	2	xviii
— As a Spoken Lan-			— Continuity of . . . . .	2	xviii
— guage . . . . . HYDE . . . . .	4	1603	— England's in-		
— Astronomy . . . . . HALPINE . . . . .	4	1540	— debtedness to . . . . .	2	xviii
— Bar, The . . . . . O'FLANAGAN . . . . .	7	2723	— Individuality of . . . . .	2	xviii
— Bear, An . . . . .	7	2794	— National spirit		
— Borough Franchise			— in . . . . .	2	xviii
— Bill, The . . . . .	6	2176	— Racial flavor of . . . . .	2	xviii
— Bulls Examined,			— (special article) . MCCARTHY . . . . .	1	vii
— Originality of . . . . . EDGEWORTH . . . . .	3	1055	— Love Song, An . . . . . FURLONG . . . . .	4	1242
— 'Celts, Legendary			— Lullaby . . . . . GRAVES . . . . .	4	1411
— Fictions of the . . . . . KENNEDY . . . . .	5	1796	— Manuscripts. (See		
— Chiefs, The . . . . . DUFFY . . . . .	3	959	— Ancient Irish		
— Church, The . . . . . MCCARTHY . . . . .	6	2148	— Manuscripts.)		
— Confederation, The . . . . .	6	2419	— Melodies, Moore's . . . . .	6	2337
— contingent of			— Ministrelsy, Hard-		
— Louis XV., The . . . . .	7	2815	— iman's . . . . .	4	1251
— Cry, The . . . . . WILSON . . . . .	9	3617	— Misdeeds, English		
— Doomsday Book . . . . .	7	2705	— Misrule and . . . . . DE VERE . . . . .	3	854
— Dress of the An-			— Mistake, An . . . . . READ . . . . .	8	2918
— cient . . . . . WALKER . . . . .	9	3493	— Molly O . . . . . FAHY . . . . .	3	1133
— Ecclesiastical Re-			— Molly O . . . . . STREET BAL-	8	3288
— mains, Ancient . . . . . PETRIE . . . . .	8	2880	— Municipal Fran-		
— Emigrant in Amer-			— chise Bill, The . . . . .	6	2176
— ica, Song of			— Privileges Bill . . . . .	6	2176
— the . . . . . FITZSIMON . . . . .	3	1206	— Music . . . . . PETRIE . . . . .	1	401
— Lament of the . . . . . DUFFERIN . . . . .	3	933		8	2885
— Exile, The . . . . . MAC DER-			— Musical Genius,		
— MOTT . . . . .	6	2189	— An . . . . . O'DONOGHUE . . . . .	7	2690
— Fairy and Folk			— Novels . . . . . EGAN . . . . .	5	vii
— Tales . . . . . WELSH . . . . .	3	xvii	— Parliament, Inde-		
— 'Tales' . . . . . LEAMY . . . . .	5	1899	— pendence of . . . . .	9	ix
— Famine, A Scene			— Speech in . . . . .	3	1212, 1217
— in the . . . . . HIGGINS . . . . .	4	1573	— Patriot, The Ambi-		
— Farmer in Contem-			— tion of the . . . . . PHILLIPS . . . . .	8	2892
— plation, The			— Peasant to his		
— (color plate) . . . . .	1	xvi	— Mistress, The . MOORE . . . . .	7	2536
— Felon, The . . . . . LALOR . . . . .	5	1855	— Justin McCarthy		
— Fisheries Bill, The . . . . .	6	2176	— on Moore's . . . . .	6	2148
— Folk Tales' . . . . . LARMINIE . . . . .	5	1866	— People and the		
— See Irish Fairy			— Irish Land.		
— Tales . . . . .			— The' . . . . . BUTT . . . . .	2	427
— Gentry and their			— not represented		
— Retainers . . . . . BARRINGTON . . . . .	1	138	— by the Irish		
			— Parliament . . . . .	6	2162
			— Prose' . . . . .	10	3959
			— question an Ameri-		
			— can question . . . . .	9	3329

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Irish railways, The bill for purchase of.....	6 2176	It was the fairy of the place.....	RUSSELL .. 8 3002
— <i>Rapparees, The</i> .....	DUFFY ... 3 957	— very early in the spring.....	STREET BAL- LAD .. 8 3278
— <i>Reaper's Harvest</i> Hymn, <i>The</i> .....	KEEGAN ... 5 1765	<i>Italian Gesticulation</i> .....	WISEMAN ... 9 3627
— Registration of Voters Bill, <i>The</i> .....	6 2176	Italy described in Gold- smith's <i>The Travel-</i> <i>ler</i> .....	4 1359
— Rights, Declara- tion of.....	GRATTAN .. 4 1387	It's a lonely road through bog-land.....	RUSSELL .. 8 2997
— Romanists and Rit- ualists, Disraeli alleges conspir- acy between.....	6 2158	— <i>To mix-without-</i> <i>fault</i> ' (Irish Rann).....	HYDE ....10 3835
— scholars in Europe.....	9 3395	Its edges foamed with amethyst.....	RUSSELL .. 8 3004
— <i>School of Oratory,</i> <i>The</i> .....	TAYLOR ... 7 vii	Ivara.....	2 439
— 'Sketch Book,' Thackeray's (quoted).....	3 xxi	<i>Ivor, Lament for King</i> .....	STOKES ... 8 3260
— <i>Spinning Wheel,</i> <i>The</i> .....	GRAVES ... 4 1410	<b>J.</b>	
— State Church, Gladstone on.....	6 2156	J. J. W.....	See JOHN WALSH.
— Surnames of the Ancient.....	WARE .... 9 3546	J. W.....	See JOHN WALSH.
— Idolatry of the.....	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2718	J. K. L.....	See DOYLE.
— <i>The Origin of the</i> .....	WARE .... 4 3547	'Jack Hinton'.....	LEVER. 5 1952, 1964
— <i>Thing in Prose, An</i> .....	KEELING ... 5 1771	Jackets, Women's.....	9 3495
— in Rhyme, <i>An</i> .....	KEELING ... 5 1772	Jackson, Andrew, of the Ship Castledown.....	6 2114
— Wit and Humor.....	O' D O N O - GHUE .... 6 vii	Jacob Omnium.....	See HIGGINS.
— Wits and Wor- thies'.....	FITZPATRICK 3 1199	Jacobinism.....	2 443
— LITERATURE, 'Ob- jects of, defined.....	1 xiv	Jacobite cause, <i>The</i> .....	9 3445
— See N. B. at end of Ireland, ante.		<i>Jacob's Stone</i> (half-tone engraving).....	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2717
Irish-Australians.....	7 2618	'Jail Journal, John Mitchel's'.....	MITCHEL .. 6 2444
<i>Irishman, The</i> .....	ORR .... 7 2839	James II., Curran on.....	2 780, 789
<i>Irishman's Farewell to</i> <i>his Country</i> .....	STREET BAL- LAD .. 8 3287	— and Ireland.....	9 ix
<i>Irishmen as Rulers, On</i> .....	DUFFERIN ... 3 938	— Memoirs of (cited).....	9 3324
— in Foreign Ser- vice, Eminent'.....	ONAHAN ... 7 2814	— Sarsfield's loyalty to.....	7 2817
Irreverent Milton' bold I deem.....	MULLANEY ... 7 2561	JAMESON, MRS.....	5 1678
<b>Irony.</b> See Humor.		<i>Jamie Freck and the</i> <i>Young Lady</i> .....	MACLINTOCK 6 2242
— of Dean Swift.....	6 xlii	<i>Jane: A Sketch from</i> <i>Dublin Life</i> .....	COSTELLO .. 2 1640
IRWIN, THOMAS CAUL- FIELD.....	5 1668	— Grey, Execution of Lady.....	3 851
Is he then gone?.....	BROOKE ... 1 288	<i>Janus</i> .....	RUSSELL .. 8 3000
— it thus: O Shame.....	SAVAGE ... 8 3024	Japhet, Ireland de- scended from.....	9 3548
— thy will that I should wax and wane.....	WILDE .... 9 3592	<i>Jarvey</i> (comic paper).....	6 x
— there one desires to hear.....	LARMINE ... 5 1875	Jaunting-car (half-tone engraving).....	2 788
<i>Island Fisherman, An</i> .....	TYNAN ... 9 3458	Jephson's anecdote of Faulkner.....	4 1262
— of Atlantis, <i>The</i> .....	CROLY .... 2 749	Jeffers, Lady.....	6 2440
— of Saints and Scholars.....	9 viii	Jefferson, J., as Bob Acres (portrait).....	8 3088
— Ireland the.....	1 xvii; 2 vii	<i>Jenny from Ballinasloe</i> .....	STREET BAL- LAD .. 8 3285
<i>Islandbridge</i> .....	7 2694	Jeremy Diddler (char- acter in 'Raising the Wind').....	5 1805
'Isle in the Water, An'.....	TYNAN ... 9 3444	Jerrold, B., on 'Father Prout'.....	6 2336
— of the <i>Blest, The</i> .....	GRIFFIN ... 4 1510	'Jessamy Bride, The'.....	MOORE .... 7 2468
It is far and it is far.....	MILLIGAN ... 6 2438	— (Mary Horneck).....	4 1301
— not beauty I de- mand.....	DARLEY ... 2 807	JESSOP, GEORGE H.....	5 1688
— not travel makes the man.....	FLECKNOE ... 3 1209	'Jesukin'.....	8 3141
— was long past the noon.....	SAVAGE-ARM- STRONG .. 8 3028	<i>Jim Walsh's Tin Box</i> .....	MACINTOSH. 6 2233
— on the Mount Citharon.....	WILKINS ... 9 3604	Jocelyn, Robert.....	7 2724
		<i>John O'Dwyer of the</i> <i>Glen</i> .....	FURLONG ... 4 1247
		— of the <i>Two Sheep</i> .....	HYDE .... 4 1631
		<i>Johnneen</i> .....	SKRINE .... 8 3154



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Johnny, I Hardly Knew</i>			Kauffmann, Angelica,		
Ye .....	STREET BAL-		The Art of .....	7	2473
	LAD .....	8 3230	KAVANAGE, ROSE .....	5	1752
JOHNSON, LIONEL .....		5 1693	<i>Kearsage, The</i> .....	8	2964
— and the Rhy-			KEARY, ANNIE .....	5	1755
— on W. Alling-			KEATING, GEOFFREY (bi-		
— on J. C. Man-			ography) .....	10	4012
— on W. B. Yeats on .....		6 2351	— P. S. Dineen on .....	10	3959
— Dr. S., and Mack-			Keating's cave in Aher-		
— on Sir John Den-			low Glen .....	7	2615
— on E. Burke .....		6 2241	Keats, Celtic influence		
— on Ireland's			on .....	9	3655
— learning .....		1 369	KEEGAN, JOHN .....	5	1762
— on the Earl of			KEELING, ELSA D'ES-		
— Roscommon .....		3 849	TERRE .....	5	1769
— on 'The Tem-			Keenan, Sir Patrick .....	4	1605
— pest' .....		1 xvii	<i>Keening and Wake</i> .....	9	3640
— See <i>A Goodly Com-</i>					
— <i>pany and The</i>					
— <i>Haunch of Ven-</i>					
— <i>son.</i>					
Johnson's Dictionary .....		7 2479	— of the <i>Three Marys</i>		
Johnston, Anna. See MACMANUS.			(folk song) .....	10	3789
— CHARLES .....		5 1702	KEIGHTLEY, SAMUEL .....	5	1774
JOHNSTONE, CHARLES .....		5 1709	— ROBERT .....	5	xiii
Jonathan Freke			— M. F. Egan on .....	7	2759
Slingsby .....			Kelkar, Son of Uther .....	5	1738
— See WALLER.			— Book of .....	7	2671
Jones, Mr. Bence, Boy-			— (color plate) .....	9	Front
cotting of .....		7 2613	— Crosses at .....	9	3485
Jordan, Mrs. ....		5 1920	Kelly, Eva Mary .....		See O'DOHERTY.
Jordan's Banks .....		7 2517	— HUGH .....	5	1781
Josephus on the dis-			— D. J. O'Dono-		
persal after Babel .....		9 3548	— ghue on wit of .....	6	xiii
<i>Journal of a Lady of</i>			— Goldsmith on .....	4	1381
<i>Fashion</i> .....			— Margaret .....	9	3503
— BLESSING-			— the Fenian leader,		
TON .....		1 193	Rescue of .....	7	2607
— to Stella, The'. SWIFT .....		9 3378	KELVIN, LORD (SIR WIL-		
<i>Journey in Disguise</i> , A. BURTON .....		2 408	LIAM THOMPSON) .....	5	1783
<i>Journeys End in Lovers</i>			Kenealy, Dr. D. J.		
<i>Meeting</i> .....		5 1815	O'Donoghue on		
'Jove's Poet'. See MOORE.			wit of .....	6	xlv
Joy! Joy! the day is			— WILLIAM .....	5	1788
come at last .....		3 954	Kenmare, Rinucini's		
JOYCE, PATRICK WES-			— journey from .....	1	32
TON (portrait) .....		5 1713, 1730	KENNEDY, PATRICK .....	5	1789
— ROBERT DWYER .....		5 1741	Kennedy, The .....	3	941
Judge's Bill, The .....		4 1395	KENNEY, JAMES .....	5	1805
July the first of a			— D. J. O'Donoghue		
morning clear .....			on wit of .....	6	xiii
			Kensington and Rane-		
			lagh Gardens .....	1	165
			Keogh, <i>Anecdotes of</i> .....	3	1199
			— Jemmy .....	1	145
			KERNAHAN, COULSON		
			(portrait) .....	5	1809
			Kerry "a fit cradle for		
			O'Connell" .....	4	1588
			— Ancient families		
			of .....	4	1590
			— Dance, <i>The</i> .....	6	2457
			— In the Kingdom		
			of .....	2	660
			— Number of Irish		
			words used in .....	4	1607
			— The Knight of .....	4	1590
			Kerry's pride and Mun-		
			ster's glory .....	8	3066
			Key-Shield of the Mass.		
			KICKHAM, CHARLES JO-		
			SEPH .....	5	1855
			— and the 'Irish Peo-		
			ple' .....	7	2798
			— as a humorist .....	6	xv
			— D. J. O'Donoghue		
			on .....	5	xvii
			— M. F. Egan on .....	5	vii, xvi

	VOL.	PAGE
Kickham, W. B. Yeats on	3	xi
Kieran, St., and Clonmacnoise	9	3484
Kilbride, Carlow to	3	1182
Kilcoo, The Glens of	4	1255
Kilcrea	1	353
Kilcullen	5	1894, 1308
Kildare, Bishop of	4	1600
— Bright at	8	3253
— landlord, A	4	1574
— The House of	7	2741
— Pooka, The	KENNEDY	5 1796
— The Curragh of	5	1802
Kilkee	5	1740
Kilduff	2	647
— Kilhwch and Olwen	4	1598
Kilkenny <i>Earle's Christ-mas Song, The</i>	KENEALY	5 1788
— Man, The	See CAMPION.	
— Statute of	9	3391
— The 'holy well' near	5	1766
Kill, Bhélate	4	1623
Killaan	2	689
Killala	4	1575
— The Bishops of	6	2232
— The French at	9	3697
— The Scene of <i>Cathleen ni Hoolihan</i>	10	xxi
Killaloe	6	2377
Killarney. See <i>Dermot Astore</i>		
— Colleen Bawn Rock (half-tone engraving)	4	1494
— Echo at the lake of	3	1056
— The beauty of	5	1876
— The Falls of (half-tone engraving)	5	1876
— The Lake of. See <i>Rent-day</i>		
— The Lakes of (color plate)	4	Front
— Oisín at	5	1714
— Mountain Cottage in (half-tone engraving)	4	1484
— O'Connell at	7	2652
Killenaule affair, The	7	2798
Killibegs	5	1575
Killilce	6	2354
Killiney	6	2132
— Bay	4	1424
— Hill	7	2651
Kilmartin	See JOHN WALSH.	
Kilrush	5	1958
Kiltown Abbey	6	2250
Kilwarden, Lord	2	797
Kilworth	2	681
— Mountains, The	7	2730
Kimbay Maefontann	7	2757
King Ailill's Death	8	3261
— <i>Bagenal</i>	3	817
— Charles he is King James's son	2	442
— John and the Mayor	3	1900
— of Denmark's Ride, The	7	2587
— England pro-claimed King of Ireland	9	3390
— Ireland's Son, The (see also <i>The Red Duck</i> )	2	590

	VOL.	PAGE
King of Prussia, The, and feudal land tenure	7	2866
— <i>the Black Desert, The</i> . From fairy and folk lore	10	3713
— <i>the Cats, Sean-ghan the Bard and the</i>	9	3566
— O'Toole and St. Kevin	5	2046
— RICHARD ASHE	5	1833
— William	3	967
Kingly Power, The	2	780
Kingstown	7	2651
<i>Kinkora</i> . From the Irish of Mac-Llag	6	2377
Kinnegad	5	1961
Kinsale Fisherman, A.	5	2009
— The battle of	7	2744
— The landing of the Spaniards at	7	2740
Kinvra	3	1134
Kinvarra (Kenn-Mara)	5	1729
KIRWAN, WALTER BLAKE	5	1842
— as an Orator	3	1202
— Eloquence of	1	127
— Grattan's tribute to	7	xvii
— not a plagiarist	1	128
— Mount	6	2413
<i>Kish of Brogues, A.</i>	BOYLE	1 264
<i>Kitty Neal</i>	WALLER	9 3500
— of Coleraine	SHANLY	8 3032
<i>Knife-Grinder, Friend of Humanity and the</i>	CANNING	2 467
<i>Knight of the Sheep</i>	GRIFFIN	4 1466
— <i>Tricks, The</i>	10	3751
<i>Knighting of Cuchulain</i>	O'GRADY	7 2756
Knights of Tara	1	146
Knock-na-Flan	7	2754
'Knocknagow'	KICKHAM	5 1815
Knockthu, The Hill of	4	1255
KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN (portrait)	5	1846
Kylemore	6	2391
Knowledge, Injury of	3	882

## L.

L. N. F.	See MRS. FITZSIMON.
<i>La Cruche and Kitty of Coleraine</i>	8 3032
<i>La Hogue, Sea fight off</i>	7 2823
<i>La Touche, the Banker</i>	6 2106
<i>Ladies, Advice to the</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4 1322
— Irish, Dress of	9 3497
<i>Lady Gay Spanker</i> (character in 'London Assurance')	1 252
— <i>Jane Grey</i>	DE VERE 3 851
— of <i>Fashion, Journal of a</i>	BLESSINGTON 1 193
— Teazle, Ada Rehan as	8 3105
Laeg, Son of Riagabra	4 1433
Laegaire, King, and St. Patrick. (See also Laogar, or Laoghaire)	4 1601
Laeghaire (Leary)	4 1616
Laffan, May. See MRS. HARTLEY.	
Laffans, The	3 941
La Gloconda (half-tone engraving)	3 877



	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Laigaire .....	4 1443	Land tenure, Frederick	
Lake Isle of Innisfree,		William of	
The .....	YEATS .. 9 3707	Prussia .....	7 2866
— of the Dismal		Froude cited on .....	7 2866
Swamp, The .....	MOORE .... 7 2539	John Bright on .....	7 2867
Lakes of Killarney		On .....	BUTT ..... 2 422
(color plate) .....	4 Front	See also .....	5 1855; 7 2862
— or loughs of Ul-		Landen, The battle of .....	3 957; 7 2823
ster, The .....	6 2275	Landlords and Tenants .....	2 422
‘Lalla Rookh’ .....	MOORE .... 7 2509	Landlordism .....	10 3919
— Father Prout on .....	6 2342	LANE, DENNY .....	5 1863
— Meagher on .....	6 2421	Language, fossil poetry .....	9 3434
LALOR, JAMES FINTAN .....	5 1855	— Irish as a Spoken HYDE .....	4 1603
Lambert, Nannie... See Mrs. POWER		— of the Ancient	
O'DONOGHUE.		Irish .....	WARE .... 9 3544
Lambert, Old Lady		Langue d'ôil and langue	
(character in ‘Mr.		d'oc, Irish older than .....	2 vii
Mawworn’) .....	1 182	Langulish, Lydia (char-	
Lament, From the Irish		acter in ‘The Rivals’) .....	8 3078
of Owen Ward... MANGAN ..	6 2352	Lanigan's Ball .....	8 3293
— A. From the Irish CURRAN ..	2 768	Laogar, King .....	7 2719
— Claragh's. From		Laogar's daughters, con-	
the Irish .....	D'ALTON .. 2 803	verted by St. Patrick .....	7 2720
— for Ireland, A Sor-		Laoghair's Daughters,	
rowful .....	GREGORY ... 4 1459	Conversion of King	
— for King Ivor .....	8 3260	(fairy and folk tale) ANONYMOUS.	3 1162
— O Dalcassians! the		Laol na mná móire .....	4 1609
Eagle .....	HOGAN .... 4 1591	Lapful of Nuts, The... FERGUSON	3 1183
— of Maev Leith-		Larkin executed at Man-	
Dherg, The. From		chester .....	7 2608; 9 3339
— of O'Gnive, The.		Larks .....	TYNAN-
From the Irish... CALLANAN	2 443	HINKSON. 9 3457	
— of the Irish Emi-		LARMINIE, WILLIAM .....	5 1866
grant .....	DUFFERIN . 3 933	Larry M'Hale .....	5 2001
— of the Irish		Last Desire, The... ROLLESTON.	8 2973
Maiden, The... LANE .....	5 1865	— Gleeman, The... YEATS ..	9 3683
— of the Mangaire		— Music, The... JOHNSON ...	5 1700
Sugach. From		— Rose of Summer,	
the Irish .....	WALSH ... 9 3508	The .....	MOORE .... 7 2528
— over the Ruins of		— Speech of Robert	
Timoleague ... FERGUSON	3 1177	Emmet .....	EMMET ... 3 1087
Lamentation of Hugh		‘Latitudes, Letters from	
Reynolds, The .....	STREET BAL-	High’ .....	DUFFERIN . 3 942
LAD .....	8 3292	Latnamard .....	3 958
Lancashire cotton mills .....	1 37	Lauderdale, Lord, Sher-	
Land Act, Irish .....	2 426	idan on .....	8 3123, 3125
— of 1870, The .....	6 2178; 9 xi	Lavalla, The Lake of .....	6 2230
— The motion of		Law.	
1875 for in-		— Penal Laws, The... MCCARTHY..	6 2179
quiry into the		— Nation's Right, A. MOLYNEUX.	6 2460
workings of .....	6 2176	— Tried by his Peers. O'FLANAGAN	7 2723
— Agents. See Cas-		LAWLESS, EMILY .....	5 1877
tle Rackrent and		— M. F. Egan on .....	5 viii
The Gombeen		Lawrence's Gate, Drogh-	
Man.		eda (half-tone en-	
— Bill of 1876, the		graving) .....	7 2568
Irish .....	6 2177	Lawrence's, Sir T., por-	
— Fairies described .....	3 xviii	trait of Lady Bless-	
— improvement in		ington .....	1 192
Ireland .....	9 3365	Laws of coinage, The... ..	9 3375
— Individual owner-		Lay of Ossian and Pat-	
ship of .....	7 2866	rick, A .....	GWYNN ... 4 1523
— League, The Irish		— of the Famine, A. STREET BAL-	
National .....	9 xi	LAD .....	8 3295
— of Cokaigne, The... ..	8 3134	— of Gudrun, The,	
— of St. Lawrence,		and Ireland .....	4 viii
From the’ ... EGAN ....	3 1080	Lazy Beauty and her	
— ownership .....	5 1855	Aunts, The ... KENNEDY ...	5 1789
— purchase scheme,		LE FANU, JOSEPH SHER-	
Gladstone's .....	9 xi	IDAN .....	5 1927
— question, The. See		— as a comic	
An Eviction.		writer .....	6 xv
— Parnell on the .....	6 2178	— on landlordism .....	10 3919
		— W. P. .....	5 1937, 1945
		Le Fevre, The Story of. STERNE	8 3220
		‘Leabhar Breac,’ The .....	7 2615, 2663
		— na-h-Uidhre .....	7 2668



	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Leabhar nah Uidhre</i> , The (Book of the Dun Cow) .....	4	1600
LEADBEATER, MARY .....	5	1886
— Papers, The' .....	5	1886
LEAMY, EDMUND .....	5	1899
<i>Leanan Sidhe</i> , To the .....	1	258
<i>Leanaun Shee</i> , The, de- scribed .....	3	xx
Lear, The august sor- rowful .....	9	3660
Learning and Art, Irish .....	4	1599
— In Ancient Ireland .....	9	viii
'Leaves from a Prison Diary' .....	3	832, 837
Lebanon .....	7	2517
'Lebor Breac' .....	8	3141
Lecain, The Book of (see also Lecan) .....	7	2663
Lecale .....	3	957
Lecan, The Book of (see also Lecain) .....	2	629
LECKY, WILLIAM E. H. ....	5	1912
— (portrait) .....	5	1916
— on Flood .....	3	1212
— Home Rule .....	6	2175
— William Smith .....	7	2619
— O'Brien .....	7	2619
— O'Connell .....	7	2624
'Lectures and Essays on Irish Subjects' .....	4	1280
Lee, The (river) .....	1	353; 2 718
Legend of Glendalough .....	3	878; 6 2344
— of Stiffenbach, The .....	6	2046
'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts' .....	9	3610
— Heroes .....	5	1796
— 1799, 1801 .....	8	2990
Legends .....	9	3404
— ancient Irish, Ethical content of .....	8	2973
<b>Legends and Myths.</b>		
— From <i>Fionnuala</i> .....	1	25
— To the <i>Leandán</i> <i>Sidhe</i> .....	1	258
— Lord of <i>Dunker- ron</i> .....	2	736
— Story of the Little <i>Bird</i> .....	2	734
— <i>Oael and Credhe</i> .....	4	1445
— Coming of <i>Finn</i> .....	4	1447
— Death of <i>Cuchu- lain</i> .....	4	1431
— Only Son of <i>Aoife</i> .....	4	1426
— Lay of <i>Ossian</i> and <i>Patrick</i> .....	4	1523
— Battle of <i>Dumbolg</i> .....	4	1622
— Story of <i>Mac- Dáthó's Pig</i> and <i>Hound</i> .....	4	1613
— <i>Connla</i> of the <i>Golden Hair</i> .....	5	1731
— Exploits of <i>Curoi</i> .....	5	1749
— <i>Fineen the Rover</i> .....	5	1743
— <i>Naisi</i> Receives his <i>Sword</i> .....	5	1746
— <i>Oisín</i> in <i>Tirnanog</i> .....	5	1714
— Enchantment of <i>Georoidh Iarla</i> .....	5	1801
— Epilogue to <i>Fand</i> .....	5	1875
— <i>Fionnuala</i> .....	6	2437
— Battle of <i>Almhain</i> .....	7	2709
— Knighting of <i>Cucu- lain</i> .....	7	2756
— Queen <i>Meave</i> and her Hosts .....	7	2746

**Legends and Myths.**

— <i>King Ailill's Death</i> .....	7	3261
— <i>Strand of Bator</i> .....	9	3404
— <i>Deirdré</i> in the Woods .....	9	3431
— Children of <i>Lir</i> .....	9	3460
— <i>Saint Francis</i> and the Wolf .....	9	3451
— The Priest's Soul .....	9	3561
— Old Age of Queen <i>Maere</i> .....	9	3697
— Wakeman on .....	9	3482
'Legends and Stories' and Traditions .....	6	2055, 2071
— Fairy .....	3	695, 736
— of Ireland .....	9	vii
— Ancient .....	9	3557, 3561, 3566
— Archbishop Mc- Hale on .....	6	2231
— of the Fairies, The .....	3	xx
— of the Pyramids .....	9	3534
— See also Folk and Fairy Tales.		
Leinster .....	3	956; 4 1249; 5 1722
— Aldfrid in .....	6	2376
— Fionn MacCumhail in .....	6	2117
— The battle of Alm- hain in .....	7	2709
— The Book of .....	4	1600, 1613
— described .....	5	1738, 2884
— See <i>The Battle of Dumbolg</i> and <i>The Story of MacDáthó's Pig</i> and <i>Hound</i> .....	2	xii
Leith-Cuinn .....	6	2357
Leitrim .....	2	613
— Lord, Lord Car- lisle's story of .....	1	234, 241
Leix .....	3	859
Leland on the Catholic priests in war time .....	3	955
Lenane .....	1	243
Lenihan's History of Limerick (cited) .....	9	3326
Lens, Peter, and the 'Hell-fire Club' .....	5	1916
Leo .....		See CASEY.
Leonardo's " <i>Monna Lisa</i> " .....	3	877
Lepers healed by Brigit .....	8	3255
Leprecaun, or Fairy <i>Shoemaker</i> , The .....	1	20
— Description of the .....	3	xix
Leprachawn, The (see also Leprechaun or Leprehaun) .....	4	1287
Leprechaun, The .....	1	301
Leprehauns .....	4	1631
'Lesbia hath a beaming eye' .....	6	2340
— semper hinc et inde .....	6	2340
Lest it may more quar- rels breed .....	9	3388
Let Bacchus's Sons .....	8	3283
— schoolmasters puz- zle their brain .....	4	1349
— the farmer praise his grounds .....	8	3279

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Let them go by .....	DOWDEN	3 876	Limerick, Sarsfield at.....	4 1593; 5 1742	
— us go to the moun- tain .....	10 3789		— destroys sup.	7 2820	
Leth-Chluisim .....	7 2709		— plies for seige .....	3 957	
Letter from Galway, A MAXWELL ..	6 2412		— Surrender of .....	5 1741	
— the Place of his Birth .....	M'HALE	6 2227	— The Blacksmith of JOYCE ..	3 958	
Letterbrick, Famine and .....	4 1573		— Irish Rapparees at .....	3 957; 9 x	
Letterkenney .....	4 1512; 6 2249, 2252		— Treaty Stone at (half-tone en- graving) .....	3 957	
— Tone arrested at .....	7 2605		Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation .....	5 1665	
'Letters from High Latitudes' .....	DUFFERIN	3 942	Lindsay, Lord, on the building of the Pyra- mids .....	9 3533	
Levarcham .....	4 1439		Linen Manufacture, The .....	9 3423	
LEVER, CHARLES JAMES (portrait) .....	5 1948		— Trade in Dublin .....	5 1916	
— M. F. Egan on .....	5 vii, xii		<i>Lines</i> .....	GREENE	4 1424
— Genius and pur- pose of novels of .....	1 xii		— by Robert Emmet .....	3 1094	
Living Authors in Irish Literature .....	2 xx		— from the Centenary Ode to the Mem- ory of Moore .....	MACCARTHY, 6 2131	
Lewines .....	9 3418		— Written to Music, WOLFE ....	9 3634	
<i>Lia Fail; or Jacob's Stone, The</i> .....	O'FLAHERTY, 7 2717		'Lion of the Fold of Juda, The' .....	See M'HALE.	
— The .....	8 2970		<i>Liquor of Life</i> .....	D'ALTON .. 2 805	
Lia Macha .....	7 2757		Lir .....	8 2990	
Liber Hymnorum, The .....	7 2672		— The Children of .....	TYNAN- HINKSON, 9 3460	
<i>Liberty in England</i> .....	GOLDSMITH, 4 1331		<i>Lisheen Races, Second- Hand</i> .....	SOMERVILLE and ROSS, 8 3166	
— of the Irish .....	9 3418		Lismore .....	2 681	
— Press, The .....	CURRAN	2 778	— The Book of .....	7 2766; 8 3246	
— Press .....	DE VERE	3 852	Lissadill .....	6 2354	
— The Native Land of .....	IRELAND	5 1662	<i>Litany</i> .....	MONSELL .. 7 2465	
— the right of all men .....	6 2461		— of St. Aengus .....	8 2884	
License, The first grant- ed to comedians in England .....	6 2346		<b>Literary Appreciations.</b>		
'Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson' BROOKE ..	1 291		— Humor of Shakes- peare .....	DOWDEN .. 3 870	
— Literature .....	9 3579		— Shakespeare's Por- traiture of aco- man .....	DOWDEN .. 3 875	
— Art and Nature, WILDE ..	9 3578		— Speech on Robert Burns .....	FERGUSON .. 3 1170	
— in Death .....	7 2652		— Country Folk .....	JOHNSON .. 5 1694	
— of Bright .....	8 3246		— Macaulay and Ba- con .....	MITCHEL .. 6 2444	
— of Canning' .....	BELL	1 165	— Emerson and New- man .....	MULLANEY .. 7 2556	
— of C. S. Parnell' O'BRIEN ..	7 2607		— Shakespeare .....	WISEMAN .. 9 3628	
— of Owen Roe O'Neill, A' .....	TAYLOR	9 3340	'Literary History of Ireland, A' .....	HYDE .. 4 1603 1610, 1613, 1618	
— The Origin of .....	KELVIN	5 1784	— Impulse of The Nation .....	9 xi	
Liffey, The .....	2 637; 5 1914		— Qualities of the Saga .....	HULL .. 4 1597	
— Dublin Castle on the .....	3 887		— Revival, Modern .....	10 3711	
Lifford .....	6 2357		— The, Lady Greg- ory on .....	1 xvii	
<i>Light of the World</i> .....	MCCALL	6 2124	— Society of New York, The Irish .....	10 xxvi	
Light, Speed of .....	1 38		— Theater, The Irish .....	10 xiii	
'Like a fire kindled be- neath a lake' (Irish rann) .....	HYDE	10 3833	<b>Literature.</b>		
<i>Like a Stone in the Street</i> .....	GRAVES	4 1414	— Prematural in Fiction .....	BURTON .. 1 404	
'Lily Lass' .....	MACCARTHY, 6 2180		— England in Shake- speare's Youth .....	DOWDEN .. 3 869	
Limerick .....	1 58		— Interpretation of Literature .....	DOWDEN .. 3 866	
— Bridge and Castle (half-tone en- graving) .....	5 1742		— Literary Qualities of the Saga .....	HULL .. 4 1597	
— The defense of .....	9 ix		— Irish as a Spoken Language .....	HYDE .. 4 1603	
— electors, Harry Deane Grady and .....	7 2728, 2732				
— Irish titles in .....	4 1590				
— Lenihan's history of (cited) .....	9 3326				
— The Mayor of .....	8 xvii				
— method of lighting streets in 1719 .....	5 1916				



Literature.	VOL. PAGE	Lombards, Irish version of the history of the.....	VOL. PAGE
— <i>What is the Rem- nant?</i> ..... MAGEE ....	6 2292	'London Assurance'... BOUCAULT.	1 252
— <i>Plea for the Study of Irish</i> ..... O'BRIEN ...	7 2614	— <i>View of</i> ..... DENHAM ...	3 850
— <i>Old Books' of Erinn</i> ..... O'CURRY ...	7 2670	Londonderry ..... (half-tone engrav- ing) .....	7 2867 1 7
— <i>Gaelic Movement</i> . PLUNKETT ..	8 2908	Lone and weary as I wandered ..... FERGUSON ...	3 1177
— <i>On the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'</i> . ROLLESTON ..	8 2968	— is my waiting here TODHUNTER.	9 3408
— <i>Life, Art and Na- ture</i> ..... WILDE ....	9 3578	— Lake, half lost amidst ..... GREENE ...	4 1423
— <i>Celtic Element in Literature</i> ..... YEATS ....	9 3654	Lonely from my home I come ..... MANGAN ...	6 2371
— and History ..... and Life ..... of the Modern Irish Language.. HYDE ....	9 vii 9 3579 10 3711	Long Deserted ..... MULVANY ..	7 2562
— The antiquity of Irish ..... Irish, from first to last ..... Irish, of many b'ends ..... The Celtic Ele- ment in ..... YEATS ....	3 xvii 1 xv 4 x 9 3654	— Dying, The ..... DE VERE ...	3 863
— Effect of National movement on ..... — Effect of Repeal movement on ..... — Effect of Union on ..... — Ireland's Influence on European ... SIGERSON ..	1 xlii 1 xlii 1 xli 4 vii	— Long ago beyond the misty ..... M'GEE ....	6 2223
— Interpretation of. DOWDEN ...	3 886	— Reddy ..... — Spoon, The ..... KENNEDY ..	1 145 5 1803
— The Story of Early Gaelic'... HYDE ....	4 1622	— they pine in dreary woe ..... MANGAN ...	6 2380
— Value of ancient Irish ..... — Young Ireland party and ..... Litigation, Love of. ....	4 xi 1 xlii 3 1000	— this night, the clouds delay ... SIGERSON...	8 3139
— <i>Little Black Rose, The</i> . DE VERE ..	3 858	Longford ..... Longing ..... TODHUNTER.	7 2668 9 3408
— <i>'Black Rose, The'</i> ..... — Britons ..... — <i>child, I call thee</i> . HYDE ....	4 1247 2 429 4 1655	Looe ..... Lookin' Back ..... SKERNE ..	4 1519 8 3155
— cowboy what have you heard ..... ALLINGHAM.	1 20	— <i>Seaward</i> ..... FERGUSON ..	3 1185
— <i>Dominick</i> ..... EDGEWORTH.	3 1060	Looting ..... Loquacious Barber, The GRIFFIN ..	9 3636 4 1503
— <i>Mary Cassidy</i> ... FAHY ....	3 1135	Lord Beaconsfield ... O'CONNOR ..	7 2660
— <i>Woman in Red</i> . A. DEENY ...	3 846	Lord Edward. See Fitz- gerald. — <i>Lieutenant's Ad- venture, The</i> ... BODKIN ...	1 232
Lives of Irish saints. ....	7 2672	— Verulam and the Echo ..... — of <i>Dunkerron, The</i> CROKER ..	3 1056 2 736
— of the Mothers of the Irish Saints' ..... — of the Sheridans, The' ..... FITZGERALD.	1 32 3 1190	Lorne, Lord ..... Lost Saint, The ..... HYDE ....	3 939 4 1650
Llandaff, Lord, duel with Lord Clonmell. ....	1 142	— Tribune, The ..... SIGERSON ..	8 3133
Loan of a Congregation. MAXWELL ..	6 2411	Louane ..... Loud roared the dread- ful thunder ..... CHERRY ...	1 114 2 586
Local Government Act. ....	9 xi	Lough, Bray ..... KAVANAGH ..	5 1753
— Self-Government v. Home Rule ..... Loch Finn ..... — Glynn, Folk tale of. ....	3 833 6 2271 4 1642	— Bray ..... O'GRADY ...	7 2760
— <i>Ina</i> ..... O'BRIEN ...	7 2602	— Columb ..... — Dan (half tone en- graving) ..... — Dergh ..... — Drummond ..... — Erne ..... — Foyle ..... — Ine ..... — Leln (Killarney) ..... — na Mrack ..... — Neagh ..... — Healing and pet- rifying powers of ..... — Outer ..... — Sheelin ..... — Swilly (half-tone engraving) ..... — one of the lead- ing lakes of Ulster ..... See also Loch.	4 1522 2 639 4 1255; 6 2276 6 2277 4 1255 5 1714 4 1521; 1522 3 1180; 5 1753 6 2277, 2280 6 2277 6 2277 2 633 4 1518; 6 2427 6 2277
— Mask ..... — Quinlan ..... — Swilly ..... (see also Lough). Lochan ..... Lochinvar, An Irish. .... Locke, JOHN ..... Locker-Lampson, F. .... Logic in Irish literature. .... Loma ..... Lombards, Irish version of the history of the.....	4 1625 4 1595 7 2605 5 1725 5 1945 5 2003 5 1809 2 xlii 3 861	Long ago beyond the misty ..... M'GEE .... — Reddy ..... — Spoon, The ..... KENNEDY .. — they pine in dreary woe ..... MANGAN ... — this night, the clouds delay ... SIGERSON...	6 2223 1 145 5 1803 6 2380 8 3139 7 2668 9 3408 4 1519 8 3155 3 1185 9 3636 4 1503 7 2660



VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
Louis Philippe; few executions under his rule .....	2 679	Ludlow on the massacre at Drogheda .....	7 2568, 2573
— See <i>The French Revolution</i> .		Ludlow's 'Memoirs' .....	7 2568
Louise, Princess .....	3 940	Lugach .....	4 1525
Louth .....	6 2275	Lugaird .....	4 1434, 1443
Louvain, Lynch's cell in .....	7 2615	Luganure .....	5 2052
— Collection, The .....	7 2673	Lugduff .....	5 2051
— Franciscan College of, Collection of Irish MSS. in the .....	7 2673	Luggala .....	1 25
<i>Love Ballad</i> . From the Irish .....	MANGAN 6 2371	Lugh, the long-handed .....	2 xi
— in a Village .....	BICKERSTAFF 1 185	Lugnaquilla .....	6 2321
— is the soul of a neat Irishman .....	6 2193	'Luke Delmege' .....	SHEEHAN 8 3044
— 'not' .....	NORTON 7 2589	Lumpkins, Tony (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer') .....	4 1348
— of Dubhlacha for Mongan, The' .....	4 1608	Lundy Foot .....	2 800
— Fair Play, Irish .....	3 857	Luttrell, Henry, the Irish traitor .....	7 2821
— 'Freaks, The' .....	GOLDSMITH 4 1334	— D. J. O'Donoghue on wit of .....	6 xiv
— Nature in Irish sagas .....	2 xv	— 'Lying, the Decay of' .....	WILDE 9 3578
— <i>Quack Medicines, The</i> .....	GOLDSMITH 4 1343	LYNCH, HANNAH .....	6 2088
— <i>Songs of Connacht</i> .....	HYDE 10 3735	— <i>Lav on Vinegar Hill</i> .....	BANIM 1 76
— <i>The Contagion of</i> .....	3749, 3763, 3777, 3789	Lynch's cell in Louvain .....	7 2615
— <i>The Pity of</i> .....	YEATS 9 3704	Lyndhurst, Lord, and Sheil on "Irish aliens" .....	7 xxvii
— will you come with me .....	MCCALL 6 2124	LYSAGHT, EDWARD .....	7 2106
<i>Lovely Mary Donnelly</i> .....	ALLINGHAM 1 12	— D. J. O'Donoghue on wit of .....	6 xiv
— Mary of the Shan-non Side' .....	8 3270	Lysaght's gulps beyond recall .....	6 ix
<i>Love-making in Ireland</i> .....	MACDONAGH 6 2193	Lytton, on Gulliver .....	9 3343
— in <i>Paddy-Land</i> .....	KEELING 5 1772	— on Swift .....	9 3343
<i>Lover and Birds, The</i> .....	ALLINGHAM 1 15	M.	
LOVER, SAMUEL (por-trait) .....	5 2006	Maam, The inn at .....	1 233
— as a comic love poet .....	6 x	Mabb, Mave (Mave and Meave become Mab in Shakespeare) .....	4 ix
— as a humorist .....	6 viii	Mabinogion, The .....	9 3655
— the Irish arch-hu-morist .....	6 xiv	<i>Macaulay and Bacon</i> .....	MITCHEL 6 2444
— M. F. Egan on .....	5 vii, xii	— J. W. Croker .....	2 675
— on 'Bumpers, Squire Jones' .....	3 841	— on Burke .....	1 372
— Father Prout's addition to <i>The Groves of Blarney</i> .....	6 2441	— Irish soldiers in French army .....	7 2815
— W. H. Maxwell .....	6 2400	— 'Junius' .....	3 1227
<i>Love's Despair</i> . From the Irish of Diar-mad O'Curran .....	SIGERSON 8 3137	Macaulay's Lay of Ho-ratus and Ballad of <i>Naseby</i> , Mitchel on .....	6 2454
— <i>Young Dream</i> .....	MOORE 7 2521	Mac, meaning of .....	9 3546
<i>Low-Backed Car, The</i> .....	LOVER 5 2079	MACALEESE, D. A. .....	6 2111
Loyalty, Irish .....	1 348	MCBURNIE, WILLIAM B. .....	6 2113
Lua's lake .....	3 864	MCCALL, PATRICK J. .....	6 2117
Luath Luachar .....	2 629	— version of Bryan O'Linn by .....	8 3273
Lucan, Lord, at Bala-klava (see also Patrick Sars-field) .....	8 3009	MCCANN, MICHAEL JO-SEPH .....	6 2126
— after the Treaty of Limerick .....	3 957	MACCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE .....	6 2128
— Patrick Sarsfield, <i>Earl of</i> .....	ONAHAN 7 2814	— poem to O'Con-nell by (cited) .....	6 2219
Lucas, Mrs. Seymour, Granny's Wonderful Chair (half-tone en-graving) .....	1 314	— JUSTIN (photogravure por-trait) .....	1 Front
'Luck of a Lowland Laddie, The' .....	CHROMMELIN 2 751	— <i>Irish Literature</i> by .....	1 vii
		— on G. Griffin .....	4 1465
		— Lecky .....	5 1912
		— Sheil .....	8 3055
		— JUSTIN HUNTLEY .....	5 2174
		— Florence .....	4 1590
		— 'More' .....	SADLER 8 3018
		MacCaurea, The Clan of .....	6 2128
		MacCein .....	2 804
		MacConglinne, Gleeman .....	9 3684

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
MacConglinne, The Vision of .....	6	vii	Macreddin .....	6	2125
MacCon-Mara, Donough .....	6	2378	MacRoich, Fergus .....	4	1600
— DUNCADH .....	10	3937, 3939	Macroom .....	1	354
MacCool, Finn; mac-Cumhail, Finn. See Finn MacCumhail.			MacRoy, Fergus, Captain of Queen Meave's guards .....	7	2746
MacCorse, The Tale of .....	2	xii	— Description of .....	7	2750
MACDAIRE, TRIGE (biography) .....	10	4023	MacSweeney of Faut. Charles Egerton (character in 'How to Get on in the World') .....	2	633
— From a Poem by HYDE .....	4	1657	MADDEN, DANIEL OWEN .....	6	2237
MacDáthé's Pig and Hound, Story of .....	4	1613	— on Grattan .....	6	2281
MACDERMOTT, MARTIN .....	6	2189	— Mary A. .... See MRS. SADLER.	4	1387
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL (portrait) .....	6	2193	— RICHARD ROBERT .....	6	2286
— on <i>The Sunniness of Irish Life</i> .....	8	vii	Maddyn or Madden, Daniel Owen .....	6	2281
MacDonnell, Bishop, of Killala .....	6	2232	'Maelduin, The Voyage of .....	4	1601
— JOHN (biography) .....	10	4013	Mael-mic-Faillbhe, Tenth Abbot of Hy .....	7	2710
— (reference) .....	2	803	Maev Leith-Dherg, <i>The Lament of</i> .....	8	2975
MacEgan, Nehemias, Vellum book of .....	7	2709	Maewe. See Meve.		
MACFALL, FRANCES E. (SARAH GRAND) .....	6	2206	— of Leinster, The Half Red .....	7	2748
MACFIRBIS, DUALD (biography) .....	10	4014	— The great army of .....	4	1432
— cited by Archbishop MacHale .....	6	2231	— and Cuchulain .....	4	1437
— The Genealogy of .....	7	2614	Magee, on Irish Hotels .....	8	xxi
M'GEE, THOMAS D'ARCY .....	6	2217	— WILLIAM K. (JOHN EGLINTON) .....	6	2292
MacGillicuddy of the Reeks .....	4	1590	Magennis, Miss .... See FORRESTER.	3	1222
McGinley, Mr., The plays of .....	10	xlv	Maggy Ladir .....	4	1249
MacGorman, Finn .....	4	1660	'Magh Leana, The Battle of' .....	7	2664
MacGrath's, W., On the Old Sod (color plate) .....	1	xvi	Magh Life .....	4	1448
M'Guire, Conor .....	9	ix	MAGINN, WILLIAM (portrait) .....	6	2300
Macha, The Grey of .....	4	1435	— as a parodist .....	6	xlv
— Monga-Rue .....	7	2757	— M. F. Egan on .....	5	xv
— the Empress .....	9	3493	— on Conviviality .....	6	x
— the Red-Haired .....	7	2749	— spurious Irish songs .....	6	xlii
MCMALE, ARCHBISHOP JOHN .....	7	2227	Maglone, Barney .... See WILSON.		
MACINTOSH, SOPHIE .....	6	2233	Magog, son of Japhet .....	9	3549
MacKenna's Dream .....	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3296	MAGRATH, ANDREW (biography) .....	10	4015
— Popularity of .....	8	3270	— (reference) Lament of the Man-gaire Sugach .....	9	3508
McKernie, James .... See MCBURNEY.			Maguire, Hugh .....	2	639
MACKLIN, CHARLES .....	6	2236	— JOHN FRANCIS .....	6	2321
— Anecdotes of .....	6	2241	— J. H. McCarthy on .....	6	2154
— the first considerable reviver of Shakespeare .....	5	1919	— <i>The Bard O'Hussey's Ode to the MANGAN</i> .....	6	2369
MacLean, M., on W. Stokes as a Celticist .....	7	3243	— Father Tom .....	8	3275
McLennan, William, M. F. Egan on .....	5	xlii	MAHAFFY, JOHN PENTLAND .....	6	2328
MacLiag, The poems of .....	6	2377	Mahon, Brian's Lament for King .....	4	1591
MACLINTOCK, LETITIA .....	6	2242	MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER [FATHER PROUT] (portrait) .....	6	2336
MacLise, Meagher on .....	6	2420, 2422	Maid of Cloghroe, <i>The</i> STREET BAL-LAD .....	9	3299
MacLughaidh .....	2	629	Maiden City, <i>The</i> .....	9	3428
MacMahon, Marshal .....	3	941	Maill .....	4	1252
MACMANUS, JAMES (SEUMAS) .....	6	2254	Mailigh Mo Stoir (Molly Astore) .....	7	2734
— M. F. Egan on .....	5	xlii, xvii	Maine, Son of Maewe .....	4	1443
— MRS. SEUMAS (ANNA JOHNSTON) .....	6	2267	Mairgreadh ni Chealleadh WALSH .....	9	3503
— T., and Young Ireland .....	9	xi	Major Bob Mahon's Hospitality .....	5	1964
MacNessa, Conobar .....	7	2748	Make thyself Known, Sibyl .....	3	877
— Conor .....	2	xlii			
MCNEVIN, THOMAS .....	6	2274			
Macpherson .....	6	2231			



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Malaprop, Mrs.</i> (character in 'The Rivals') .....	SHERIDAN	8 3078	<b>Manuscripts.</b>		
Malinmore .....	5 1866		— National Library of Paris .....	7 2673	
Mallocc .....	2 439		— See Ancient Irish Illuminated MSS.		
<i>Mallow, The Rakes of.</i> .....	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3312	Many years have burst upon .....	8 3026	
'Malmorda; A Metrical Romance' .....	CLARKE	2 596	Maove, the Magic .....	7 2593	
Malone, A .....	7 1x		Map of Ireland, His- torical .....	9 3705	
— EDMUND .....	6 2346		— of to-day .....	10 4030	
Malplaquet, Battle of .....	9 3445		Marco, Polo, Irish ver- sion of the Travels of .....	7 2672	
Malvern Hill .....	6 2423		Marcus .....	5 1847	
'Man of the World, The' .....	MACKLIN	6 2237	Marital relations .....	5 1923; 6 2204	
— for <i>Galway, The.</i> .....	LEVER	5 1975	Market Day (half-tone engraving) .....	8 2940	
— is no mushroom growth .....	INGRAM	4 1660	Marlow (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer') .....	4 1349	
— <i>Octipartite.</i> From the Middle Irish .....	STOKES	8 3262	Marot, Clement, Father Prout on .....	6 2338	
Mân-a-nan M'Lir .....	6 2223		<i>Marriage</i> .....	8 3152	
Mananan, the sea-god. See <i>Naist Receives his Sword.</i>			— between relations in ancient Greece .....	6 2332	
Manchester Martyrs, The .....	7 2608; 9 3323, 3339		— customs. See <i>Love Making in Ireland and Shane Fadh's Wedding.</i>		
— Rescue, The .....	6 2153		— Dean Swift on .....	8 3377	
<i>Mangaire Sugach, La- ment of the</i> .....	WALSH	9 3508	— law in Scotland .....	2 754	
MANGAN, JAMES CLAR- ENCE (portrait) .....	6 2350		— of Florence Mac- Carthy More .....	8 3018	
— The Woman of three Cows .....	10 3831		— Three Weeks After .....	7 2564	
— W. B. Yeats on .....	3 1x		Marriages in Ireland .....	6 2193	
— See <i>The Dead Anti- quary</i> .....	6 2218		Marrying season in Ire- land, The .....	6 2194	
Mangan's delight in riv- ers .....	6 2455		Marsh, Bishop, Library founded in Dublin by .....	5 1915	
'Manifold Nature, Our' .....	MACFALL	6 2206	Marten Cats, Supersti- tions about .....	9 3680	
Manners and Customs in Ireland .....	2 xx; 3 943		Martin and 'Young Ire- land' .....	9 1x	
— of the Ancient Irish .....	2 629		MARTIN ROSS (see also E. GE. SOMER- VILLE and VIO- LET MARTIN) .....	8 3166	
— of Ancient Erin' .....	O'CURRY	7 2666	— VIOLET. See MARTIN ROSS.		
— of Ireland in olden times .....	7 2771		MARTLEY, JOHN .....	6 2382	
— The Squire's running foot- man .....	7 2772		MARTY, EDWARD .....	6 2383	
— See <i>Castle Rack- rent and Keen- ing and Wake;</i> also Customs and Manners.			— The plays of .....	10 xlii	
— Morals (see also Customs and Manners) .....	1 286; 4 1417		Martyrs, Fox's Book of .....	8 3066	
Manning, Mr. See note to <i>An Heroic Decep- tion.</i>			— The Manchester .....	7 2608; 9 3323, 3338	
'Manuscript Materials of Irish History, Lec- tures on' .....	O'CURRY	7 2670	'Mary Alkenhead, Her Life, Her Work and Her Friends' .....	1 28	
<b>Manuscripts.</b>			— and <i>St. Joseph</i> (folk song) .....	10 3807	
— Dispersion of, by invasions .....	7 2680		— D'Este, Queen of James II. .....	2 768	
— Irish; collection in the Bodleian Library at Ox- ford .....	7 2673		— <i>Maguire</i> .....	4 1246	
— British Museum .....	7 2672		— Neil .....	8 3271	
— Burgundian Li- brary, Brussels .....	7 2673		— of <i>The Nation.</i> See .....		
— Royal Irish Academy .....	7 2672		— Queen, and Ireland .....	9 1b	
			— Tudor .....	3 851	
			<i>Marys, The Keening of the Three</i> (folk song) .....	10 3788	
			Mary's Well (religious folk tale) .....	10 3795	
			Maryboro' .....	5 1933	
			Masbrook, The woods of .....	6 2230	
			Masks, The, in Ireland .....	9 3498	
			Mason, Mr. Joseph Monck .....	7 2678	



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Mass, Key-Shield of the.....	10	3965	Meave, the great queen,		
<i>Massacre at Drogheda</i> , BARRY .....	1	150	was pacing to		
MURPHY .....	7	2567	and fro .....	YEATS .....	9 3697
of 1641, The .....	3	954	— <i>The Old Age of</i>		
Massagetae, The .....	9	3549	<i>Queen</i> .....	YEATS .....	9 3697
Massarene, Lady, daughter			'Mecca, Personal Nar-		
of Harry Deane			rative of Pilgrimage		
Grady .....	7	2733	to' .....	BURTON .....	1 408
Massari, Dean of Fermo .....	1	32	Medge, Baron .....		1 142
Masters, Annals of the			'Medical Student, Mis-		
Four (see Four Mas-			adventures of a' .....		9 3607
ters, Annals).			Medieval Towns .....		4 1420
Matchmaker in Ireland,			Meehan, The Rev. C. P. ....		1 32
The .....	6	2194	Meenavalla; Grouse-		
Materialism, J. S. Mill			shooting in .....		6 2256
on .....	9	3464	<i>Meeting of Anarchists,</i>		
— Tyndall on .....	9	3464	A .....	BARRY .....	1 156
Mathematics, Irish pro-			— <i>the Waters, The</i> , MOORE .....		7 2532
ficiency in .....	4	1280	— (color plate) .....		7 Front
MATHEW, FRANK .....	6	2391	<i>Memoirs</i> . See Char-		
— THEOBALD .....	6	2396	acter Sketches,		
Matthew, Saint (color			etc.		
plate) .....	9	Front	— of James II.		
Matterhorn, <i>Thoughts</i>			(cted) .....		8 3324
on the .....	9	3478	— John Cartaret		
Maturin, C., M. F. Egan			Pilkington		
on .....	5	vii	(cted) .....		7 2693
Maureen, <i>acushla</i> , why. BOYLE .....	1	277	— Richard Lovell		
Maur's Song .....	9	3433	Edgeworth,		
Mave's Repentance .....	4	1265	Esq., .....	EDGEWORTH.	3 1073
Mawworm, Mr. (charac-			— the Count de		
ter in 'The Hypo-			Grammont' .....	HAMILTON..	4 1542
critic') .....	1	182	— the Countess of		
Max Müller on Nursery			Blessington'. MADDEN ...		6 2286
Tales .....	3	xxiii	<i>Memorial by Wolfe Tone</i>		
MAXWELL, WILLIAM			to French Govern-		
— HAMILTON .....	6	2400	ment, Extract from a. TONE .....		9 3421
— M. F. Egan on .....	5	xii	<i>Memories</i> .....	M'GEE .....	6 2224
<i>May Love Song</i> , A. ....	6	2438	<i>Memory</i> , A. ....	MACALEESE.	6 2111
<i>Mayflower</i> .....	7	2834	Men's Dress in Ireland .....		9 3498
Maynooth .....	7	2485	Merchant marine of Ire-		
Maynooth College (color			land, The .....		9 3362
plate) .....	3	Front	Mermaid, The .....		2 736
Mayo .....	6	2438; 7 2856	<i>Memory of Earth</i> , A. ....	RUSSELL ..	8 3003
— Duelling in .....	1	145	— the Dead, The .....	INGRAM ..	5 1659
— Famine and pesti-			Mend, son of Sword-		
lence in .....	4	1573	heel .....		4 1617
— Lord, on the Irish			Merriment in Irish hu-		
Church .....	6	2155	mor .....		6 ix
— government of			Merrion Square, O'Con-		
India by .....	3	941	nell's residence in .....		3 815; 8 3064
— <i>The County of</i>			Merrows, The .....	2 697; 3 xviii;	5 1878
From the Irish Fox .....	4	1224	Mervin, Audley .....		7 ix
— Viscounts, Ance-			Messiah, Handels, first		
tor of the .....	7	2858	produced in Dublin .....		5 1918
Mazarin, Cardinal .....	4	1347	Meters in ancient Ire-		
Meade, L. T. .... See Mrs. TOULMIN			land .....		2 xviii
			SMITH.		
MEAGHER, THOMAS			<i>Mève</i> . See Maëve.		
— FRANCIS .....	6	2414	Meadhbh, Midhe.		
— and 'Young Ire-			— and Oilloll .....		4 1613
land' .....	9	xl	— The white Bull of .....		2 xviii
— in the civil war .....	6 2324; 7 2833		Meyer, Professor Kuno.		4 1608
— J. F. Maguire on .....	6 2324		— Work of, for Celtic		
Meanings of Irish			literature .....		2 xviii
names .....	9	3546	Michael of Kildare, the		
Meath .....	7 2748, 2827, 2864		first Irish poet in		
— King Ferghal and			English .....		4 ix
the men of, at			— <i>Robartes Remem-</i>		
Almhain .....	7	2709	bers . <i>Forgotten</i>		
— (Midhe). Origin			<i>Beauty</i> .....	YEATS .....	9 3708
of the name .....	7	2667	Michelstown .....		5 1714
— of the Pastures .....	2	613	Midhe (Meath). Origin		
— Parnell a member			of the name .....		7 2667
for, in 1875 .....	6	2177	Midir, the fairy chief .....		7 2668
Meave, Queen, Descrip-			<i>Midnight Escapade</i> , A. SMITH .....		8 3158
tion of .....	7	2746	— <i>Funeral</i> , A. ....	DEENY .....	3 845

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe .....	10	4013	Modern Literature of the Irish Language. HYDE .....	10	3711
— Mabel Kelly. From the Irish of O'CAROLAN .....	3	1187	— Medievalism .....	BARRETT	1 116
Miles O'Reilly, Private. See .....	HALPINE.		— political feuds .....	3	967
Milesians, The .....	9 vii.	3549	— So ciety, The Church and' .....	5	1662
Milesius .....	2	444	Molra, Lord .....	9	3521
Millford .....	6	2244	— O'Neill .....	See SKRINE.	
Military life in Ireland .....	6	2403	Molrín .....	3	861
Mill, J. S., on Material- ism .....	9	3464	Molière .....	3	873
Millbank Prison .....	3	839	Molling, Bishop of Ferns. ....	7	2706
MILLIGAN, ALICE .....	6	2427	MOILLOX, JAMES LYMAN. ....	6	2457
— The plays of .....	10	xiii	Molly Asthore .....	FERGUSON.	3 1182
MILLIKEN, RICHARD AL- FRED .....	6	2439	— Carew .....	LOVER	5 2076
— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of .....	6	xiv	— Muldoon' .....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3300
Millmount, The .....	7	2568	MOLYNEUX, WILLIAM. ....	6	2460
Milton .....	7	2561	— Irish literature be- gins before .....	2	vii
— Elijah-like .....	3	873	Moment, A .....	BROOKE	1 300
Miltown .....	7	2715	Monaghan, County .....	7	2696
'Ministry of all the Talents, The' .....	1	119	Monallen .....	6	2276
Minrowar, son of Ger- kin .....	7	2757	Monamolin .....	5	1804
Minstrel, A Wandering. LE FANU ..	5	1934	Monasterboice, Cross at (half-tone engraving) .....	9	3486
— Boy, The .....	7	2535	Monasteries, Irish Fran- ciscan .....	1	32
'Minute Philosopher, Alciphron or the' .....	1	175	Monastic establish- ments .....	8	2882
.....		176	Monck, Lord .....	3	941
Miola (rivulet), The .....	6	2280	Money, Large sums of, sent home by the Irish in foreign lands. ....	6	2197; 7 2618
Mirabeau .....	7	2660	Mongan and Colum .....		
Miracles of Brigit .....	8	3246	— Cille .....	4	1606
Miraculous Creatures. YEARS .....	9	3678	— Love of Dubh- lacha for' .....	4	1608
Miriam's Song (Sound the Loud Timbrel) .....	7	2537	Monks of the Screw. CURRAN ..	2	797
'Mirror of Justice, The' .....	9	3374	.....	LEVER	5 1952
— The Wonderful Chinese .....	4	1337	Monna Lisa, Leonardo's (half-tone engraving). DOWDEN ..	3	877
'Misadventures of a Medical Student' .....	9	3607	'Monomla' .....	6	2172
Misconceptions of the Irish. See The Na- tive Irishman.			Monotony and the Lark. RUSSELL ..	8	3005
'Miss Erin' .....	BLUNDELL.	1 225	Monroe Doctrine, The. ....	2	464
Mistake of a Night, The .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1348	— Dorothy, the fa- mous beauty .....	4	1377
Mr. Orator Puff had two tones .....	MOORE	7 2541	MONSELL, JAMES SAM- UEL BEWLEY .....	7	2465
Misther Denis's Return. BARLOW ..	1	114	Montana, Prospecting in .....	3	965
MITCHEL, JOHN .....	6	2443	Montorio, Tombs in the Church of .....	O'DONNELL.	7 2684
— and E. Walsh .....	9	3502	Moon Behind the Hill, The .....	KENEALY	5 1788
— and 'Young Ire- land' .....	9	xi	'Moonachug and Meena- chug' .....	4	1650
— cited by Meagher .....	6	2415	Mooney, Dr., of Trinity College .....	5	1986
— News of sentence of .....	6	2185	MOORE, FRANK FRANK- FORT (portrait) .....	7	2468
— on XIX. Century religion .....	6	2446, 2449	— GEORGE .....	7	2482
— See By Memory In- spired .....	8	3274	— M. F. Egan on .....	5	xv
'Mitchel's, John, Jail Journal' .....	MITCHEL	6 2444	— on 'The Heather Field' .....	6	2385
.....		2454	— Plays of .....	10	xiii
Mizen Head, The .....	8	2852	— Norman, on Sir S. Ferguson .....	3	1168
Mo Craobhin Cno .....	9	3505	— The Burial of Sir John .....	9	3633
Modern Éigerta, A. ....	CAMPBELL.	2 448	— THOMAS (portrait) .....	7	2505
— Gaelic writers (see also Vol. 10) .....	2	xviii	— (reference) .....	8	3071
— Irish .....	10	4025	— A anecdote of O'Curry and .....	7	2663
— Drama .....	10	xlii	— Holmes, O. W., on .....	7	2505
— Poetry, Yeats on .....	3	vii	— in college .....	9	3523
— Stories .....	10	3875			



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Moore, Lines from the Centenary Ode to the Memory of</i> .....	6	2131	Mountmorris, I. & F. d. duel with Francis		
Meagher on .....	6	2424	Hitchinson .....	1	143
on Christianity in Ireland .....	9	3400	Mourne .....	6	2354
on Conviviality .....	6	xi	<i>Mourning Bride, Extracts from the</i> .....	2	615
on Emmet's character .....	3	1087	Moville, Donegal .....	6	2248
on Sheridan .....	3	1197	Moyallo .....	5	1743, 1745
on the parting of Byron and the Blessingtons .....	6	2289	Moyle, The (river) .....	6	2534
<i>Rogueries of</i> .....	6	2337	Moy-Mell, the plain of everlasting pleasure .....	5	1714, 1732
the Spanish type in Ireland .....	4	1589	'Moytura' .....	5	1876
W. B. Yeats on .....	3	viii	Moyvore, The Rath of .....	4	1255
<i>Moral and Intellectual Differences between the Sexes</i> .....	5	1920	Muckish mountain, The .....	6	2251
force and intellectual achievement .....	9	3468	Muckruss Abbey, Ruins of .....	8	3020
Morals, American .....	1	336	Mulredach .....	9	3487
of Irish people .....	1	34	Mulrue .....	4	1447
Moran, Michael, the last Gleeman .....	9	3683	'Mulrherame, Cuchulain of' .....	4	1426
More, MacCarthy .....	4	1500	.....GREGORY .....	4	1431
Morfydd, To .....	5	1698	Mulberry Garden, The .....	1	166
MORGAN, LADY .....	7	2542	Mulholland, Rosa. See LADY GILBERT.		
Description of .....	7	2543	Mulla .....	6	2276
M. F. Egan on .....	5	vii, xv	Mullach-brack .....	6	2356
Inherently Irish .....	1	xi	Mullaghmast .....	5	1801
Dress of .....	9	3495	MULLANEY, PATRICK FRANCIS .....	7	2556
'Morgante the Lesser', MARTYN .....	6	2383	Mullen, The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally, and .....		
Morley, Professor on antiquity of Gaelic Literature .....	4	vii	.....LAD .....	9	3316
on Steele and Addison .....	8	3198	Mullinger .....	6	2438
Morna .....	7	2526	MULVANY, CHARLES PELHAM .....	7	2562
<i>Morning on the Irish Coast</i> (half-tone engraving) .....	5	2003	<i>Munachar and Munachar</i> .....	4	1647
Mornington, Lord, a Monk of the Screw .....	2	797	Municipal Corporation Bill, The Irish .....	6	2176
Musical academy presided over by .....	5	1919	Franchise Bill, The Irish .....	6	2176
Mortgage, Foreclosure .....	8	3230	Privileges Bill, The Irish .....	6	2176
Morty Oge .....	2	445	Munremar .....	4	1616
Morris, William, on Art and Society .....	9	3662	Munster, Aldfrid in .....	6	2376
<i>Moses at the Fair</i> .....	4	1305	Bards, The .....	7	2615
(character in Sheridan's 'School for Scandal') .....	8	3109	'Cashel of' .....	3	1181
The Burial of .....	1	1	'Pacata Hibernia,' A record of .....	7	2740
Mother, Boy who was long on his .....	10	3765	Raleigh in .....	3	909
"— is that the passing bell?" .....	5	1767	The Dean of Fermo on hospitality in .....	1	32
Mount Eccles .....	7	2701	The women of .....	1	30, 32
Gabriel .....	7	2851	War-Song, The .....	9	3607
Saint Jerome .....	6	2420	William of .....	See	KENEALY.
Mountain Cottage in Killarney (half-tone engraving) .....	4	1484	Women, Dress of .....	1	33
Fern, The .....	4	1255	Murchad, son of the King of Leinster .....	7	2711
Theology .....	4	1455	Murmurs of Love .....	7	2676
Mountains of the Setting Sun .....	2	417	MURPHY, ARTHUR .....	7	2567
Mountjoy, Lord .....	7	2740	DENIS .....	7	2567
The Wood of .....	1	3	Father. See Mac-kenna's Dream .....		
			JAMES .....	7	2574
			Murphys' Supper, The .....	1	103
			Musgrave, Sir Richard .....	1	129
			Music has charms to soothe .....	2	615
			Music in Ireland .....		
			Irish Music .....	8	2885
			The Irish Intellectual .....	4	1288
			An Irish Musical Genius .....	7	2690
			Lines Written to .....	9	3634
			National .....	1	400
			The Last .....	5	1700



	VOL.	PAGE	N.	VOL.	PAGE
Musical glasses, The.....	7	2690			
— <i>Genius, An Irish</i> .....	O'DONOGHUE	7 2690			
Muskerry.....	1	353			
— Lady, a daughter of Harry Deane Grady.....	7	2733			
<i>Muster of the North</i> .....	DUFFY	3 954			
Mutiny Act, The.....	4	1391			
<i>My Ambition</i> .....	LYSAGHT	6 2109			
— beautiful, my beau- tiful!.....	NORTON	7 2584			
— <i>Boyhood Days</i> .....	EDGEWORTH	3 1073			
— 'Brown Girl Sweet'.....	8	3270			
— <i>Buried Rifle, To</i> .....	MCCARTHY	6 2172			
— country, wounded.....	WILDE	9 3573			
— 'dear Vic' ses he.....	BARRY	1 151			
— eyes are filmed.....	MANGAN	6 2367			
— <i>First Day in Trin-   ity</i> .....	LEVER	5 1986			
— 'girl, I fear your sense is not great at all' (Irish rann).....	HYDE	10 3835			
— Grand Recreation.....	10	4016			
— Grave.....	DAVIS	3 827			
— 'grief on the sea'.....	HYDE	10 3763			
— heart is far from Liffey's tide.....	WALSH	9 3505			
— heart is heavy in my breast.....	FITZSIMON	3 1206			
— <i>Inver Bay</i> .....	MACMANUS	6 2264			
— Land.....	DAVIS	3 831			
— <i>Last Night in Trin-   ity</i> .....	LEVER	5 1990			
— 'Life is like the summer rose'.....	WILDE	9 3597			
— little one's going to sea.....	MOLLOY	6 2459			
— 'Lords of Strogue'.....	WINGFIELD	9 3620			
— love, still I think.....	REYNOLDS	8 2939			
— love to fight the Saxon goes.....	O'DONNELL	7 2686			
— <i>Mother Dear</i> .....	LOVER	5 2087			
— name is Hugh Rey- nolds.....	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3292			
— Patrick Sheehan.....	KIRKHAM	5 1831			
— it is Nell.....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3306			
— <i>Old Home</i> .....	O'LEARY	7 2797			
— Owen.....	DOWNING	3 916			
— Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spun.....	FERGUSON	3 1179			
— 'prison chamber'.....	ROSSA	8 2985			
— spirit's on the mountains.....	WOLFE	9 3635			
— thoughts, alas, are without strength.....	GREGORY	4 1460			
— time how happy once.....	BICKERSTAFF	1 186			
Mystery, Celtic love of.....	8	2974			
Mysticism in the new movement.....	5	vii			
Mythological Cycle, The.....	2	xi			
Mythology.....	4	1426			
— 1431, 1445, 1447, 1455, 1459 of the Norsemen.....	8	3241			
<b>Myths and Legends.</b> See Legends, and Folk Lore.					
— Need for study.....	1	vii			
— Wakeman on.....	9	3482			
— in Nature.....	9	3657			
— Nature. See <i>The Celtic Ele-   ment in Literature.</i>					
Naas Jail.....	5	1887, 1894			
<i>Naisi Receives his   Sword</i> .....	JOYCE	5 1746			
<i>Nameless One, The</i> .....	MANGAN	6 2365			
— <i>Story, The</i> .....	LARMINIE	5 1871			
Names of places, Mean- ing of.....	6	2228			
(Naols speaks) O to see once more.....	TRENCH	9 3431			
<i>Napoleon</i> .....	PHILLIPS	8 2888			
— An Historical Character of.....	PHILLIPS	8 2888			
— and Baron Denon.....	1	214			
Narraghmore.....	5	1888			
— 'Narrative of the War with China'.....	WOLSELEY	9 3636			
<i>Nathaniel P. Cramp</i> .....	MCCARTHY	6 2134			
<i>Nation Once Again, A</i> .....	DAVIS	3 827			
— The Founding of.....	3	950			
— 'Spirit of the'.....	3	x			
<i>National Characteristics   as Molding Pub-   lic Opinion</i> .....	BRYCE	1 331			
— Dramatic Society.....	10	xiii			
— genius.....	8	2990			
— independence, Plun- ket on.....	8	2901			
— Land League.....	9	xi			
— League, The.....	9	xi			
— Library of Paris, Collection of Irish MSS. in the.....	7	2673			
— literature, A.....	1	x			
— movement in Ire- land, The.....	3	834			
— 'Music of Ireland'.....	BURKE	1 400			
— Poet of Ireland, The.....	See MOORE.				
— spirit in Irish lit- erature.....	2	xviii			
— literature now an accomplished fact.....	1	xiv			
— extinguished by Act of Union.....	1	xi			
— temperament in Irish literature.....	1	x			
— movement, Effect of, on literature.....	2	xiii			
— Poets. See Mod- ern Irish Poetry.					
<i>Nationality</i> .....	INGRAM	5 1661			
— and Imperialism.....	RUSSELL	8 2969			
— Irish, now recog- nized.....	1	xvii			
<i>Nation's History, A</i> .....	BURKE	1 398			
— Right, A.....	MOLYNEUX	6 2460			
<i>Native Irishman, The</i> .....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3304			
— Land of Liberty.....	IRELAND	5 1662			
— literature of Ire- land original.....	2	vii			
Nativity, Chapel of the.....	9	3537			
Natural scenery.....	2	439			
— 'Theology,' Paley's.....	5	1787			
Naturalization Bill, The.....	4	1392			
Nature. Joy in.....	1	174			
— Life, Art and.....	WILDE	9 3578			
— in Myth.....	9	3657			
— Myths. See <i>The Celtic Ele-   ment in Literature.</i>					
— Love of, in Irish sagas.....	2	xv			
<b>Nature</b> (out-door life). — <i>The Young Fisher</i> .....	GWYNN	6 2454			
— <i>Rhapsody on Riv-   ers, A</i> .....	MITCHEL	6 2454			

Nature.	VOL. PAGE	Nile, The	VOL. PAGE
— <i>Vicar of Cape Clear</i> OTWAY	7 2848	Nine Hostages, Nial of	7 2512
— <i>Ennishower</i> ..... WINGFIELD.	9 3620	the	1 402; 2 444
Navan	5 1738	'Ninety-eight'	9 3688
Navigations	2 xli	— Lord Camden and.	8 2930
Navy, Irishmen in the		— The events of	6 2229
British	9 3422	'No doubt sure,' 'My	
Neagh, The	6 2112	self believes,'	
— Lough	3 1180; 5 1753; 6 2276, 2280	'Thinks I'	
Near Castleblaney lived		(Irish rann) ... HYDE	10 3835
Dan Delaney	8 3270	— popery cry, The.	8 3059
Ned Geraghty's Luck.	BROUGHAM.. 1 301	— rising column	
Needy Knife-grinder.	CANNING 2 467	marks this spot. EMMET	3 1094
'Neighbors'	CROTTY 2 758	— Snakes in Ireland O'KEEFE	7 2771
Neill O'Carree	HYDE 4 1638	Noble Lord, A	MURPHY 7 2574
Neill, Meaning of name	9 3546	— Extracts from a	
Nell Flaherty's Drake. STREET BAL-		Letter to a	BURKE 1 379
LAD	9 3306	Nolle Prosequi, A	7 2793
— D. J. O'Donoghue		Nora Creina	MOORE 6 2340
on	6 xi	— 7 2523	
Nemedians, The	2 xi; 9 vii	Norbury, Lord, and Cur-	
Nephin (mountain).	6 2229, 2231	ran	2 798
Nero	2 740, 746	— at the Trial of	
Netterville, Nicholas,		Robert Emmet.	3 1093
Viscount	7 2728	— duel with Fitzger-	
— Father Robert,		ald	1 143
slain at Drogheda	7 2572	Norman work in Round	
'Never Despair' (fac-		Towers	9 3492
simile of verses)	7 2623	Norman-Irish, The	9 3391
'New Antigone, The'	BARRY 1 156	Norse Sagas and Gaelic	
Ireland, by A. M.		Tales	8 2973
Sullivan	7 2619	— Invaders drown	
— Irish, The	9 3391	Irish books	2 viii
Misfortunes	GOLDSMITH. 4 1309	North, The Muster of	
— Potatoes	LOVER 5 2071	the	DUFFY 3 954
— Town Glens.	7 2551	Northern Blackwater	KAVANAGH 5 1752
Newbery, John, Gold-		Northernmen in Ireland. STOKES	8 3238
smith on	4 1299	NORTON, CAROLINE	
Newcastle, Duke of,		(LADY STIRLING-MAX-	
Sterne's reply to	8 3227	WELL)	7 2583
Newman, Cardinal	7 2556	Not a drum was heard,	
Newport	7 2857	not a funeral	
— A Glimpse of his		note	WOLFE 9 3633
Country-House near. BERKELEY	1 175	— a Star from the	
Newry	3 954	Flag Shall Fade. HALPIN	4 1539
— Election, Speech at CURRAN	2 788	— far from old Kin-	
Newspaper, The first		vara	FAHY 3 1134
Irish (facsimile)	4 1258	— for the lucky war-	
Niagara	6 2132	riors	GWYNN 4 1529
— Dr. Johnson the,		— hers your vast im-	
of the New		perial mart	LAWLESS 5 1884
World"	7 2472	Nothing Venture, Noth-	
Nial of the Nine Hos-		ing Have	HAMILTON 4 1542
tages	1 402; 2 444; 9 3546	Novel in The Figaro,	
Niall	6 2356	The	O'MEARA 7 2805
Niam	CHESSON 2 593	Novels, Irish	EGAN 5 vii
— of the Golden		— Burlesque	1 119, 123
Hair	5 1715	'Novum Organum,' Ba-	
Nibelungen, Lied, The.	4 1598	con's	6 2448, 2453
and Ireland	4 viii	Now all away to Tir	
— Irish older than.	2 vii	na n'Og	CHESSON 2 590
Nicknames and So-		— are you men.	PARNELL 7 2871
brilquets	9 3547	— in the lonely hour. JOYCE	5 1747
'Night before Larry was		— let me alone,	
stretched, The.' STREET BAL-		though I know	
LAD	9 3308	you won't	LOVER 5 2080
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	6 xi	— Memory, false	
— closed around	MOORE 7 2536	spendthrift	
— in Fortmanus Vil-		Memory	O'GRADY 7 2760
lage, A	SIGERSON 9 3145	— when the giant in	
— Piece on Death,		us	RUSSELL 8 3000
From a	PARNELL 7 2874	NUGENT, GERALD (bio-	
Nigra, Constantine, on		raphy)	10 4016
Celtic rhymes	2 xlx	— Translation from	
		the Irish of.	3 930



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Nugent, Lord, Canning			O'BRIEN, CHARLOTTE		
on .....	1	171	GRACE .....	7	2591
Nullum Tempus Bill .....	4	1395	— FITZ JAMES .....	7	2594
Number of Irish ancient			— Manus, discovers		
MSS. extant .....	2	xi	— Sarsfield's plow .....	9	3325
Numitorius .....	5	1848	— Michael, executed		
Nursery Tales, Max			— at Manchester .....	7	2608; 9
— Müller on .....	3	xxiii	— R. BARRY .....	7	2604
— Sir W. Scott on .....	3	xxiii	— on Keening .....	9	3843
— Charles Welsh on .....	3	xxiv	— Smith .....	9	3414, 3550
			— on Wolfe Tone .....	7	2604
			— and Young Ire-		
			land .....	9	xi
			— defended by J.		
			Whiteside .....	9	3550
			— on T. McNevin .....	6	2274
			— WILLIAM .....	7	2614
			— WILLIAM SMITH .....	7	2619
			(portrait) .....	7	2614
			— and the Kille-		
			naule affair .....	7	2798
			— (reference) .....	10	3829
			— D. J. O'Dono-		
			ghue on art of .....	6	xxii
			O'Bryne. See Macken-		
			na's Dream		
			O'Byrnes of Wicklow .....	9	3397
			O'Burke, Father, on		
			Davis' poems .....	3	822
			O'Callahy, M. (now		
			Caldwell) .....	10	3807
			O'CARLAN, TURLOUGH		
			(biography) .....	10	4017
			— and fairy music .....	3	xviii
			— Translations from		
			the Irish of:		
			Grace Nugent .....	3	1186
			— Mild Mabel		
			Kelly .....	3	1187
			— Bridget Cruise .....	4	1244
			— Mary Maguire .....	4	1246
			— Peggy Browne .....	4	1252
			— Why, Liquor of		
			Life .....	3	805
			Ocean, The, in Irish sa-		
			gas .....	2	xvii
			Och! a rare ould flag. HALPINE ..	4	1539
			— girls dear, did you		
			ever hear .....	3	935
			— hone! and what		
			will I do? .....	5	2076
			— when we lived in		
			ould Glenann .....	8	3157
			O'CLERY, M. (biogra-		
			phy) .....	10	4018
			— Louvain collection		
			of manuscripts		
			made by .....	7	2673
			— See <i>A Plea for the</i>		
			<i>Study of Irish.</i>		
			See O'Donovan.		
			O'Connell, Chancellor,		
			duel with the		
			Orange Chieftain .....	1	143
			— DANIEL .....	7	2624
			— (portrait) .....	7	2629
			— and Biddy Mori-		
			arty .....	6	2281
			— and Catholic		
			Emancipation .....	9	i
			— and the move-		
			ment for Re-		
			peal .....	1	xii
			— Anecdotes of .....	7	2651
			— Ballads on .....	8	3268
			— Bulwer on .....	7	xxv
			— Dickens on .....	7	xxv

## O.

O could I flow like thee. DENHAM ..	3	849
— did you not hear		
of Kate Kear-		
ney? .....	7	2555
— <i>Erin, my Queen</i> .....	7	2873
— gentle fair maiden. SIGERSON ..	8	3143
— God, may it come		
shortly .....	10	3929
— had you seen the		
Coolun .....	2	1188
— heart full of song. O'SHAUGH-		
NESSY ..	7	2843
— I'm not myself at		
all, Molly dear. LOVER ....	5	2083
— King of Heaven		
who did'st create .....	10	3911
— Mary dear, O Mary		
fair .....	3	1182
— Meaning of the		
prefix .....	9	3547
— my daughter: lead		
me forth .....	1	3
— Peggy Brady, you		
are my darlin' .....	8	3268
— say can you see .....	9	3331
— say, my brown		
<i>Drimin'</i> .....	2	442
— Sigh of the Sea .....	8	3138
— str o n g-winged		
birds .....	7	2591
— the brown banks		
of the river .....	5	1752
— the days are gone. MOORE ....	7	2521
— the days of the		
Kerry dancing .....	6	2457
— the sight entranc-		
ing' .....	7	2530
— the sunshine of old		
Ireland .....	9	3408
— thou whom sacred		
duty calls .....	6	2128
— were you on the		
mountain' .....	4	1656
— where, Kinkora, is		
Brian .....	6	2377
— Woman of the		
Piercing Wall .....	6	2352
— Woman of three		
Cows .....	10	3831
— Woman, shapely as		
the swan .....	4	1414
— "Oaken-footed Elzevir,"		
The .....	4	1259
— <i>Oasis</i> .....	3	876
— <i>Oats, Binding the</i> .....	2	610
— Objective method of		
studying literature .....	3	868
— Obelisk, The Boyne		
(half-tone engraving) .....	8	3271
— O'Berne Crowe on an-		
cient Irish MSS. ....	2	xi



	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
O'CONNELL, D., Erin's		O'DONOGHUE, D. J., on	
— Lament for . . . . .	8 3269	— Carleton . . . . .	2 472; 5 xviii
— defended by J. . . . .	9 3550	— A. B. Code . . . . .	2 607
— Whiteside . . . . .	9 3550	— William Dren-	
— Genius of, de-		— nan's verse . . . . .	3 924
— scribed . . . . .	7 xxvi	— Kirkham . . . . .	5 xviii
— in prison . . . . .	3 811; 6 2158	— William Kenealy . . . . .	5 1788
— Liberation of . . . . .	3 814	— Lover's humor . . . . .	5 2008
— Monument, The		— Mrs. Power . . . . .	7 2703
— (half-tone en-		— of the Glens . . . . .	4 1590
— graving) . . . . .	7 2645	O'DONOVAN, JOHN . . . . .	7 2705
— on the corn laws . . . . .	7 2633	— on T. C. Irwin . . . . .	5 1668
— on death of Da-		— Work of, for Cel-	
— vis . . . . .	2 823	— tic literature . . . . .	2 xviii
— on home market . . . . .	7 2647	— The Dead Anti-	
— on T. D'Arcy . . . . .		— quarry . . . . .	6 2218
— M'Gee . . . . .	6 2217	O'Driscoll drove with a	
— on C. Phillips . . . . .	8 2888	— song . . . . .	YEATS . . . . . 9 3701
— on property tax . . . . .	7 2632	O'Dugan, Maurice . . . . .	3 1188
— Origin of . . . . .	4 1588	O'Farrell . . . . .	9 ix
— Sheil's Pen-and-		O'Duibhne, Diarmuid . . . . .	2 629
— ink Sketch of . . . . .	8 3064	O'FARRELLY, MISS AG-	
— talent of, for vi-		— NES . . . . .	10 3967
— tuperative lan-		— (biography) . . . . .	10 4026
— guage . . . . .	6 2281	O'Flynn, Lawrence . . . . .	10 3713
— John, in prison . . . . .	3 812; 6 2128	— Father . . . . .	4 1412
O'CONNOR, F. . . . .	10 3713	O'er the wild gannet's	
— Matthew, on		— bath . . . . .	DARLEY . . . . . 2 809
— Faulkner . . . . .	4 1262	Of all trades that flour-	
— Rev. Charles, com-		— ished of old . . . . .	LEVER . . . . . 5 1958
— piler of the		— Drinking . . . . .	FLECKNOE . . . . . 3 1209
— Stowe Catalogue . . . . .	7 2673	— old, when Scarron	
— Captain Telge . . . . .	7 2570	— his companions	
— THOMAS POWER		— invited . . . . .	GOLDSMITH . . . . . 4 1380
— (portrait) . . . . .	7 2655	— priests we can offer	GRAVES . . . . . 4 1412
O'Corra, The Voyage of		O'FLAHERTY, CHARLES . . . . .	7 2713
— the Sons of . . . . .	JOYCE . . . . . 5 1724	— Prince of Conne-	
O'Cuisin, S., Plays of . . . . .	10 xv	— mara . . . . .	7 2857
O'CURRAIN, D. (biogra-		— RODERICK . . . . .	7 2716
— phy) . . . . .	10 4019	O'Flaherty's cabin in	
O'CURRY, EUGENE . . . . .	7 2663	— Connemara . . . . .	7 2615
— on ancient Irish		O'FLANAGAN, JAMES	
— MSS. . . . .	2 xi	— RODERICK . . . . .	7 2723
— extent of an-		Of have we trod the	
— cient MSS. . . . .	2 xiii	— vales of Castaly	WILDE . . . . . 9 3594
— Work of, for Celtic		— 'in the stilly night'	MOORE . . . . . 7 2527
— literature . . . . .	2 xviii	Ogam stones (see also	
O'Daly, Aengus, satirist . . . . .	6 vii	— Ogham) . . . . .	4 3545; 7 2668
Ode on his Ship . . . . .	BROOKE . . . . . 1 280	O'Garas banished from	
— Written on Leav-		— Galway . . . . .	8 2917
— ing Ireland. From		Ogham explained and	
— the Irish . . . . .	NUGENT . . . . . 3 930	— illustrated . . . . .	2 x
O'DOHERTY, MRS. KE-		O'Gillarna, Martin Rua . . . . .	10 3751
— VIN IZOD (EVA		OGLE, GEORGE . . . . .	7 2734
— MARY KELLY) . . . . .	7 2675	— a Monk of the	
— Sir Cahir . . . . .	6 2430	— Screw . . . . .	2 797
'O'Donnel, a National		— duel with Barney	
— Tale' . . . . .	MORGAN . . . . . 7 2549	— Coyle . . . . .	1 143
O'Donnell. See A Song of Defeat		O'Gorman, Secretary,	
— and Tombs in the Church of		— duel with Thomas	
— Montorio. . . . .		— Wallace . . . . .	1 143
— Aboo . . . . .	MCCANN . . . . . 6 2126	O'Grady of Kibbally-	
— (reference) . . . . .	8 3270	— owen . . . . .	4 1590
— Capture of Hugh		— STANDISH . . . . .	7 2737
— Roe . . . . .	CONNELLAN . . . . . 2 632	— on H. Grattan . . . . .	4 1394
— Hugh Ruadh. See		— (portrait) . . . . .	7 2737
— Roisin Dubh. . . . .		— Sir Horace Plun-	
— Red Hugh . . . . .	9 ix	— keff on . . . . .	8 2911
— in the West . . . . .	7 2743	— STANDISH HAYES . . . . .	7 2762
— JOHN FRANCIS . . . . .	7 2678	— Work of, for Cel-	
— Manus, grandfa-		— tic literature . . . . .	2 xviii
— ther of Hugh		O'Grove, Lament of . . . . .	CALLANAN . . . . . 2 443
— Roe . . . . .	2 635	'Ogygia' . . . . .	O'FLAHERTY . . . . . 7 2717
O'Donnells banished		— William O'Brien on . . . . .	7 2615
— from Galway, The . . . . .	8 2917	Oh, dark, sweetest girl, FURLONG . . . . .	4 1252
O'DONOGHUE, DAVID J. . . . .	7 2690	— Dermot Astore!	
— on Banin's verse . . . . .	1 45	— between waking	CRAWFORD . . . . . 2 658

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Oh! drimin donn dills!	WALSH	9 3511	O'Heffernan, the blind	7	vii
— fairer than the illy tall	FAHY	3 1133	O'Hussey's Ode to The Bard Maguire	MANGAN	6 2369
— farewell, Ireland, I am going	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3287	Oilioll	4	1613
' — God, it is a dread- ful night'	KEEGAN	5 1764	Oisin (see also Ossian, Usheen)	2	xli
' — Green and fresh'	TYNAN- HINKSON	9 3461	— and Finn	4	1455
— If there be an Ely- sium on earth	MOORE	6 2342	— Cause of popular- ity of	9	3360
— In the quiet haven, safe for aye	ALEXANDER	1 8	— in Tirnanog; or the Last of the Fena	JOYCE	5 1714
— Larry M'Hale he had little to fear	LOVER	5 2001	— Macpherson's poems of	7	2373
— love is the soul	CODE	2 607	— See Niam and On the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'	8	2917
— lovely Mary Don- nelly	ALLINGHAM	1 12	O'Kanes banished from Galway	8	2917
— many a day have I made	CALLANAN	2 441	O'Kearney	10	3789
— many and many a time	GRAVES	4 1415	O'KELLY, PATRICK	7	2779
— my dark Rosaleen	MANGAN	6 2363	O'KENNEDY, RICHARD	7	2782
— my fair Pastheen	FERGUSON	3 1184	O'KEEFE, JOHN	7	2770
— my sweet little rose	FURLONG	4 1247	— and Sir Walter Scott	7	2691
— Paddy dear, and did ye hear	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3320	Old Age of Queen Maee, The	YEATS	9 3697
— Paudrig Crohoora was the broth of a boy	LE FANU	5 1942	— Books of Eriuan	7	2670
— rise up, Willy Relly	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3321	— Celtic Romances	JOYCE	5 1724, 1731
— that my love and I	FURLONG	4 1246	— Custom, An	GRIFFIN	4 1481
— the clang of the wooden shoon	MOLLOY	6 2458	— Lady Ann	CROKER	2 660
— the fern, the fern	GEOGHEGAN	4 1255	— of Thread- needle Street, The	8	3076
— the French are on the sea	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3313	— Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore	McCALL	6 2122
' — the marriage'	DAVIS	3 825	— "White," anec- dotes of	8	xviii
' — the rain, the weary	MANGAN	6 2373	O'LEARY, ARTHUR	7	2789
' — then tell me, Shawn O'Fer- rall'	CASEY	2 572	— Dr.	2	797
— there was a poor man	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3281	— ELLEN	7	2796
— thou Atlantic, dark and deep	CROLY	2 749	— W. B. Yeats on	3	xi
— 'tis little Mary Cassidy's	FAHY	3 1135	— JOHN	7	2798
— to have lived like an Irish Chief	DUFFY	3 959	— on Kickham	5	1815
— turn thee to me	FURLONG	4 1244	— JOSEPH	7	2803
— 'twas Dermot O'Nowlan McFigg	O'FLAHERTY	7 2713	— as a humorist	6	xv
' — What a Plague is Love'	TYNAN- HINKSON	9 3439	— PATRICK (biography)	10	3953
— what was love made for	MOORE	3 1087	— FATHER PETER (bi- ography)	10	4028
— who could desire to see better sporting	10	3919	— (reference)	10	3941
— who is that poor foreigner	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3288	Olkryn, Iris	See MILLIGAN	
— yes, 'tis true, the debt is due	HOGAN	4 1592	Ollamh, described	2	xli
O'HAGAN, JOHN	7	2767	Ollamhs, Costumes of	3	xxiv
O'Hara, Kane, D. J.			O'Longan on ancient Irish MSS.	2	xi
Donoghue on wit of	6	xiii	"Olwen" in The Mabi- nogion	9	3656
			O'Mahon, Counsellor, duel with Henry Deane Grady	1	143
			O'MAHONY or MAHONY, F. S. (FATHER PROUT)	6	2336
			O'Maille, Breanhaun Crone	7	2856
			O'Mealley, Grace	7	2856
			O'MEARA, KATHLEEN (GRACE RAMSAY)	7	2805
			O'MEEHAN, FATHER	10	3829
			Omnium, Jacob. See HIGGINS		
			O'More, Roger	9	ix
			O'More's Fair Daughter	FURLONG	4 1252
			On Carrighou the heath	LANE	5 1865
			— Catholic Rights	O'CONNELL	7 2629
			— Conciliation with America	BURKE	1 376



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
On Euripides' plays we debated .....	ARMSTRONG.	1 24	O'Neill's banished from Galway .....	8	2917
— Great Sugarloaf .....	GREENE	4 1424	— Only Son of Aoife, <i>The</i> .....	GREGORY	4 1426
— Irishmen as Rulers .....	DUFFERIN	3 938	— Oracles, Ancient Irish .....	7	2717
— Land Tenure .....	BUTT	2 422	— Orange lilies, A story of .....	3	970
— Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays .....		6 2277	— The .....	EGAN	3 1080
— a Colleen Bawn .....	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3310	— Societies .....	9	3520
— 'the Colloquy of the Ancients' .....	ROLLESTON.	8 2968	<b>Orangeism.</b> .....		
— Commercial Treaty with France .....	FLOOD	3 1219	— King William .....	3	967
— Death of Dr. Swift .....	SWIFT	9 3380	— Protestant Boys .....	9	3311
— deck of Patrick Lynch's boat .....	FOX	3 1224	— The Orange Lilies .....	3	1080
— fourteenth day, being Tuesday .....		4 1484	— The Orangeman's Submission .....	9	3430
— ocean that hollows .....	GRIFFIN	4 1510	— Willy Reilly .....	9	3321
— Old Sod (color plate) .....		1 xvi	Orangeman's Submission, <i>The</i> .....	TONNA	9 3430
— Policy for Ireland .....	MEAGHER	6 2415	Orator, Canning as .....	1	170
— Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America .....	BERKELEY	1 180	— Dean Kirwan as .....	1	127
— Travel .....	FLECKNOE	3 1209	— Dr. Alexander as .....	1	8
— Wind .....	MARTYN	6 2383	— Father Keogh as .....	3	1202
ONAHAN, WILLIAM J. .... See JOHNSTONE.		7 2814	— Flood as .....	3	1210
Oncropoulos .....			— Flood the first real .....	7	x
One blessing on my native isle .....	CURRAN	2 767	— Fox as .....	3	1191
— day the Baron Stiffenbach .....	WILLIAMS	9 3610	— Gladstone the greatest in the Commons .....	7	2657
— Forgotten, <i>The</i> .....	SHORTER	8 3128	— Grattan, hero and .....	4	1384
— Law for All .....		1 384	— Isaac Butt as .....	2	421
— morn a Perl at the gate .....	MOORE	7 2509	— Meagher as .....	6	2414
— morning by the streamlet .....	O'BRIEN	7 2592	— O'Connell as .....	7	2624
— ranging for recreation .....		8 3269	— Pitt as .....	3	1191
— walking out I o'ertook .....	ALLINGHAM.	1 16	— Puff .....	MOORE	7 2541
— night of late I chanced to stray .....	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3296	— Sheridan as .....	FITZGERALD.	3 1190
— touch there is of magic white .....	ALEXANDER.	1 9	Orators, Great attribute of .....		7 viii
— winter's day, long ago .....	KEEGAN	5 1762	— in Irish Parliament (portraits) .....	7	viii
O'NEACHTAN, J. (biography) .....		10 4019	<b>Oratory.</b> .....		
— John, Translations from Irish of .....		2 768	— Pulpit, Bar, and Parliamentary Eloquence .....	BARRINGTON.	1 127
— A Lament .....		4 1249	— Chatham and Townshend .....	BURKE	1 391
'O'Neill, A Life of Owen Roe' .....	TAYLOR	9 3390	— Extracts from the Impeachment of Warren Hastings .....	BURKE	1 383
— Hugh .....		8 3018	— On American Taxation .....	BURKE	1 373
— and his men, A vision of .....		1 354	— On Conciliation with America .....	BURKE	1 376
— Flight of .....		6 2353	— Disarming of Ulster .....	CURRAN	2 780
— The rebellion of .....		9 ix	— Farewell to the Irish Parliament .....	CURRAN	2 783
— Submission of .....		9 3392	— Liberty of the Press .....	CURRAN	2 778
— of Ulster .....		10 3851	— On Catholic Emancipation .....	CURRAN	2 774
— Molra .....	See SKRINE.		— Speech at Newry Election .....	CURRAN	2 788
— Owen Roe .....		9 ix	— Last Speech .....	EMMET	3 1087
— Sir Phelim .....		9 ix	— Speech on Robert Burns .....	FERGUSON.	3 1170
— or O'Neill .....		3 928	— Defense of the Volunteers .....	FLOOD	3 1217
		957; 4 249, 1530; 7 2686	— On a Commercial Treaty with France .....	FLOOD	3 1219
			— Reply to Grattan's Inective .....	FLOOD	3 1212
			— Declaration of Irish Rights .....	GRATTAN	4 1387
			— Of the Injustice of Disqualification of Catholics .....	GRATTAN	4 1405



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<b>Oratory.</b>			ORR, JAMES	7	2830
— <i>Philippic against Flood</i> .. GRATTAN	4	1400	— <i>The Wake of William</i> .. DEENNAN	3	925
— <i>Glory of Ireland</i> .. MEAGHER	6	2420	Orrery, Lord, Swift and Faulkner	4	1263
— <i>On the Policy for Ireland</i> .. MEAGHER	6	2415	O'Ryan was a man of might	4	1540
— <i>Speech from the Dock</i> .. MEAGHER	6	2424	Osborne, Anecdote of Sir William	2	425
— <i>Justice for Ireland</i> .. O'CONNELL	7	2641	Oscar, Keen, light-footed	7	2766
— <i>On Catholic Rights</i> .. O'CONNELL	7	2629	— Strength of	5	1723
— <i>Common Citizen Soldier</i> .. O'REILLY	7	2825	— with edged blade fighting	4	1525
— <i>Address Before the House, Washington</i> .. PARNELL	7	2861	Osgar (Oscur), grandson of Ossia	4	1455; 8 2753
— <i>Ambition of the Irish Patriot</i> .. PHILLIPS	8	2892	O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR	7	2842
— <i>Eulogy of Washington</i> .. PHILLIPS	8	2891	O'SHEA, P. J.	10	3343
— <i>The Union</i> .. PLUNKET	8	2896	— (biography)	10	4029
— <i>First Step toward Home Rule</i> .. REDMOND	8	2926	Ossian (see also Oisín)	8	2960
— <i>Ireland's Part in English Achievement</i> .. SHEIL	8	3057	— (biography)	10	4020
— <i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income Tax</i> .. SHERIDAN	8	3072	— and Patrick, Lay of	4	1523
— <i>In Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy</i> .. WHITESIDE	9	3550	— of St. Patrick	2	xvi; 4 1901
— <i>A century of. See The Irish School of Oratory.</i>			— The Burthen of	7	2752
— <i>in America, Bryce on</i> ..	1	337	— See MACALEESE and The Celts.		
— <i>Irish, pitched in a high key</i> ..	7	vii	Ossianic lays. The	4	1606
— <i>Masters in</i> ..	7	xxviii	— manuscripts in the Trinity College collection	7	2672
— <i>The Irish School of</i> .. TAYLOR	7	vii	— or Finn Cycle	2	629
O'Reilly. See Mackenna's Dream	8	3297	— poems, The	6	2231
— (Father) on naming children	4	1610	— prose romances.	8	2968
— JOHN BOYLE (portrait)	7	2825	Ossian's prose among the Irish people	4	1609
— His Life, Poems, and Speeches	7	2825	Ossin, Ossian, or Oisín	5	1705
— on Fanny Parnell's Land League songs	7	2870	O'Sullivan Bear, Dirge of	2	445
— Private Miles. See HALPINE.			— Gaelic	3	vii
— Myles, F. M. Egan on	5	viii	— Red	3	vii
Orford, Lord, on an Irish bull	3	1058	— Rev. S. on the Burial of Sir John Moore	9	3632
Oriel, Dubhdun, King of	4	1623	Othello at Drill	5	1979
Oriental bull, An	3	1056	O'Trigger, Sir Lucius (character in 'The Rivals')	8	3082, 3088
— folk lore and Irish life	3	xvii	O'Tundher	9	3515
Origin of Life, The	5	1784	OTWAY, CÆSAR	7	2848
— O'Connell	4	1588	'Ould Master, The'	1	114
— the Irish, The	9	3547	— Plaid Shawl, The	3	1134
Originality of ancient Irish literature	1	viii	— (color plate)	10	Front
— Irish Bulls Examined, The	3	1055	Our Exiles	9	3328
Ormond, M. F. Egan on	5	xi	— long dispute must close	2	1747
Ormonde on the massacre at Drogheda	7	2567, 2573	— Manifold Nature, Stories from Life	6	2206
Ormsby, Sir Charles; a story of the butcher	1	144	— own Times, History of	6	2148
'Oro, O darling Fair!'	8	3142	— Road	6	2273
O'Rourke, Daniel	6	2313	— Thrones Decay	8	3001
O'Rory Converses with the Quality	7	2549	Ourselves Alone	7	2767
ORR, ANDREW	7	2837	Out of Order	7	2793
			— upon the sand-dunes	9	3460
			Outer, Lough	6	2277
			Outlaw of Loch Lene, The	2	441
			'Outline of Irish History, An'	6	2174
			Outside Car (half-tone engraving)	2	788

	VOL.	PAGE
Outworn heart, in a time outworn .....	YEATS .....	9 3705
Over here in England .....	SKRINE .....	8 3154
— moving water and surges white .....	MILLIGAN .....	6 2435
— the carnage rose prophetic a Voice .....		7 2827
Oveton, Father Richard, slain at Drogheda .....		7 2573
<i>Owen Bacon</i> .....		3 1179
— King of Munster .....		2 444
— Mór, King of Fern- mag .....		4 1616
— Roe (see also <i>A Glimpse at Ire- land's History</i> ) .....		3 959
— O'Neill, Life of .....	TAYLOR .....	9 3390
Ownabwee, The .....		5 1865
Ox Mountains, The .....		6 2229

## P.

<i>Pacata Hibernia</i> .....	O'GRADY .....	7 2740
— Author of .....		7 2744
Paddy, agra, run down to the bog .....	STREET BAL- LAD .....	8 3285
— Blake and the echo .....		3 1056
— <i>Corcoran's Wife</i> .....	CARLETON .....	2 562
— <i>Fret, the Priest's Boy</i> .....	O'DONNELL .....	7 2678
— <i>MacCarthy</i> .....	HOGAN .....	4 1594
— <i>the Piper</i> .....	LOVER .....	5 2055
Pagan Irish, Esthetic sensitivity of the .....		2 xviii
Pain's 'Age of Reason' condemned .....		9 3521
Painting, Expression of female beauty by .....		5 1924
Pale, The .....		4 1255
— English of the .....		9 3391
— The English .....		10 3867
Paler and thinner the morning .....	M'GEE .....	6 2222
Palestine .....		7 2517
Paley's 'Natural Theol- ogy' .....		5 1787
Palliser, Archbishop .....		5 1915
Palmerston, Lord .....		3 941
Pamphlet, Power of the .....		7 ix
<i>Pamphleteer, Swift as a</i> .....	BOYLE .....	1 260
		9 3344
Pantheon, The early Irish .....		2 xl
<i>Paradise and the Peri</i> .....	MOORE .....	7 2509
Paralon, or Migdonia .....		4 1484
Parents and children, Affection between .....		6 2196
Parliament, Farewell to the Irish .....	CURRAN .....	2 783
— <i>How Ireland Lost her</i> .....	MCCARTHY .....	6 2161
— Irish Houses of (half-tone en- graving) .....		2 786
— of Ireland closed .....		6 2170
— The rights of .....		6 2464
'Parliamentary Reform, Speech on' .....		2 465
— speaking, Canning on .....		1 170
PARNELL, CHARLES STEWART (portrait) .....		7 2860

	VOL.	PAGE
PARNELL, C. S., Address of, before the House, Washing- ton, Feb. 2, 1879 .....		7 2861
— and the Land Lea- gue .....		9 xl
— National League .....		9 xl
— J. H. McCarthy on 'Life of Charles Stewart' .....	O'BRIEN .....	7 2607
		2611
— on the Manchester martyrs .....		7 2608
— Service of, to Eng- lish legislation .....		6 2178
— <i>went into Politics, Why</i> .....	O'BRIEN .....	7 2607
— <i>Epitaph on Doctor</i> .....	GOLDSMITH .....	4 1383
— FANNY .....		7 2870
— W. B. Yeats on .....		3 xii
— Sir John, and Ire- land's inde- pendence .....		6 2170
— Chancellor of the Exchequer .....		1 135
— THOMAS .....		7 2874
— English poet .....		6 2177
— W. B. Yeats on .....		3 vii
Parodist, Maginn the best .....		6 xlv
Parsons as a Monk of the Screw .....		5 1957
Parthalomans, The .....		9 vii
Partholan .....		2 xl
Parties in Ireland in 1798 .....		9 3426
— The Chiefs of .....	MADDEN .....	6 2284
— <i>Partners in Crime</i> .....	GRIFFIN .....	4 1494
'Party Fight and Fu- neral' .....	CARLETON .....	2 559
<i>Passing of the Gael, The</i> .....	MACMANUS .....	6 2267
Pasteur, Pouchet, and Bastian .....		5 1784
Pastha, The, described .....		3 xx
<i>Pastheen Fion</i> , From the Irish .....	FERGUSON .....	3 1184
<i>Pat</i> (comic paper) .....		6 x
Pater, Walter, on George Moore .....		7 2483
Pathos in Irish humor .....		6 viii
Patience of the Irish peasant .....		3 855
Patrician Bards, The .....		2 xviii
<i>Patrick, A Lay of Os- sian and</i> .....	GWYNN .....	4 1523
— and Ossian .....		7 2753
— See also <i>Saint Patrick</i> .....		
— <i>Sheehan</i> .....	KICKHAM .....	5 1831
<i>Patriot, The Ambition of the Irish</i> .....	PHILLIPS .....	7 2892
<b>Patriotic Songs, Songs of War, etc.</b>		
— <i>Siege of Derry</i> .....	ALEXANDER .....	1 3
— "He said that he was not our brother" .....	BANIM .....	1 58
— <i>The Sword</i> .....	BARRY .....	1 149
— <i>The Seven Shilling</i> .....	BUGGY .....	1 353
— <i>Gougane Barra</i> .....	CALLANAN .....	2 439
— "O say my brown drimín" .....	CALLANAN .....	2 442
— <i>Rising of the Moon</i> .....	CASEY .....	2 572
— <i>Green little Sham- rock of Ireland</i> .....	CHERRY .....	2 587



Patriotic and War Songs.		VOL. PAGE
— The Fighting Race.	CLARKE	2 598
— Wearing of the Green	CURRAN	2 767
— Fontenoy	DAVIS	3 823
— My Grave	DAVIS	3 827
— My Land	DAVIS	3 831
— A Nation once again	DAVIS	3 827
— The West's Asleep.	DAVIS	3 828
— A Cushla Gal mo		
— Chree	DOHENY	3 864
— Brigade at Fontenoy	DOWLING	3 878
— Erin	DRENNAN	3 924
— Wake of W. Orr.	DRENNAN	3 925
— Battle of Beal-An-Atha-Buidh	DRENNAN	3 928
— Ode on Leaving Ireland	DRUMMOND	3 930
— Innishowen	DUFFY	3 961
— Irish Chiefs	DUFFY	3 959
— Irish Rapparees	DUFFY	3 957
— Muster of the North	DUFFY	3 954
— Lines on Arbor Hill	EMMET	3 1094
— Fair Hills of Ireland	FERGUSON	3 1185
— Song of the Irish Emigrant	FITZSIMON	3 1206
— County of Mayo.	FOX	3 1224
— Roisin Dubh	FURLONG	4 1247
— Sorrowful Lament for Ireland	GREGORY	4 1459
— Ireland	GWYNN	4 1532
— Song of Defeat	GWYNN	4 1529
— "Not a star from the flag shall fade"	HALPINE	4 1539
— Sarsfield Testimonial	HOGAN	4 1592
— Memory of the Dead	INGRAM	5 1659
— Ways of War	JOHNSON	5 1699
— Blacksmith of Limerick	JOYCE	5 1741
— Crossing the Blackwater	JOYCE	5 1744
— Fineen, the Rover	JOYCE	5 1743
— Irish Reaper's Harvest Hymn	KEEGAN	5 1765
— Rory of the Hill	KICKHAM	5 1829
— Royal Love	LEAMY	5 1910
— Exiles Return	LOCKE	5 2003
— War-Ships of Peace	LOVER	6 2085
— The Croppy Boy	MCBURNERY	6 2115
— Good Ship Castle Down	MCBURNERY	6 2113
— O'Donnell Abou	MCCANN	6 2126
— Pillar Towers of Ireland	MACCARTHY	6 2130
— To my Buried Rifle	MCCARTHY	6 2172
— The fair hills of Erin	MCCONMARA	10 3937
— The Irish Exile.	MACDERMOTT	6 2189
— Am I Remembered?	M'GEE	6 2225
— The Celts	M'GEE	6 2223
— Dead Antiquary.		
— O'Donovan	M'GEE	6 2218
— Death of the Homeward Bound	M'GEE	6 2222

Patriotic and War Songs.		VOL. PAGE
— Salutation of the Celts	M'GEE	6 2226
— To Duffy in Prison	M'GEE	6 2220
— My Inver Bay.	MACMANUS	6 2264
— Passing of the Gael	MACMANUS	6 2267
— Shiela-ni-Gara	MACMANUS	6 2271
— Dark Rosaleen	MANGAN	6 2363
— Fair Hills of Eiré.	MANGAN	6 2378
— Kathaleen-Ny-Hou-lahan	MANGAN	6 2380
— Kinkora	MANGAN	6 2377
— Lament	MANGAN	6 2352
— Buried Forests of Erin	MILLIGAN	6 2437
— After the Battle	MOORE	7 2536
— 'Fairest put on awhile'	MOORE	7 2529
— 'Go where glory waits thee'	MOORE	7 2530
— Irish Peasant to his Mistress	MOORE	7 2536
— Meeting of the Waters	MOORE	7 2532
— The Minstrel Boy	MOORE	7 2535
— 'O the sight entrancing'	MOORE	7 2531
— 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore'	MOORE	7 2532
— Song of Fionnuala	MOORE	7 2534
— The harp that once	MOORE	7 2535
— 'When he who adores thee'	MOORE	7 2534
— Loch Ina	O'BRIEN	7 2602
— Tipperary	O'DOHERTY	7 2675
— Spinning Song	O'DONNELL	7 2686
— Tombs in the Church of Montorio	O'DONNELL	7 2684
— 'I give my heart to thee'	O'GRADY	7 2760
— Dear Land	O'HAGAN	7 2768
— Ourselves Alone.	O'HAGAN	7 2767
— To God and Ireland True	O'LEARY	7 2796
— At Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862	O'REILLY	7 2831
— Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer	O'REILLY	7 2830
— From 'Wendell Phillips'	O'REILLY	7 2836
— Mayflower	O'REILLY	7 2834
— In Exile: Australia	ORR	7 2837
— The Irishman	ORR	7 2839
— Song of an Exile.	ORR	7 2840
— Erin, my Queen	PARNELL	7 2873
— Hold the Harvest.	PARNELL	7 2871
— Post-Mortem	PARNELL	7 2870
— Fight of the Armstrong Privateer	ROCHE	8 2961
— Edward Duffy	ROSSA	8 2983
— Shane's Head	SAVAGE	8 3024
— The Lost Tribune	SIGERSON	8 3133
— Corrymeela	SKERINE	8 3154
— Lament for King Ivor	STOKES	8 3260
— The Boyne Water.	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3271
— MacKenna's Dream	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3296
— By Memory Inspired	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3274



Patriotic and War Songs.	VOL. PAGE	People, Amusements of. O'BRIEN ... 7 2620 'Perhaps' ... WYNNE ... 9 3649	VOL. PAGE
— Protestant Boys. STREET BAL-LAD ... 9 3311		Persecution by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike ... 7 2790	
— Shan Van Vocht. STREET BAL-LAD ... 9 3313		'Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca' ... BURTON ... 2 408	
— Wearin' o' the Green ... STREET BAL-LAD ... 9 3320		— 'Sketches' ... BARRINGTON. 1 127 129, 138, 141	
— Dear old Ireland. SULLIVAN ... 9 3341		Personification of Ireland ... 1 viii	
— God save Ireland. SULLIVAN ... 9 3339		Pery, E. S., Speaker of Irish House of Parliament ... 7 ix	
— Fairy Gold ... TODHUNTER. 9 3411		Petrie, Lord, and Father O'Leary ... 7 2793	
— Longing ... TODHUNTER. 9 3408		PETRIE, GEORGE ... 8 2879	
— The Maiden City. TONNA ... 9 3428		— on the Round Towers ... 9 3489	
— Orangeman's Sub-mission ... TONNA ... 9 3430		Petrie's 'Christian Descriptions' (cited) ... 9 3484	
— 'Oh, green and fresh' ... TYNAN-HINKSON. 9 3461		Petticoats, Ancient Irish ... 9 3495	
— The Exodus ... WILDE ... 9 3570		Phantom Ship, The ... MILLIGAN ... 6 2435	
— To Ireland ... WILDE ... 9 3573		Phaudrig Crohoore ... LE FANU ... 5 1942	
— Farewell to America ... WILDE ... 9 3599		Philandering ... BOYLE ... 1 277	
— Munster War-Song. WILLIAMS ... 9 3607		Philippic Against Flood. GRATTAN ... 4 1400	
<b>Patriotism.</b>		Phillips, Bishop, of Killala ... 6 2232	
— Archbishop Ireland on ... 5 1662		PHILLIPS, CHARLES ... 8 2888	
— of the Irish ... 2 442		— Sir Thomas, private collector of Irish MSS. ... 7 2673	
— See Nationality and Imperialism.		'Philo-Junius.' See Sir Philip Francis.	
Patterson, Chief Justice C. P., duels with gentlemen ... 1 143		<b>Philology.</b>	
PAYNE, PERCY SOMERS. ... 7 2878		— Poetry of Words. TRENCH ... 9 3434	
Pearce, Sir Edward ... 5 1914		— Language of the Ancient Irish ... WARE ... 9 3544	
Pearl of the White Breast ... PETRIE ... 8 2886		— Place names in Ireland ... 6 2228	
'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland'. DEENY ... 3 845 846, 847		— Surnames of the Ancient Irish ... WARE ... 9 3546	
— to his Mistress, The Irish ... MOORE ... 7 2536		Philosopher, Emerson, The ... 7 2556	
— Superstitions of the Irish ... 6 2149		'Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, A' ... 7 2695	
— English and Irish, compared ... 5 1835		<b>Philosophy.</b>	
Peasantry and landlords ... 1 138		— Extracts from 'The Querist' ... BERKELEY ... 1 177	
— Character of the Irish ... 1 138; 3 854; 6 2193		— Glimpse of his Country House. BERKELEY ... 1 175	
— Conditions of the ... 9 3426		— True Pleasures ... BERKELEY ... 1 174	
— Dress of the ... 9 3495		— Thoughts on Various Subjects ... SWIFT ... 9 3377	
Peck, H. T., on George Moore ... 7 2483		— Twelve Articles ... SWIFT ... 9 3388	
Pedersen, Dr., on the Irish vocabulary ... 4 1607		Phoenix Park ... 1 146	
Peel, Sir R., Challenge of, to O'Connell ... 7 2625		Phooka's Tower, The ... 6 2313	
— on E. Burke ... 1 x		Phosphor, The Planet Venus, Hesperus and ... 2 601	
'Peep O'Day, The' ... BANIM ... 1 46		Picture of Ulster ... MCNEVIN ... 6 2274	
Peggy Broune, From the Irish ... 4 1252		Pig Fair (half-tone engraving) ... 7 2484	
Pelagic style of architecture ... 8 2881		'Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca, Personal Narrative of a' BURTON ... 1 408	
'Pen and Ink Sketch of Daniel O'Connell' ... SHEIL ... 8 3064		Pilgrimages in olden times ... 1 32	
Penal Days, Women in Ireland in ... ATKINSON ... 1 28		Pilgrims ... ARMSTRONG. 1 26	
— Laws ... MCCARTHY. 6 2179		Pilkington, John Cartaret ... 7 2693	
— (reference) ... 7 2615		Pillar Towers of Ireland, The ... MACCARTHY. 6 2130	
— Injustice of the ... 5 1838		Pillars of Hercules. ... 2 749	
— of 1695-97 ... 9 x		Pinchbeck Heroes, The Worship of ... GOLDSMITH. 4 1338	
— servitude, The horrors of ... 3 839			
'Penny numbers, The evils of ... 2 640			
Pensions for veterans of the civil war ... 7 2829			
Pentonville Prison ... 3 839			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Plozzl, Signor .....	6	2471	Poets of Young Ire-		
Piper, A Blind Irish			land, W. B. Yeats on.....	3	viii
(half-tone engraving) .....	5	1762	Pole, Wellesley, a .....		
Pitch-capping .....	9	3447	Monk of the Screw .....	5	1957
Pitt, William .....	MADDEN	6 2284	Polemical ballads, On .....	8	3268
— and Sheridan .....	3	1194	Policy for Ireland, On		
— on Grattan's ora-			the .....	MEAGHER...	6 2415
tory .....	7	xv	Political humor .....	6	ix
— Sheridan's retort			— satire. See Rack-		
on .....	8	3122	renters on the		
Pitt's First Income Tax			Stump.		
Bill, Speech in Oppo-			<b>Politics and Gov-</b>		
sition to .....	SHERIDAN	8 3072	ernment.		
Pity of Love, The .....	YEATS	9 3704	— Swift as a Pam-		
Place of Rest, The .....	RUSSELL	8 2997	phleteer .....	BOYLE	1 260
— names in Ireland .....	6	2228	— England and Ire-		
Placidia .....	5	1925	land .....	BRYCE	1 346
Plague in Ireland, The			— Chatham and		
Famine and the .....	1	58	Townshend .....	BURKE	1 391
Planet Venus, Hesperus			— Extracts from a		
and Phosphor, The .....	CLARKE	2 601	Letter to a Noble		
Plato .....	2	603	Lord .....	BURKE	1 379
Plato's 'Timæus' .....	2	749	— Extracts from the		
Players in London dur-			Impeachment of		
ing the reign of			Warren Hastings .....	BURKE	1 383
Henry VII. ....	6	2347	— On American Tax-		
Plea for Liberty of Con-			ation .....	BURKE	1 373
science .....	O'LEARY	7 2789	— On Conciliation		
— the Study of			with America .....	BURKE	1 376
Irish, A .....	O'BRIEN	7 2614	— On Land Tenure .....	BUTT	2 422
'Pleasant Ned Lysaght' .....	6	2106	— On the English		
Pleasing, The Art of .....	STEELE	8 3206	Constitution .....	CANNING	2 465
Plebeian bards, The .....	3	xviii	— Disarming of Ul-		
ledge, Signing the .....	6	2398	ster .....	CURRAN	2 780
Plower, The .....	2	612	— Farewell to the		
PLUNKET, WILLIAM			Irish Parliament .....	CURRAN	2 783
CONNINGHAM .....	8	2894	— Liberty of the		
— A master of ora-			Press .....	CURRAN	2 778
tory .....	7	xxviii	— On Catholic Eman-		
— and the Irish na-			cipation .....	CURRAN	2 773
tional Parliam-			— Speech at Newry		
ent .....	6	2171	Election .....	CURRAN	2 788
— as a Monk of the			— How the Anglo-		
Screw .....	5	1957	Irish Problem		
— Bulwer on .....	7	xxv	Could be Solved .....	DAVITT	3 832
— Oratory of, de-			— How to Govern		
scribed .....	7	xxv	Ireland .....	DE VERD...	3 854
PLUNKETT, SIR HORACE			— On Irishmen as		
(portrait) .....	8	2908	Rulers .....	DUFFERIN...	3 938
Pocket boroughs, Irish			— On a Commercial		
Parliament elected by .....	6	2162	Treaty with		
Pockrich, Richard, in-			France .....	FLOOD	3 1219
ventor of the musical			— Reply to Grattan's		
glasses .....	7	2690	Invective .....	FLOOD	3 1212
'Poems' .....	YEATS	9 3704	— To the Duke of		
Poet and Publisher .....	JOHNSTONE	5 1709	Grafton .....	FRANCIS	3 1228
— How to Become a FAHY .....	3	1124	— Duty of Criticism		
<b>Poetry.</b> (All poems are indexed			in a Democracy .....	GODKIN	4 1290
under their titles and first			— Liberty in Eng-		
lines.)			land .....	GOLDSMITH	4 1331
— Irish, E. Spenser			— Declaration of		
on .....	4	ix	Irish Rights .....	GRATTAN	4 1388
— Modern Irish,			— Of the Injustice of		
Yeats on .....	3	vii	Disqualification		
of Words, The .....	TRENCH	9 3434	of Catholics .....	GRATTAN	4 1405
Poet's Corner in West-			— Philippic against		
minster Abbey .....	4	1319	Flood .....	GRATTAN	4 1400
'Poets and Dreamers' .....	GREGORY	4 1455	— Native Land of		
— in Ancient Ireland .....	2	xviii	Liberty .....	IRELAND	5 1662
— of the Agrarian			— Politics at Dinner .....	KING	5 1833
movement .....	3	xii	— Faith of a Felon .....	LALOR	5 1855
— Fenian move-			— Beginnings of		
ment .....	3	xi	Home Rule .....	MCCARTHY...	6 2174
— Nation. See			— How Ireland Lost		
Modern Irish			Her Parliament .....	MCCARTHY...	6 2161
Literature,			— The Irish Church .....	MCCARTHY...	6 2148



Politics and Government.	VOL. PAGE	Poynings Act passed in 1495	VOL. PAGE
Penal Laws, The..MACCARTHY.	G 2179	Law.....	3 1210, 1213; 4 1395
On the Policy for Ireland.....	MEAGHER .. G 2415	1401, 1403; G 2161;	9 3390
A Nation's Right..MOLYNEUX..	G 2460	Repealed.....	9 x
Colonial Slavery, 1831.....	O'CONNELL.. 7 2650	Practical Illustration, A.SHAU	8 3035
Justice for Ireland.....	O'CONNELL.. 7 2641	joking.....	8 xvi
On Catholic RightsO'CONNELL..	7 2629	Prejudices, Swift on.....	9 3377
Gladstone and the Great Home Rule Debate.....	O'CONNOR .. 7 2656	Racial.....	8 2995
Address Before the House, Washington.....	PARNELL ... 7 2361	Premium, Mr. (character in 'School for Scandal')	8 3105
The Union.....	PLUNKET .. 8 2896	PRENDERGAST, JOHN	8 2913
First Step toward Home Rule.....	REDMOND.. 8 2926	PATRICK.....	8 2913
Nationality and Imperialism.....	RUSSELL ... 8 2989	Prentice boys, The..	9 3428
Ireland's Part in English Achievement.....	SHEIL .... 8 3057	Preponderance of Protestant power.....	9 3423
Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income-Tax	SHERIDAN.. 8 3072	Presentation at the Vice-regal court, Dublin.....	1 246; 6 2203
Our Estates.....	SULLIVAN.. 9 3328	Press, Liberty of the..DE VERE...	3 852
Brass Half-pence..SWIFT ..	9 3369	The Liberty of theCURRAN ..	2 778
Short View of Ireland.....	SWIFT .... 9 3362	Preternatural in Fiction.BURTON ..	1 404
Essay on the State of Ireland in 1720.....	TONE ..... 9 3415	Prevalence of Irish humor.....	6 x
State of Ireland in 1798, The.....	TONE ..... 9 3421	Priest, Love of Irish forBANIM ..	1 56
Some College Recollections.....	WALSH ... 9 3513	Priest's Brother, The...SHORTER ..	8 3130
Politics at Dinner.....	KING .... 5 1833	Soul, The.....	WILDE .. 4 3561
Bryce on American.....	1 338	Priests at Drogheda, Murder of the.....	7 2572
Pollruane.....	7 2763	Primitive Irish, Antiquity of the.....	2 viii
Phooka, The, described (see also Phooka).....	3 xix	Prince of Dublin Printers, The.....	GILBERT ... 4 1258
Pope, A., on Sir John Denham.....	3 840	of Inismore, The..MORGAN ..	7 2543
on the Earl of Roscommon.....	8 2981	Princess Talleyrand as a Critic, The.....	BLESSINGTON 1 212
Poppæa, The Empress.....	2 740	'Principles of Government'.....	O'BRIEN ... 7 2620
Popular Superstitions. See The Celtic Element in Literature; Superstitions; Fairy and Folk tales, etc.		Printers, The Prince of Dublin.....	GILBERT ... 4 1258
Population of Ireland, Decrease in.....	9 3416	Prison Code, The.....	6 2178
Portland, Duke of, on the Union.....	8 2897	Diary, Leaves from a'.....	DAVITT. 3 832, 837
Portland to Paradise, From.....	DOWNEY ... 3 891	To Duffy in.....	M'GEE ... 6 2220
Portmore.....	3 928	Private Miles O'Reilly. See HALPINE.	
Portsalon.....	6 2432	'Problems of Modern Democracy'.....	GODKIN ... 4 1290
Portstewart.....	4 1518	Procession of peers at Lord Santry's trial.....	7 2725
Position of Women in the United States.....	BRYCE .... 1 343	Proclamation, a, concerning Shane the Proud.....	10 3843
Positiveness, Swift on.....	9 3377	Procrastination, Evils of.....	4 1535
Posterity, Sir Boyle Roche on.....	1 135	Progress, Human.....	1 175
Post-Mortem.....	PARNELL ... 7 2870	Proleke Stone, The (half-tone engraving).....	7 2666
Pot of Broth, The.....	10 xiv	Promised Wife, To my..WALSH ...	9 3510
Post Office, The, in 1830 (half-tone engraving).....	6 2107	Progresses (migrations).....	2 xii
Potato failure of 1846.....	4 1572	Property tax, O'Connell on the.....	7 2633
'Potatoes and point'.....	4 1504	Prophecy regarding Jacob's Stone, The.....	7 2717
'Potten Punch'.....	BODKIN .. 1 232	Prosecutions, Evils of State.....	9 3552
Poulanas.....	5 2052	Prospect, A.....	6 2107
Poul-a-Phooka (half-tone engraving).....	5 1796	Prospecting in Montana.....	3 965
		Protection to American Industry.....	4 1296
		Protestant Boys.....	STREET BAL-LAD .. 9 3311
		'Garrison in Ireland, The'.....	6 2153, 2156
		power in Ireland.....	9 3423
		The great orators in Irish Parliaments were.....	7 viii



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Proud of you, fond of you .....	DOWNING	3 916	Racing, Irish love of .....	8	xiii
Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding.	MCCANN	6 2126	Rackett Lady (character in 'Three Weeks After Marriage') .....	7	2564
PROUT, Father. See MAHONY.			— Sir Charles (char- acter in 'Three Weeks After Mar- riage') .....	7	2564
— Famous Blarney- Stone stanza of, in <i>The Groves of Blarney</i> .....	6	2441	<i>Rackrent, Castle</i> .....	EDGEWORTH.	3 995
— on 'Lalla Rookh' .....	6	2342	— <i>Family, Continua- tion of the Mem- oirs of the</i> .....	EDGEWORTH.	3 1014
— Moore's 'Nation- al Melody' .....	6	2342, 2345	<i>Rackrenters on the Stump</i> .....	SULLIVAN	9 3333
— T. C. Croker .....	2	680	<i>Raftery, Anthony</i> .....	10	3917, 3923
— Reliques of Fa- ther' .....	MAHONY	6 2337	— (biography) .....	10	4022
Proverbs, Early Irish, joyous .....	6	vii	— and Mary Hynes .....	9	3667
— See Irish Ranns .....	10	3833	— and the Bush .....	9	3671
Prussia, The King of, cited on land tenure .....	7	2866	— <i>How long has it been said</i> .....	10	3917
Psalter of Rosbrine .....	7	2853	— <i>The Cuis Da plé.</i> .....	10	3917
Psalters of Tara and Cashel, The .....	7	2664	Raftery's poems among the people .....	4	1609
Psychological method of studying literature .....	3	868	— poetry .....	9	3671
Public opinion, Effect of French Revolution on .....	9	3424	— <i>Repentance</i> .....	HYDE	10 3911
Puca, The, becomes Puck in Shakespeare .....	4	ix	Raglan, Lord, at Bal- aklava .....	8	3012
<i>Pue's Occurrences</i> (a Dublin newspaper) .....	5	1919	Railroad Story, A. See <i>In the Engine-Shed.</i>		
<i>Puff, Orator</i> .....	7	2541	Raise the Cromlech .....		
Pugin's 'Revival of Christian Architec- ture' (quoted) .....	8	3238	— high .....	ROLLESTON.	8 2975
<i>Pulpit, Bar, and Parla- mentary Eloquence.</i> BARRINGTON.	1	127	— 'Raising the Wind' .....	KENNEY	5 1805
<i>Purdon, Epitaph on Ed- ward</i> .....	4	1383	<i>Rakes of Mallow, The.</i> STREET BAL- LAD .....	9	3312
Put your head, darling.	FERGUSON.	3 1183	<i>Raleigh in Munster.</i> DOWNNEY	3	909
<i>Pyramids, The</i> .....	WARBURTON.	9 3529	<i>Rambling Reminiscen- ces</i> .....	MILLIGAN.	6 2427
Pythagoras .....	2	602	Ramelton .....	4	1512; 6 2252
			Ramille cock-hat, The .....	9	3496
			Ramsay, Grace. See O'MEARA.		
			Randle, Dr., Bishop of Derry, cited on Lord Santry's Trial .....	7	2726
			Ranelagh Gardens .....	1	165
			Ranns, Irish .....	10	3833
			Raphoe, Donegal .....	6	2251
			Rapparee, The, among the hill fern .....	3	1255
			<i>Rapparees, The Irish.</i> DUFFY	3	957
			<i>Raps</i> .....	9	3369
			Rath Maolain (Rath- mullen) .....	2	633
			— of Croghan, The .....	3	1162
			— Cruane .....	7	2752
			Rathdowney .....	3	1150
			Ratharum, Beautiful scenery between Ark- low and .....	7	2532
			Rathmore .....	2	573
			Rathmullen .....	6	2431
			— Hugh Roe at .....	2	633
			Ray, T. M., and Repeal .....	9	x
			— in Prison .....	6	2128
			Ray's 'Social' Condi- tion of Europe' .....	2	423
			READ, CHARLES ANDER- SON .....	8	2918
			— out the names .....	CLARKE	2 598
			<i>Reaper's Harvest Hymn,</i> <i>The Irish</i> .....	KEEGAN	5 1765
			<i>Reason for Accepting the Doctrine of Pur- gatory</i> (anecdote) .....	7	2793
			Rebel chaunt, A .....	6	2113
			Rebellion of 1798 .....	9	x
			'Recollections of Fen- ians and Fenianism' O'LEARY	7	2798

## Q.

<i>Quare Gander, The</i> .....	LE FANU	5 1928
Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'enterre.	MAROT	6 2338
<i>Quarrelsome Irishmen.</i> O'KEEFE	7	2773
<i>Quarterly Review, The,</i> founded by John Wil- son .....	CROKER	2 675
<i>Quebec, Darby Doyle's Voyage to</i> .....	ETTINGSALL.	3 1114
<i>Queen and Cromwell,</i> <i>The</i> .....	WILLS	9 3612
<i>Queen's County Witch,</i> A (fairly and folk tale) .....	ANONYMOUS.	3 1150
Queensdown (half-tone engraving) .....	2	427
<i>Querist, Extracts from</i> <i>The</i> .....	BERKELEY.	1 177
Queens or hand-mills .....	5	1736
<i>Quiet Irish Talk, A.</i> KEELING	5	1769
Quin, Matthew and Mary .....	8	2915
<i>Quotation, A Pointed.</i>	7	2652

## R.

Rabelais .....	3	873
Race prejudices .....	8	2995
Racial flavor in Irish literature .....	2	xviii

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Recollections of John O'Keefe, The' .....	O'KEEFFE .. 7 2771	Repeal movement, The, effect of, on literature .....	1 xli
Recruiting Song, Tipperary .....	STREET BAL-LAD .. 9 3318	— of the Union .....	O'CONNELL .. 6 2644
Red Bog, Bog Cotton on the .....	O'BRIEN .. 7 2591	Repealers in Prison and Out .....	DAUNT .. 3 811
— Branch Cycle, The .....	2 xi; 2 804	Remember, Denis, all I bade you say .....	FORRESTER .. 3 1222
— Knights, The .....	7 2748, 2749	Representative, The Duties of a .....	BURKE .. 1 391
— House of the .....	5 1741; 7 2593	Rest .....	PAYNE .. 7 2878
— Duck, The (folk song). { Gaelic by HYDE. } ..	10 3779	Retaliation, Extracts from .....	GOLDSMITH .. 4 1380
— { English by WELSH } ..		Retentive Memory (anecdote of O'Connell) .....	7 2654
— Man's Wife, The (folk song) .....	HYDE .. 10 3749	'Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation' .....	MADDEN .. 6 2281
— Pony, The .....	LARMINIE .. 5 1866	Revenue, Irish, decrease in .....	9 3416
REDMOND, JOHN EDWARD (portrait) .....	8 2926	<b>Revolution of 1798.</b>	
Reform and Emancipation .....	8 3058	— Lynch Law on Vinegar Hill .....	BANIM .. 1 76
— Speech on Parliamentary .....	CANNING .. 2 465	— Rising of the Moon .....	CASEY .. 2 572
Reformation, The .....	9 ix	— Lines on the Burying Ground of Arbor Hill .....	EMMET .. 3 1094
— Carlyle on the .....	3 951	— Memory of the Dead .....	INGRAM .. 5 1659
Registration of Voters .....		— Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798 .....	LEADBEATER .. 5 1886
Bill, The Irish .....	6 2176	— Shamus O'Brien .....	LE FANU .. 5 1937
Rehan, Ada, as Lady Teazle (portrait) .....	8 3105	— How Ireland Lost her Parliament .....	MCCARTHY .. 6 2161
REID, MAYNE .....	7 2932	— The Irish Church .....	MCCARTHY .. 6 2148
Reign of Terror, The .....	2 678	— Noble Lord, A .....	MURPHY .. 7 2574
Related Souls .....	WILDE .. 9 3572	— Capture of Wolfe, Tone .....	O'BRIEN .. 7 2604
'Relation of Amboyna, The' .....	6 2573	— Story of Father Anthony O'Toole .....	TYNAN-HINKSON .. 9 3444
Relatives, Auctioning Off One's .....	SHERIDAN .. 8 3105	— The American .....	6 2153
Relics of Brigit .....	8 3260	— The French .....	1 136
Religion in America .....	1 336	Revolutionary Tribunal .....	2 678
— Swift on .....	9 3377	Revue Celtique .....	4 1459
Religious Belief in Ireland, Carlyle on Freedom of .....	3 952	Rewriting of destroyed MSS. begun .....	2 ix
— Legend. See The Story of the Little Bird.		REYNOLDS, GEORGE NUGENT .....	8 2939
— oppression, Father O'Leary on .....	7 2789	— Sir Joshua, and John O'Keefe .....	7 2777
— sects in Ireland, proportions of the .....	9 3422	— Goldsmith on .....	4 1380, 1382
— Songs of Connacht .....	HYDE .. 10 3795	— Portrait of O. Goldsmith .....	4 1298
— 3813, 3823, 3829, 3917		— of Sheridan .....	8 3020
'Reliques of Father Prout' .....	MAHONY .. 7 2337	— of Sterne by .....	8 3210
'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift' .....	BOYLE .. 1 260	— See A Goodly Company.	
Remedies, Vulgar .....	2 759	Rhapsody on Rivers, A. MITCHEL ..	6 2454
<b>Reminiscences.</b> See Character Sketches.		Rhetoric in Irish literature .....	2 xlii
Remnant? What is the Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow .....	4 1357	Rhyme, Celts taught Europe to .....	2 ix
Renaissance in art and letters, The .....	9 xi	Rhymers' Club, The .....	5 1693; 9 3403
— M. F. Egan on the Irish .....	5 vii	Rhine, The .....	7 2586
— The new Irish .....	2 xxi	RHYS, GRACE .....	8 2940
Rent-Day (fair and folk tales) .....	ANONYMOUS .. 3 1160	Rich and rare were the gems she wore .....	7 2532
Rents, Lalar on .....	5 1857	— (reference) .....	8 3270
Repartees of Curran .....	6 ix	Richard II. in Ireland (color plate) .....	8 Front
Repeal, The agitation for .....	9 x	RIDDELL, MRS. J. H. .....	8 2949
— Association, The .....	6 2416	Riddles by Dean Swift .....	9 3389
— Dictionary, John O'Connell's .....	2 812	Ridge, Counselor John .....	4 1380
		Ridgeway .....	See TAYLOR.



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Rifle, To My Buried</i> . . . MCCARTHY . . .	6	2172	<i>R6n Cert</i> . . . . .	4	1622
<i>Righ Shemus he has</i>			<i>Rope, Twisting of the</i> . . . HYDE . . .	10	3989
gone to France . . . DUFFY . . .	3	957	<i>Rory of the Hill</i> . . . KICKHAM . . .	5	1829
<i>Right of Free Speech</i> . . . . .	9	3551	(reference) . . . . .	8	3270
<i>'Rights of Man, The'</i> . . . . .	8	3269, 3270	<i>O'More</i> . . . . .	6	2084
— of Parliament, The . . . . .	6	2464	Dirge of . . . . .	3	859
<i>Ringleted Youth of my</i>			Rosbrine, The Psalter		
<i>Love (folk song)</i> . . . . .	10	3735	of . . . . .	7	2853
<i>Rinucini, Archbishop of</i>			— place where insur-		
<i>Fermo</i> . . . . .	1	32	rections were		
<i>'Rise and Fall of the</i>			planned . . . . .	7	2852
<i>Irish Franciscan</i>			Roscommon . . . . .	4	1607
<i>Monasteries'</i> . . . MEEHAN . . .	1	32	— EARL OF . . . . .	8	2981
— up and come for			— W. B. Yeats on . . . . .	3	vii
the dawn . . . . .	10	3917	— Duelling in . . . . .	1	145
<i>Rising of the Moon</i> . . . . .	2	572	Rose o' the World, she		
<i>Rival Swains, The</i> . . . . .	1	360	came . . . . .	2	592
<i>'Rivals, The'</i> . . . . .	4	1499	— of Ardee, The . . . . .	8	3270
SHERIDAN . . . . .	8	3078, 3088	— of the World, The . . . . .	9	3706
<i>River of billows, to . . .</i>			Ross, Martin. See MARTIN ROSS.		
— whose mighty . . . DE VERE . . .	3	852	— Red-Haired . . . . .	4	1444
— Roe, The . . . . .	8	3270	— The Siege of . . . . .	6	2115
<i>Roads in Ireland</i> . . . . .	5	1739	ROSSA, J. O'DONOVAN . . . . .	8	2983
<i>Robertson, Frederick</i>			Rosstrevor . . . . .	6	2454
<i>William</i> . . . . .	1	291	Roubillac in Dublin . . . . .	5	1919
— Life and Letters			<i>Round of Visits, A</i> . . . O'KENNEDY . . .	7	2782
of . . . . .	1	291	— Table of Stories . . . GILBERT . . .	4	1265
Robespierre, Revolt			— 'Towers, The' . . . . .	8	2880
against . . . . .	2	677	— described in de-		
<i>'Robinson Crusoe ;</i>			tall . . . . .	9	3491
<i>Princess Talley-</i>			— Petrie on . . . . .	9	3489, 3490
<i>brand's amusing</i>			— of Ireland,		
<i>blunder</i> . . . . .	1	213	<i>Forts, Crosses</i>		
— W. M. F. Egan			and . . . . .	WAKEMAN	
on . . . . .	5	viii	— and COOKE . . . . .	9	3482
<i>Roche, Lady</i> . . . . .	7	2733	<i>'Rover, The'</i> . . . . .	2	466
— Sir Boyle . . . . .	1	134	Rowan, A. H. . . . .	2	778 ; 9
— JAMES JEFFREY			Curran's defense		
(portrait) . . . . .	8	2959	of . . . . .	7	xxiii
<i>Rocky Mountains, First</i>			Royal Fairy Tales, The . . . . .	3	xx
<i>Sight of the</i> . . . . .	2	415	— Irish Academy,		
<i>Rogers, Michael</i> . . . . .	10	3807	Collection of		
<i>Rogueries of Tom</i>			manuscripts in . . . . .	7	2672
<i>Moore, The</i> . . . . .	6	2337	— Love, A . . . . .	5	1910
Roe, Owen (see also A			<i>'Ruadh'.</i> See MACALEESE.		
<i>Glance at Ireland's</i>			Ruadhan of Lorrha . . . . .	7	2763
<i>History</i> ) . . . . .	3	959	Rückert, <i>Gone in the</i>		
<i>Roisin Dubh.</i> From the			<i>Wind</i> not a transla-		
<i>Irish</i> . . . . .	4	1247	tion from German . . . . .	6	2359
<i>Roland, Song of</i> . . . . .	9	3657	Ruff, The, worn in Ire-		
— the Brave, Irish			land . . . . .	9	3498
version of the			<i>Ruined Chapel, The</i> . . . ALLINGHAM . . .	1	22
history of . . . . .	7	2672	— Race, A . . . . .	8	3145
<i>Roll forth, my song</i> . . . MANGAN . . .	6	2365	Rules of S. Robert . . . . .	4	1419
ROLLESTON, THOMAS W.			Rushes that grow by		
HAZEN (por-			the black water . . . . .	9	3433
trait) . . . . .	8	2968	Russell, Baron . . . . .	1	381
— and the Rhymers'			— GEORGE W. ("A		
Club . . . . .	5	1693	E.") (portrait) . . . . .	8	2986
— on George Darley . . . . .	2	807	— Love Songs of . . . . .	8	3659
— the poetry of			— "A. E." on the		
G. F. Savage-			poems of W.		
<i>Armstrong</i> . . . . .	8	3027	Larmine . . . . .	5	1866
<i>'Rollad, The'</i> . . . . .	3	1193	— S t a n d i s h		
<i>Roman invasion had lit-</i>			O'Grady . . . . .	7	2787
<i>tle effect on Ireland</i> . . . . .	9	viii	— W. B. Yeats'		
<b>Romance.</b> See Fic-			poetry . . . . .	9	3651
<i>tion; Myths and Le-</i>			— Plays of . . . . .	10	xiii
<i>gends; Fairy and</i>			— W. B. Yeats on . . . . .	3	xiii
<i>Folk Tales.</i>			— Lord, and the		
<i>'Romances, Old Cel-</i>			movement to dis-		
<i>tic'</i> . . . . .	5	1724, 1731	establish the		
<i>Romanesque, The Irish</i>			Irish Church . . . . .	6	2159
<i>style</i> . . . . .	8	3238	— MATTHEW . . . . .	8	3005
<i>Rome, The Firing of</i> . . . CROLY . . .	2	730	— SIR WILLIAM		
			HOWARD . . . . .	8	3008



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Russian Air .....	7	2537	St. Mathew (color plate) .....	9	Front
Rutland, The Duke of .....	1	133	St. Molaga, The Black Book of .....	7	2664
Ryan, Crowe .....	1	145	St. Molaise's Church .....	8	2881
S.			St. Moling, The Evangelistarium of .....	7	2671
<i>Sack of the Summer Palace</i> .....	WOLSELEY...	9 3636	St. Ninian, Life of (quoted) .....	8	2884
Sabbata Pango (inscription on an old bell) .....	6	2343	St. Patrick. See also <i>Irish Astronomy</i> .....	4	1541
Sacramento, The .....	6	2132	— and Brigit .....	8	3249
Sacred subjects, Treatment of, by Irish wits .....	6	xv	— and Ossian .....	7	2753
<i>Sacrifice</i> .....	RUSSELL ..	8 2998	— Apostles of Ireland. TODD ..	9	3400
SADLIER, MRS. J. ....	8	3017	— Cross of St. Columba and, at Kells .....	9	3485
<i>Saga, Literary Qualities of the</i> .....	HULL .....	4 1597	— in the 'Colloquy of the Ancients' .....	8	2968
— literature, its extent .....	2	xli	— introduced Christianity .....	9	viii
— its style .....	2	xlii	— Ireland converted from idolatry by .....	7	2718
— MS. of a Lost .....	4	1608	— Legend of .....	4	1457
Sagas, Minute description in .....	2	xv	— Pagan festivals adopted by .....	4	1600
— Norse and Gaelic tales in .....	8	2973	— The Order of .....	3	797
— The Irish described .....	2	xi	<i>St. Patrick's Breastplate, The Hymn Called</i> .....	8	3244
Sail bravely on, thou gallant bark .....	SULLIVAN..	9 3331	— Day, 1866, Address delivered in the People's Theater, Virginia City, on .....	6	2420
St. Aengus, the Culdee, Litany of .....	8	2884	— Hymn before Tara, trans. by .....	6	2360
St. Augustine, Mother of .....	5	1925	— Success .....	9	3400
St. Basil, Mother of .....	5	1925	— Ward, in .....	1	215
St. Brendan, Church of .....	8	2881	<i>St. Peter</i> (folk story). HYDE ..	10	3813
St. Buithe, The Speckled Book of the Monastery of .....	7	2664	St. Pulcheria .....	5	1925
St. Chrysostom, Mother of .....	5	1925	St. Ricemarch, Saltair of .....	7	2671
St. Ciaran (see also St. Kieran) .....	4	1600	'St. Ronan's Well,' John O'Keeffe mentioned by character in .....	7	2691
St. Columba and Christianity .....	9	viii	St. Ruth' (see also <i>MacKenna's Dream</i> ) .....	8	3297
St. Columba and St. Patrick, Cross of, at Kells .....	9	3485	St. Stephen's Green, Dublin .....	5	1914
St. Cornin, Fada (meaning of) .....	9	3546	Sainte-Beuve method inaugurated by Goethe .....	6	2296
St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Landisfarne .....	8	2882	Saints and Scholars, Ireland the Island of .....	1	xvii
St. Fechin, Church of .....	8	2881	— The Isle of .....	9	viii
St. Finbar, Shrine of .....	4	1255	'Saints, Lives of the Mothers of the Irish,' <i>Saladin, The History of my Horse</i> .....	1	322
<i>St. Francis and the Wolf</i> .....	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9 3451	Salamanca, Irish soldiers at .....	8	3063
St. Gall, Monastery of .....	4	viii	'Salathiel the Immortal' .....	2	739
St. Gregory, Mother of .....	5	1925	<i>Salley Gardens, Down by the</i> .....	9	3705
St. Helena .....	5	1925	'Sally Cavanaugh' .....	5	1824
St. Isadore, College of, Irish manuscript in the .....	7	2673	Salmon Fishing in Ireland .....	4	1519
St. James of Compostella .....	1	32	Saltair of Cashel, The (Bodleian Library) .....	7	2673
St. John, Bayle, on 'The Arabian Nights' .....	1	406	— of St. Ricemarch .....	7	2671
St. John's Well .....	5	1766	— of Tara, The .....	4	1611
St. Kieran (see also Ciaran) .....	8	2979	<i>Salutation to the Celts</i> . M'GEE ..	6	2226
<i>St. Kevin, King O'Toole and</i> .....	LOVER .....	5 2046	Samhain .....	4	1611
'St. Lawrence, From the Land of' .....	EGAN .....	3 1080			
— The (river) .....	7	2540			
'St. Mary of Egypt' .....	9	3684			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Samhain, Article c1			Sceoluing	2	622
— Irish Drama in.....	5	xxvi	Scheld, The	4	1357
— Time	4	1451	<i>Schiehallion</i> .....TRENCH	9	3432
Sanders and the insur-			Schiller and Goethe at		
rection of Tyrone and			Welmer	6	2297
Desmond	7	2852	'School for Scandal,		
Sanson and Fouquier	2	677	The'.....SHERIDAN...	9	3099
Santry, Lord, Trial of...	6	1917; 7			3105
Sarsfield, Patrick, Earl		2723	— life in England	2	616
of Lucan.....ONAHAN	7	2814	— in Ireland—		
— Patrick (Lord Lu-			English Acad-		
can).....	3	957; 9	emy, The.....BANIM	1	60
— at Sedgmoor	8	2816	Schools, Irish in the.....	10	3713
— Death of	7	2824	<b>Science.</b> See Astronomy.		
— on the battle of			— <i>Scientific Limit of</i>		
the Boyne (cited).....	7	2819	the Imagination.TYNDALL	9	3471
— Statue, The (half-			— <i>The Claims of Sci-</i>		
tone engraving).....	4	1592	ence.....TYNDALL	9	3463
— <i>Testimonial, The.</i> HOGAN	4	1592	— <i>The Origin of Life.</i> KELVIN	5	1784
— See <i>Blacksmith of</i>			Scientific use of the im-		
<i>Limerick, The.</i> .....	5	1742	agination, The.....	1	xvii
— See <i>Mackenna's</i>			Scotland, Marriage law		
<i>Dream</i> .....	8	3297	in.....	2	754
— See <i>Song of De-</i>			Scott, Burke on.....	1	397
<i>feat, A</i> .....	4	1530	— and Maria Edge-		
<i>Sarsfield's Ride</i> .....SULLIVAN	9	3323	worth.....	3	994; 5
<b>Satire.</b> See also Humor.			— C. Johnstone.....	5	1709
— <i>A Prospect</i> .....LYSAGHT	6	2107	— Sir Walter, on		
— <i>Cease to do Evil</i>			Faulkner.....	4	1260
— <i>Learn to do</i>			— on Hamilton's		
<i>Well</i> .....MACCARTHY.	6	2128	<i>Memoirs of</i>		
— <i>On Wind</i> .....MARTYN	6	2383	<i>Grammont</i> .....	4	1542
— <i>Sheelagh on her</i>			— on nursery tales.....	3	xxiii
<i>Proposals of</i>			Scriblerus Club, The.....	7	2874
<i>Marriage</i> .....PLUNKET	8	2906	Scully.....	2	445
— <i>Rackrenters on the</i>			<b>Sculpture.</b>		
<i>Stump</i> .....SULLIVAN	9	3333	— Celt in.....	9	3487
— <i>On the death of</i>			— Expression of male		
<i>D. Swift</i> .....SWIFT	9	3880	beauty by.....	5	1924
— on English insti-			Scythians, The.....	9	3549
tutions.....	9	3355	<i>Sea, Burial at</i> .....ALEXANDER.	1	10
Satirists, Early Irish.....	6	vii	'Seadhna'.....O'LEARY	10	3941
— Political.....	6	ix	<i>Seadhna's Three Wishes.</i> O'LEARY	10	3941
<i>Savage, A</i> .....O'REILLY	7	2835	<i>Seanchan the Bard and</i>		
— JOHN.....	9	3024	<i>the King of the Cats.</i> WILDE	9	3566
— A R M S T R O N G ,			<i>Seanchus Mor, The (an-</i>		
GEORGE FRANCIS.....	9	3027	cient laws of Ire-		
— F., on William			land).....	7	2705
Wilkins.....	9	3600	Sear Dubh (the hound).....	2	629
— Marmon, The art			Sedgmoor, Sarsfield at.....	7	2816
of.....	6	xv	<i>Seed-Time</i> .....COLEMAN	2	609
<i>Saved by a Straw.</i> .....	7	2653	Seek not the tree of		
Saurin the Huguenot.....	1	128	silkliest bark.....DE VERE...	3	862
Saxon churches in Ire-			Seest thou how just the		
land.....	8	2880	hand.....CONGREVE	2	615
— <i>Shilling, The</i> .....BUGGY	1	358	Self-government. Irish		
<i>Scalp, The</i> .....S A V A G E -			capacity for.....	1	349
ARMSTRONG.	8	3030	— help.....	1	179
— <i>Hunters, The</i> .....REID	8	2932	— <i>Denying Ordi-</i>		
<i>Scandal Class Meets,</i>			<i>nance, A</i> .....HAMILTON.	4	1549
<i>The</i> .....SHERIDAN...	8	3099	<i>Selfish Giant, The</i> .....WILDE	9	3584
— <i>The School for</i> .....SHERIDAN...	8	3099	Senach, Bishop.....	7	2763
		3105	<i>September, In</i> .....TODHUNTER.	9	3406
Scandinavia, Ireland's			Set in the stormy		
association with.....	4	1599	Northern sea.....WILDE	9	3588
Scandinavian Vikings			<i>Seven Baronets, The.</i> BARRINGTON.	1	129
in Ireland.....	8	3239	'Seventy Years of Irish		
Scathach.....	4	1426	<i>Life</i> .....LE FANU...	5	1927
<i>Scene from 'Catiline'.</i> CROLY	2	747			1945
<i>Scene in the Famine, A.</i> KEARY	5	1755	Sexton and the Land		
— <i>in the Irish Fam-</i>			League.....	9	xi
<i>ine, A</i> .....HIGGINS	4	1573	Sgneluidhe Gaothlach.		
— <i>in the South of</i>			From the Irish of the HYDE.	4	1625, 1631
<i>Ireland, A</i> .....BUTT	2	427	— See selections from HYDE	10	3713
Scenery, Irish.....	9	3622			3737, 3751, 3765
<i>Scenes in the Insurrec-</i>			Shadwell's Plays.....	5	1920
<i>tion of 1798</i> .....LEADBEATER.	5	1886	<i>Shakespeare</i> .....WISEMAN..	9	3628

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Shakespeare, A Critical Study' .....	DOWDEN	3 870	<i>Sheep and Lambs</i> .....	TYNAN	
— and Burns Kich- ham's favorite authors .....		7 2802	SHEIL, RICHARD LALOR .....	HINKSON.	9 3454
— the musical glasses .....		7 2690	— and Lyndhurst on Irish 'Aliens' .....		7 xxvii
— Celtic influence on .....		9 3656	— Lord Beaconsfield on .....		7 xxvii
— Goldsmith's opin- ion of .....		7 2691	— Bulwer on .....		7 xxvi
— Irish influence on work of .....		4 vil	— Gladstone on .....		7 xxvii
Shakespeare's favorite characters .....		3 875	— Oratory of, de- scribed .....		7 xxvi
— <i>Portraiture</i> of Women .....	DOWDEN	3 875	Sheoques, described .....		3 xviii
— <i>Youth, England in</i> .....	DOWDEN	3 869	Shepherds, I have lost my love .....	OGLE	7 2735
Shall and Will, Confu- sion of .....		7 1062	SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY (por- trait) .....		8 3068
— mine eyes behold thy glory .....	PARNELL	7 2870	— A master of ora- tory .....		7 xxviii
— they bury me in the deep .....	DAVIS	3 827	— as a wit .....		6 viii
— we, the storm- tossed .....	ROCHE	8 2966	— as Orator .....	FITZGERALD.	3 1190
Sham funeral, A .....		3 1044	— <i>Bons mots</i> of family, Heredity in the .....		8 3068
'Shamrock' .....	See WILLIAMS.		— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of .....		6 xlii
— The .....	EGAN	3 1085	— Meagher on .....		6 2421
— of Ireland, The Green Little .....	CHERRY	2 587	— Irish literature be- gins before .....		2 vil
<i>Shamrocks</i> .....	GILBERT	3 1279	— Parliamentary elo- quence of .....		1 129
— A Bunch of .....	CASEY	2 565	— (reference) .....		5 1920
<i>Shamus O'Brien</i> .....	LE FANU.	5 1937	— Speech on Hast- ings .....		1 129
<i>Shan Van Vocht, The</i> .....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3313	— Thomas .....	O'KEEFE	7 2774
— The' .....	MILLIGAN	6 2427	'Sheridans, Lives of the' .....	FITZGERALD.	3 1190
— (reference) .....		8 2371; 10 xxi	'Shiela-ni-Gara' .....	MACMANUS.	6 2271
— The, A Story of 1798' .....	MURPHY	7 2574	Shillelah, The .....		2 496
<i>Shandon, The Bells of</i> .....	MAHONY	6 2343	— The Sprig of .....	CODE	2 607
<i>Shandon's Bells</i> .....		5 2004	Shipping, Irish .....		9 3362
Shandy, Mr. and Mrs. .....		8 3210	Shoes, Gentlemen's .....		9 3298
<i>Shane Fadh's Wedding</i> .....	CARLETON	2 512	Short Story, M. F. Egan on the .....		5 11
— the Proud .....	O'SHEA	10 3843	— <i>View of Ireland,</i> 1727, A .....	SWIFT	9 3362
<i>Shane's Head</i> .....	Savage	8 3024	SHORTER, MRS. CLEMENT (DORA SIGERSON) .....		8 3126
<i>Shanganagh, The Valley</i> of .....	MARTLEY	6 2382	— W. B. Yeats on .....		3 xlii
<i>Shanly, Charles Dav-</i> <i>son</i> .....		8 3032	Show me a right .....	GRAVES	4 1410
<i>Shannon, The</i> .....	DE VERE	3 852	Shrovetide the marry- ing season .....		6 2194
— Cradle of the .....		6 2275	<i>Shule Aroon</i> .....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3315
— in Van Dieman's land .....		6 2454	Siberia .....	MANGAN	6 2368
— Palace of Kin- Kora on the .....		6 2377	Siddons, Mrs., Sheridan on .....		8 321
<i>Shaun-na-Sagart, the</i> priest-hunter .....		10 3795	<i>Sidhe, A Call of the</i> .....	RUSSELL	8 2996
SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD .....		8 3035	— The Hosting of the YEATS .....		9 3707
— William .....		6 2177	<i>Siege of Derry, The</i> .....	ALEXANDER.	1 3
She is a rich and rare land .....	DAVIS	3 831	Sieges .....		2 xii
— far from the Land' .....	MOORE	7 2533	SIGERSON, DORA. See MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER.		
— my love' .....	GRAVES	4 1413	— GEORGE .....		8 3132; 10 3937
— Stoops to Con- quer' .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1348	— The Blackbird of Derry, on .....		2 xvi
— walks as she were moving .....	ROLLESTON.	9 2978	— on J. J. Calla- nan .....		2 439
Sheares, J. and H., and '98 .....		9 x	— Gerald Griffin .....		4 1466
— The brothers .....		8 3275	— Ireland's Influ- ence on Euro- pean Litera- ture .....		4 vil
SHEEHAN, P. A. .....		8 3044	— W. B. Yeats on .....		3 xlv
— M. F. Egan on .....		5 vil	— Mrs. HESTER .....		8 3145
<i>Sheelagh on her Pro-</i> <i>posals of Marriage</i> .....	PLUNKET	8 2906			
<i>Sheelin, Lough</i> .....		6 2277			



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Sign of the Cross For Ever, The</i> (folk song) HYDE	10	3829	Sneer (character in Sheridan's 'The Critic')	8	3114
Silent as thou, whose inner life	IRWIN	5 1673	Sneerwell Lady (character in 'The School for Scandal')	8	3099
— O Moyle, be the roar	MOORE	7 2534	So, my Kathleen, you're going	DUFFERIN	3 934
Silk of the Cows	2	442	Sobriquets or nicknames	9	3547
'Silva Gadhalica, The'	O'GRADY	7 2762	Sociability of Irish Celt.	2	vii
— (reference)	8	2968	Sociable Fairies, The	3	xviii
'Silver Cross, The', ...	KEIGHTLEY	5 1774	Social conditions in Ireland	2	426; 4 1417; 9 3367
— Question, E. L.	4	1293	— <i>Heredity</i>	INGRAM	5 1030
— Godkin on the	5	1725	— life, described in 'IRISH LITERATURE'	2	xix
Silvester	5	1725	— In America	1	843
'Since we should part', GRAVES	4	1413	— Ancient Ireland	5	1735
'Single Speech' Hamilton	7	ix	— Dublin	5	1918
<i>Sir Fretful Plagiary's Play</i>	SHERIDAN	8 3114	— Ireland	1	32, 193, 246
— Roger and the Widow	8	3198	— 3 995, 1165; 4 1557; 5 1735		
Sirlus	See E. MARTYN.		— See also <i>Keening and Weke</i>	9	3640
<i>Skeleton at the Feast</i> , ROCHE	8	2965	Society of United Irishmen	6	2162
Skerret, Bishop, of Kil-lala	6	2232	— originally a peaceful, constitutional association	6	2164
Sketch of Mr. Gladstone	O'CONNOR	7 2656	— The Church and Modern'	IRELAND	5 1662
'Sketches in Ireland'	OTWAY	7 2848	<i>Soggarth Aroon</i>	BANIM	1 56
— of the Irish Bar	SHEIL	8 3064	Soldiers, Irish, in the British Army	8	3062
SKRINE, MRS. W. (MOIRA O'NEILL)	8	3152	Solitary Fairies	3	xix
— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiii	Solomon? where is thy throne?	MANGAN	6 2359
— M. F. Egan on	5	viii	<i>Some anecdotes of Father O'Leary</i>	7	2793
Skull, The bay of	7	2852	— of O'Connell	7	2651
— To a	IRWIN	5 1673	— College Recollections	WALSH	9 3513
<i>Slane, The Star of</i> , ... STREET BAL-LAD	9	3317	— Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate	SOMERVILLE and ROSS	8 3166 3182
— Yellow Book of	8	2664	— laws there are too sacred	DE VERE	3 852
Slaughters	2	xii	— <i>murmur</i>	TRENCH	9 3438
Slewamary	6	2376	— <i>Wise and Witty Sayings of Burke</i>	1	396
Slabh, Breagh	2	638	SOMERVILLE, E. CL., and VIOLET MARTIN	See MARTIN ROSS.	
'Slabh Cullinn,' See also J. O'HAGAN	7	2767	Song.		
— Dallain (mountain)	7	2668	— Had I a heart	SHERIDAN	8 3118
Slav, Ruadh	4	1242	— Has summer come without the Rose	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 2844
Slav-na-man	5	1829	— How happy is the sailor's life	BICKERSTAFF	1 180
Sleave Bladhma	4	1447	— I'm very happy where I am	BOUCICAULT	1 257
— Cullan (half-tone engraving)	7	2767	— I made another garden	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 2844
— Donnard	6	2275	— My time how happy From 'Thomas and Sally'	BICKERSTAFF	1 186
— Echtge	4	1456	— O'er the wild gan-nel's bath	DARLEY	2 809
— Bloom	7	2675	— One morning by the streamlet	O'BRIEN	7 2592
Sleavecarn	7	2766	— <i>Seek Not the Tree</i>	DE VERE	3 862
Slevenamoun	7	2752	— <i>The Silent Bird</i>	GILBERT	4 1279
— An Adventure in	BANIM	1 46			
— Kickham at	7	2800			
Sleave-nan-Or	4	1455			
Sleave Piol (Red Mountain)	2	636			
Sligo	6	2357			
— Dwelling in	1	145			
— in Election Time. See <i>An Irish Mistake</i> .					
SLINGSBY, I. F. See J. F. WALLER.					
Slop ('Dr. Slop')	8	3210			
Slow cause of my fear	10	4020			
Slmerwick Harbor, Ruins at	8	2883			
Smith, G. Barnett, on William Carleton	2	472			
SMITH, MRS. TOULMIN (L. T. MEADE)	8	3158			
— Sidney	6	2151			
'Snake's Pass, The'	8	3228			
<i>Snakes in Ireland, No.</i>	O'KEEFE	7 2771			

Song.	VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE
— There was a jolly miller .....	BICKERSTAFF 1 185	
— When I was young ..	DE VERE .. 3 859	
— Where'er with haggard eyes I view. From 'The Rover' .....	CANNING .. 2 466	
— Ireland the land of .....	8 3266	
— of an Exile .....	ORR .. 7 2840	
— Defeat, A .....	GWYNN .. 4 1529	
— Fionnuala, The .....	MOORE .. 7 2534	
— Glen Dun, The .....	SKRINE .. 8 3156	
— Glenann, A .....	SKRINE .. 8 3157	
— Maelduin .....	ROLLESTON. 8 2980	
— the Irish Emigrant in America, The .....	FITZSIMON. 3 1206	
— Tony Lumpkins' .....	GOLDSMITH. 4 1349	
— Songs of Con-nachts' .....	HYDE .. 10 3833	
— Love poem in .....	9 3658	
— of Ireland .....	6 2231	
— Spurious Irish .....	6 xli	
— Street, and Ballads, and Anonymous Verse .....	HAND .. 8 3265	
Sonnet Written in College .....	WOLFE .. 9 3635	
— 'Soon and Forever' .....	MONSELL .. 7 2468	
Sorrow .....	DE VERE .. 3 860	
Sorrowful Lament for Ireland, A. From the Irish .....	GREGORY .. 4 1459	
— Lamentation of Callaghan, The .....	STREET BAL-LAD .. 9 3316	
Soul, Butterfly symbol of the .....	9 3565	
— Oages, The .....	CROKER .. 2 695	
'Sound the loud tim-brel' .....	MOORE .. 7 2537	
Sources of Grattan's allusions .....	7 xxi	
— Irish humor .....	6 ix	
— wealth .....	1 178	
South African Bill, The .....	6 2178	
— Sweet Singer of the .....	See WALSH.	
'Southern, The.' .....	See DOWLING.	
— Gall, The.' .....	See LOCKE.	
Sower and his Seed, The .....	LECKY .. 5 1926	
Sowth, The, described .....	3 xx	
Spaeman, The .....	3 xxi	
Spanish bull, A .....	3 1058	
— type in Ireland .....	4 1589	
Spanker, Adolphus (character in 'London Assurance') .....	1 256	
— Lady Gay (character in 'London Assurance') .....	1 252	
Spartan mothers .....	6 2333	
Species, Evolution of .....	5 1786	
Spectroscope, The .....	1 42	
Spectrum analysis .....	1 41	
Special articles described .....	2 21	
Speckled Book of St. Buihe's Monastery .....	7 2664	
'Spectator, The' .....	8 3198	
	3204	
Speech at Newry Election .....	CURRAN .. 2 788	
— from the Dock .....	MEAGHER .. 6 2424	
Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income Tax .....	SHERIDAN .. 8 3072	
Speed on, speed on, good master! .....	SHANLY .. 8 3032	
Spell-Struck, The .....	ROLLESTON. 8 2978	
Spencer, H., on Fairy Lore .....	3 xxiii	
Spenser, Edmund, an enemy of Ireland .....	6 2150	
— in the palace of Desmond .....	6 2276	
— on Irish scenery .....	1 ix	
— Ireland .....	4 ix	
Spenser's 'View of the State of Ireland' .....	9 3397	
— (cited) .....	4 1248	
Speranza .....	See WILDE.	
Spes .....	See CAMPION.	
Spinner's Song .....	SIGERSON .. 8 3143	
Spinning Song, A .....	O'DONNELL. 7 2685	
'Splendid Mendax' .....	GWYNN .. 4 1512	
Splendors of Tara, The .....	HYDE .. 4 1610	
'Spirit of the Nation, The' .....	3 x	
'Sports of the West, Wild' .....	MAXWELL .. 6 2411	
Spottiswood, Sir Henry .....	6 2276	
Sprig of Shillelagh, The .....	CODE .. 2 607	
'Sprig of Shillelagh, The' (quoted) .....	6 2193	
Spring Time .....	GREENE .. 4 1425	
Squirrels, Superstitions about .....	9 3680	
Stafford, Thomas .....	7 2744	
STANIHURST, RICHARD (biography) .....	10 4023	
Stanley, Lord .....	6 2157	
— O'Connell on .....	7 2642	
— Stanley's amendment, Lord .....	6 2160	
'Star of Slane, The' .....	8 3270	
Star of Slane, The .....	STREET BAL-LAD .. 9 3317	
'Star Spangled Banner, The' .....	9 3331	
'Starry Heavens, The' .....	BALL .. 1 36,41	
Stars, The Distances of the .....	BALL .. 1 36	
— What They are Made of .....	BALL .. 1 41	
State Church in Ireland, The .....	6 2160	
— of Ireland in 1720, Essay on the .....	TONE .. 9 3415	
— 1793, The .....	TONE .. 9 3421	
— prosecutions, Evils of .....	9 3552	
Statute of Kilkenny .....	9 3391	
Stearn, Bishop .....	5 1915	
STEELE, SIR RICHARD (portrait) .....	8 3196	
— D. J. O'Donoghue on humor of .....	6 xiii	
— Thomas, in prison .....	6 2128	
— and Repeal .....	9 x	
'Stella, The Journal to' .....	SWIFT .. 9 3378	
— To .....	SWIFT .. 9 3387	
Stephen, Leslie, on 'Junius' .....	3 1226	
Stephens' article on 'Felon-setting' .....	7 2799	
Stern granite gate of Wicklow .....	Savage-ARM-STRONG .. 8 3030	
Sterne, Lawrence (portrait) .....	8 3210	



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Sterne, Dowden on .....	3	873	'Stripes and Stars, The' .....	6	2115
— D. J. O'Donoghue			'Strogue, My Lords of' WINGFIELD.	9	3620
— on the humor of .....	6	xlii	Strongbow's Monument		
— <i>Some Bons Mots</i>			(half-tone engraving) .....	9	xlii
— of .....	8	3227	'Study of Words, The' TRENCH	9	3434
Stiffenbach, <i>The Legend</i>			Style, Celtic, M. Arnold		
— of .....	WILLIAMS	9 3610	— on .....	2	xvi
Stillorgan, Harry Deane			— of 'IRISH LITERA-		
Grady's place near .....	7	2733	— 'TURE' logical .....	2	xlii
Stirling-Maxwell, Sir			— Saga literature .....	2	xlii
William, on M. J.			<i>Subjection, A Century</i>		
Higgins .....	4	1572	— of .....	TAYLOR	9 3390
STOKER, BRAM .....	8	3228	Sublimian Bridge, The .....	3	827
STOKES, MARGARET .....	8	3228	'Suetonius, The Modern'		
— on Round Towers .....	9	3490	— See FITZPATRICK.		
— DR. WHITLEY .....	8	3243; 9	Suffolk Fencibles, The .....	5	1886
— Note on .....	6	2360	<i>Sugach, Lament of the</i>		
— on The Calendar			— <i>Mangaire, for the</i>		
— of Aengus .....	8	3141	— <i>Irish</i> WALSH	9	3508
— Work of, for Celtic			Sugar Loaf Mountain		
literature .....	2	xviii	(half-tone en-		
<i>Stolen Sheep, The</i> .....	BANIM	1 85	graving) .....	3	2767
Stone, F., portrait of			— On <i>Great</i> GREENE	4	1424
Lady Duferin .....	3	932	Sullidh (Lough Swilly) .....	2	633
Story, God bless you! I			Suir, The .....	6	2354, 2379
have none to tell,			Sullen, Mrs. (character		
sir: .....	CANNING	2 468	— in 'The Beaux'		
— of <i>Child Charity</i> BROWNE	1	314	— Stratagem' .....	3	1165
— Early Gaelic			SULLIVAN, ALEXANDER		
Literature,			MARTIN .....	9	3323
The' .....	HYDE	4 1622	— on E. M. P. Down-		
— Father Anthony			ing's verse .....	3	916
O'Toole, The' TYNAN-			— Eva Mary Kelly .....	7	2675
HINKSON.	9	3444	— Smith O'Brien .....	7	2619
— <i>Genevieve, The</i> JAMESON	5	1679	— The Dublin com-		
— <i>Grana Waile</i> .....	OTWAY	7 2856	memoration of		
— Ireland, The' SULLIVAN	9	3323	the Manchester		
— <i>Le Fevre, The</i> STERNE	8	3220	martyrs .....	7	2609
— <i>MacDáthó's Pig</i>			— TIMOTHY DANIEL .....	9	3333
— and Hound .....	HYDE	4 1613	— and the Land		
— <i>the Little Bird</i> CROKER	2	734	League .....	9	xi
— <i>Yorick, The</i> STERNE	8	3213	— W. B. Yeats on .....	3	xii
— tellers, Profes-			Summer, Ireland in		
sional .....	5	1738	(half-tone en-		
— telling, Irish, de-			graving) .....	5	1703
scribed .....	2	xiv	— <i>Sweet</i> TYNAN-		
— Irish gift of .....	2	xiv	HINKSON.	9	3457
— in Ireland a pro-			<i>Sun God, The</i> .....	DE VERE	3 858
fession .....	3	xvii	Sunburst, The Irish .....	9	3608
Stowe collection of Irish			<i>Sunniness of Irish Life,</i>		
manuscripts .....	7	2673	The .....	MACDONAGH	8 vii
Strabane .....	3	972	Sunset and silence; a		
<i>Strange Indeed</i> .....	DEENY	3 847	man .....	COLUM	2 612
Stranmore .....	6	2279	Superstition about the		
<i>Street Arabs, Three</i>			angel's footprint .....	7	2852
Dublin .....	HARTLEY	4 1568	— Byron on .....	6	2290
— ballad on Sir Kit			— Irish .....	4	1287
Rackrent .....	3	1012	— about animals .....	9	3678
— Ballads (see also			<i>Superstitions.</i> See		
Street Songs) .....	8	3265	also <i>Folk Lore</i>		
— change of taste			and <i>Fairy Tales.</i>		
in .....	8	3270	— <i>Banshee, The</i> .....	ALLINGHAM.	1 17
— See <i>Wearing of</i>			— <i>Fairy Greyhound</i> ANONYMOUS.	3	1154
<i>the Green, The</i> .....	2	767	— <i>Loughleagh</i> .....	ANONYMOUS.	3 1142
— Scene in Dublin			— <i>A Queen's County</i>		
(half-tone en-			Witch .....	ANONYMOUS.	3 1150
graving) .....	6	2107	— <i>Rent-Day</i> .....	ANONYMOUS.	3 1160
— <i>Songs and Ballads,</i>			— <i>Will-o'-the-Wisp</i> .....	ANONYMOUS.	3 1136
and <i>Anony-</i>			— <i>The Cow Charmer</i> BOYLE	1	264
<i>mous Verse</i> .....	8	3271; 9	— <i>The Curse</i> .....	CARLETON	2 559
Article on .....	HAND	8 3265	— <i>Fate of Frank</i>		
See <i>Phaodrig</i>			M'Kenna .....	CARLETON	2 553
<i>Crohoore</i> and			— <i>Biddy Brady's Ban-</i>		
<i>S h a m u s</i>			<i>shee</i> .....	CASEY	2 565
O'Brien.			— <i>Brewery of Egg-</i>		
Strength in Elasticity,			<i>Shells</i> .....	CROKER	2 731
Irish .....	3	856			



	VOL.	PAGE
<b>Superstitions.</b>		
— <i>Confessions of Tom Bourke</i> . . . . .	CROKER	2 681
— <i>Fairies or No Fairies</i> . . . . .	CROKER	2 720
— <i>Flory Cantillon's Funeral</i> . . . . .	CROKER	2 724
— <i>The Haunted Cellar</i> . . . . .	CROKER	2 707
— <i>The Soul Cages</i> . . . . .	CROKER	2 695
— <i>Teigue of the Lee</i> . . . . .	CROKER	2 714
— <i>A Blast</i> . . . . .	CROTTY	2 758
— <i>Little Woman in Red</i> . . . . .	DEENY	3 846
— <i>A Midnight Funeral</i> . . . . .	DEENY	3 845
— <i>The Changeling</i> . . . . .	LAWLESS	5 1877
— <i>The Black Lamb</i> . . . . .	WILDE	9 3569
— <i>The Demon Cat</i> . . . . .	WILDE	9 3557
— <i>The Horned Women</i> . . . . .	WILDE	9 3558
— <i>The Priest's Soul</i> . . . . .	WILDE	9 3561
— <i>Celtic Element in Literature</i> . . . . .	THE YEATS	9 3654
— <i>The Devil</i> . . . . .	YEATS	9 3673
— <i>Village Sports</i> . . . . .	YEATS	9 3673
Superstitions of the		
— Irish peasant . . . . .		6 2149
— Lady Wilde on . . . . .		3 xxiii
<i>Supreme Summer</i> . . . . .	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 2843
Sure, he's five months . . . . .	SKRINE	8 3154
— this is blessed Erin . . . . .	SKRINE	8 3156
Surely a Voice hath called her . . . . .	GREENE	4 1424
Surface, Charles (character in 'The School for Scandal') . . . . .		8 3105
— Joseph (character in 'The School for Scandal') . . . . .		8 3099
— Sir Oliver (character in 'The School for Scandal') . . . . .		8 3105
<i>Surnames of the Ancient Irish</i> . . . . .	WARE	9 3546
<i>Swarm of Bees in June is Worth a Silver Spoon</i> . . . . .	HAMILTON	4 1549
Swedenborg, The Irish, "A. E." so called . . . . .		8 2988
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village . . . . .	GOLDSMITH	4 1367
— Chloe . . . . .	LYSAGHT	6 2109
— Is a voice in the land of gold . . . . .	SIGERSON	8 3144
— Land of Song! thy harp doth hang . . . . .	LOVER	6 2086
— 'Melodious Bard.' See MOORE.		
— 'Singer of the South' . . . . .	See WALSH.	
SWIFT, JONATHAN (portrait) . . . . .		9 3340
— and Faulkner . . . . .		9 3343
— as a Pamphleteer . . . . .	BOYLE	4 1258
— Dean, on Irish . . . . .		1 260
— Influence of, on Irish Parliament . . . . .		6 xli
— Irish literature begins before . . . . .		7 ix
— on curates . . . . .		2 vii
— dress . . . . .		7 2638
— the Death of Dr. . . . .	SWIFT	9 3497
— the State of Ireland cited . . . . .		9 3380
— land cited . . . . .		9 3415

	VOL.	PAGE
Swift, J., Popularity of . . . . .		1 262
— W. B. Yeats on . . . . .		3 vii
Swilly, Lough. 2 633; 4 1518; 6 2126, 2427		
— a leading Ulster lake . . . . .		6 2277
Switzerland, described in Goldsmith's 'The Traveller' . . . . .		4 1361
— <i>Sword, The</i> . . . . .	BARRY	1 149
— of <i>Tethra, The</i> . . . . .	LARMINIE	5 1876
— <i>Sylvia</i> . . . . .	DARLEY	2 809
— <i>Symbolism</i> . . . . .	RUSSELL	8 3000
Synge, Mr. The plays of . . . . .		10 xxv
Synonyms, Copiousness of, in Irish literature . . . . .		2 xlii
Syria . . . . .		8 2517

## T.

Taafe, Father Peter, slain at Drogheda . . . . .		7 2572
Tacmac, Tren . . . . .		7 2753
— <i>Tain Bo Cualigne, The</i> . . . . .	2 629; 4 1600	
Take a blessing from my heart . . . . .	MANGAN	6 2378
— my heart's blessing . . . . .		10 3937
Talbot, Richard, later Duke of Tyrconnell . . . . .		7 2573
— 'Tale of a Town, The' . . . . .		10 xviii
— Story of the play of . . . . .		10 xviii
— 'Tales of Trinity College' . . . . .	LEVER	5 1986, 1990
<i>Talk by the Blackwater</i> . . . . .	DOWNING	3 916
Tallaght . . . . .		7 2673
Talleyrand . . . . .		9 3420
— as a Critic, <i>The Princess</i> . . . . .	BLESSINGTON	1 212
Tamney . . . . .		6 2244
Tandy, James Napper . . . . .	1 143; 9 3513	
Tanistry, The case of . . . . .		9 3394
— The laws of . . . . .		7 2857
Tara, Antiquity of . . . . .		6 2228
— Conn made King at . . . . .		5 1732
— Desertion of . . . . .		4 1613
— Five great highways from . . . . .		5 1739
— Halls of . . . . .		7 2535
— Hill of . . . . .		6 2354
— Knights of . . . . .		1 146
— Seven Kings of . . . . .		8 2979
— <i>The Cursing of</i> . . . . .	O'GRADY	7 2762
— The far shining . . . . .		7 2747
— The Fes of . . . . .		5 1738
— <i>The Splendors of</i> . . . . .	HYDE	4 1610
— The tongue of . . . . .		7 2617
— The westward road from . . . . .		7 2752
Tarah, St. Patrick's Hymn before . . . . .		6 2360
"Tarry thou till I come." See 'Salathiel the Immortal.' . . . .		
— yet, late lingerer . . . . .	RUSSELL	8 2996
Tasmania . . . . .		6 2454
Taxation in Galway . . . . .		8 2914
— Methods of . . . . .		8 3092
— <i>Speech on American</i> . . . . .	BURKE	1 373
TAYLOR, JOHN F. . . . .		9 3390
<i>Te Martyrum Candidatus</i> . . . . .	JOHNSON	5 1701
Teach Míodchuarta . . . . .		4 1611
Teamair, Eochaidh at . . . . .		7 2667

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Teamhair at Samhain			The dying tree no pang		
time .....	4	1451	sustains .....	DE VERE...	3 863
Teamor's Ancient Fame.....	1	281	'end of a ship is		
<i>Tears, The Fountain of.</i> O'SHAUGH-			drowning' (Irish		
NESSY ...	7	2845	rann) .....	HYDE	10 3837
Teazle, Lady (character			fountains .....	FLECKNOE	3 1209
in 'The School			caves subterren		
for Scandal') .....	8	3100	girl I love is		
— Miss Farren as .....	8	3122	comely .....	CALLANAN	2 440
— Sir Peter (charac-			gloom of the sea-		
ter in 'The			fronting cliffs ..	DOWDEN	3 876
School for Scan-			'Groves of Bar-		
dal') .....	8	3102	ney' .....	MILLIKEN	6 2439
Technical Instruction,			'harp that once		
Department of .....	8	2908	through Tara's		
Teetotalism .....	6	2398	halls' .....	MOORE	7 2535
'Teigue of the Lee' ..	2	720	host is riding from		
Tell me, my friends,			Knocknarea .....	YEATS	9 3707
why are we met here?			kindly words that		
STREET BAL-			rise .....	O'REILLY	7 2833
LADS ...	3	3311	Little Black Rose		
Teltown (Taillteann) on			shall be red .....	DE VERE	3 858
the Blackwater .....	5	1738	long, long wished		
Temora, The maids of .....	4	1591	for hour .....	DOHENY	3 864
<b>Temperance</b>			'lord of Dunker-		
— <i>Apostle of Temper-</i>			ron' .....	CROKER	2 736
<i>ance in Dublin,</i>			'lying man has		
<i>The</i> .....	6	2397	promised' (Irish		
'— <i>Irish Cry, The</i> ..	9	3617	rann) .....	HYDE	10 3841
WILSON ...			'man who only		
'Apostle of' .....	See		took' (Irish		
MATHEW.			rann) .....	HYDE	10 3841
Templeoge, near Dublin ..	7	2728	Minstrel-Boy to the		
Tennyson, Lord, on Mrs.			war has gone .....	MOORE	7 2535
Alexander's verse .....	1	1	Muse, disgusted at		
— on 'Joyce's Celtic			an age .....	BERKELEY	1 80
Legends' .....	5	1713	old priest Peter		
— <i>The Charge of the</i>			Gilligan .....	YEATS	9 3702
<i>Light Brigade</i> .....	8	3014	pillars towers of		
Tenure, Isaac Butt on			Ireland .....		6 2130
fixity of .....	2	425	'Pope he leads a		
— Lalor on fixity of .....	5	1860	happy life' .....	LEVER	5 2002
— of land, The .....	7	2862	'satisfied man for		
— Parnell and fixity			the hungry one		
of .....	6	2179	never feels'		
— <i>Terence's Farewell</i> ..	3	934	(Irish rann) .....	HYDE	10 3837
— <i>Tethra, The Sword of</i> ..	5	1876	savage loves his		
— <i>Th'anám an Dhiá</i> —But			native shore .....	ORR	7 2839
there it is .....	5	2003	sea moans on the		
Thackeray, Irish char-			strand .....	TODHUNTER	9 3404
acters of, M. F.			silent bird is hid		
Egan on .....	5	viii	in the bough .....	GILBERT	4 1279
— on Goldsmith .....	4	1301	silent heart which		
— and G. P. O. ....	8	xvi	grief .....	PARNELL	7 2876
— J. Higgins .....	4	1572, 1573	room, the heavy		
— in Ireland .....	8	xx	creeping shade	WILDE	9 3593
— on Irish Chap-			Southern .....	See	DOWLING.
books .....	3	xxi	Stars are watching	O'DOHERTY.	7 2676
— Dean Swift .....	9	3343	sun on Ivera .....	CALLANAN	2 445
<i>Thankfulness of Der-</i>			sunny South is		
<i>mot, The</i> .....	O'LEARY	10 3953	glowing .....	ORR	7 2837
Thanks, my lord, for			tears are ever in		
your venison .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1377	my wasted eye ..	D'ALTON	2 803
"That Popular Poet of			'time I've lost in		
Green Erin." See	MOORE.		wool' .....	MOORE	7 2522
That rake up near the			top o' the mornin'	COLEMAN	2 609
rafters .....	KICKHAM	5 1829	tuneful tumult of		
The actor's dead, and			that bird .....		2 xvi
memory alone ..	BUNNER on		wild bee reels from		
— best of all ways ..	BROUGHAM.	1 301	bough to bough ..	WILDE	9 3593
— blue lake of Deven-	MOORE	6 2338	winter fleeteth like		
ish .....	MACMANUS..	6 2269	a dream .....	GREENE	4 1425
— braes they are			work that should		
— aflame .....	MACMANUS..	6 2263	to-day .....	O'HAGAN	7 2767
— brown wind of Con-			world is growing		
naught .....	MACMANUS..	6 2272	darker .....	ROSSA	8 2983
— desire of my hero			'young May moon'	MOORE	7 2526
who feared no foe .....	2	xv			



	VOL.	PAGE
Theater in Blackfriars,		
The .....	6	2348
Whitefriars, The .....	6	2348, 2349
The Irish Literary .....	10	xiii
Irish Literary. See MILLIGAN.		
The Irish National. See MARTYN.		
<i>Their Last Race</i> .....	MATHEW	6 2391
Themes of Irish humor .....	6	x
Then Oberon spake .....	BARLOW	1 116
Theology, Irish devotion		
to .....	4	1281
Mountain .....	GREGORY	4 1455
<b>Theology and Religion.</b>		
Frederick William		
Robertson .....	BROOKE	1 291
True Friends of		
the Poor and the		
Afflicted .....	DOYLE	3 919
Dispute with Car-		
lyle .....	DUFFY	3 951
The Irish Intellect .....	GILES	4 1281
Blessing of Afflic-		
tion .....	KIRWAN	5 1844
The Christian		
Mother .....	KIRWAN	5 1842
The Irish Church .....	MACCARTHY.	6 2148
Plea for Liberty of		
Conscience .....	O'LEARY	7 2789
St. Patrick's Suc-		
cess .....	TODD	9 3400
There are veils that lift .....	ROLLESTON.	8 2980
is a colleen fair as		
May .....	PETRIE	8 2886
a green hill far		
away' .....	ALEXANDER.	1 3
a green island .....	CALLANAN	2 439
a way I am fain		
to go .....	MACMANUS..	6 2268
not in the wide		
world .....	MOORE	7 2532
many a man's dim		
closing eye .....	JOYCE	5 1749
our murdered		
brother lies .....	DRENNAN	3 925
was a jolly miller		
once .....	BICKERSTAFF	1 185
a place in child-		
hood .....	LOVER	6 2087
were trees in Tir-		
Conal .....	MILLIGAN	6 2437
There's a dear little		
plant .....	CHERRY	2 587
glade in Aghadoe .....	TODHUNTER.	9 3410
wall from the		
glen .....	WILSON	9 3617
grey fog over		
Dublin .....	CHESSON	2 591
Sally standing by		
the river .....	TODHUNTER.	9 3406
sweet sleep .....	MACMANUS..	6 2270
Thermopylae .....	3	827
These be God's fair high		
palaces .....	FURLONG	3 1239
Theseum at Athens, The .....	6	2335
'Thespis' .....	KELLY	5 1782
They are going, going .....	MACMANUS..	6 2267
chained her fair		
young body .....	ROCHE	8 2965
knelt around the		
cross divine .....	1	150
'Third Blast of Retreat		
from Plays and Play-		
ers, The' .....	6	2348
Thivishes, The, de-		
scribed .....	3	xx

	VOL.	PAGE
Thirty-six Command-		
ments, The, of Duel-		
ing .....	1	148
This morning there were		
dazzling drifts of		
daisies .....	WYNNE	9 3649
— wolf for many a		
day .....	TYNAN-	
HINKSON.	9	3451
'— world is all a		
fleeting show' .....	MOORE	7 2538
— tomb inscribed to		
gentle .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1383
Tholmel, The .....	4	1258; 5 1914
'Thomas and Sally, or		
The Sailor's Return' .....	BICKERSTAFF	1 186
Thomas Sheridan .....	O'KEEFE	7 2774
Thomond .....	4	1657
'— The Bard of.' See HOGAN.		
THOMPSON, SIR WIL-		
LIAM .....	See KELVIN.	
Those delicate wander-		
ers .....	RUSSELL	8 2998
— dressy and smooth-		
faced young		
maidens .....	GRIFFIN	4 1482
'— evening bells!' .....	O'KEEFE	7 2527
'Thou art, O God!' .....	MOORE	7 2538
golden sunshine in		
the peaceful day!	STOKES	8 3260
'Though the senseless		
and sensible' .....	HYDE	10 3837
Thoughts on the Mat-		
terhorn .....	TYNDALL	9 3178
Various Subjects .....	SWIFT	9 3377
Thracian Hebrus, The .....	6	2455
Thrasna River .....	1	360
Three Counsellors, The .....	RUSSELL	8 3002
Dublin Street		
Arabs .....	HARTLEY	4 1568
'— F's, The' .....	6	2179
— Hundred Greeks at		
Thermopylae, The .....	3	827
— Rock Mountain .....	6	2121
— Romans at the Sub-		
litan Bridge, The .....	3	827
'— Shafts of Death,		
The' .....	10	3968
'— Weeks After Mar-		
riage' .....	MURPHY	7 2564
Thrice at the huts of		
Fontenoy .....	DAVIS	3 823
— in the night the		
priest arose .....	SHORTER	8 3130
Through air made heavy .....	WILKINS	9 3600
the Solitudes .....	SAVAGE-ARM-	
STRONG	8	3028
'— untraced ways' .....	DENHAM	3 850
Thrush and the Black-		
bird, The .....	KICKHAM	5 1824
Thunder our thanks to		
her .....	O'REILLY	7 2834
Thurlow, Burke on Lord .....	1	396
Thurot .....	6	2113
Thus sang the sages of		
the Gael .....	STOKES	8 3262
Tierney on Sheridan .....	3	1194
Tigernas, King .....	7	2718
Tim Hogan's Ghost .....	COYNE	2 645
— the Smith .....	DOYLE	10 3887
Timber in Ulster .....	6	2279
Time .....	9	3389
'— I've lost in woo-		
ing, The' .....	MOORE	7 2522
— of the Barmecides,		
The .....	MANGAN	6 2367



	VOL. PAGE
<i>Timoleague, Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of</i> .....	FERGUSON . 3 1177
<i>'Timeus,' Plato's</i> .....	2 749
<i>Tipperary</i> .....	O'DOHERTY. 7 2675
— Duelling in .....	1 145
— The County of; Sir William Osborne's experiment .....	2 425
— <i>Recruiting Song</i> .....	STREET BAL-LAD 9 3318
— (reference) .....	5 1831
— See <i>The Munster Bards</i> .	
Tir-Conal. See <i>The Buried Forests of Erin</i> .	
— Connell: <i>O'Donnell Aboo</i> .....	6 2127
Tirconnell, Hugh Raudh O'Donnell of .....	2 633; 4 1247
— Lord of .....	2 633
— See <i>Lament</i> .....	6 2353
Tir-na-nög, Olsin and; or <i>Tirnanoge, Olsin in; or the last of the Fena</i> .....	JOYCE 5 1714
— the Land of Youth.....	5 1714, 1716
Tir na n'ög, Tirnanoge.....	2 590
Tir-na-mbeo; the land of the ever-living.....	5 1714
Tir-na-Tonn; the land under the sea .....	2 594
Tir-oén. See <i>Owen Bawn</i> .	
'Tis I go fiddling, fiddling .....	CHESSON .. 2 592
— not for love of gold, I go .....	BANIM .... 1 57
— <i>War we Want to the Irish</i> .....	HYDE .... 4 1657
— now we want to be wary, boys.....	STREET BAL-LAD 9 3318
— pretty to see .....	DAVIS .... 3 823
— the last rose of summer .....	MOORE .... 7 2528
— what they say .....	10 3749
Tithes, Sidney Smith on .....	6 2151
"Tithes," The cow stamped with .....	7 2653
<i>To a Beautiful Milk-maid</i> .....	MOORE .... 6 2340
— <i>wayward man thine advice to bring</i> (Irish rann) .....	HYDE .... 10 3835
— <i>Skull</i> .....	IRWIN .... 5 1673
— drift with every passion till my soul .....	WILDE .... 9 3595
— drink a toast .....	LEVER .... 5 1975
— <i>Duffy in Prison</i> .....	MCGEE .... 6 2220
— <i>God and Ireland True</i> .....	O'LEARY .. 7 2796
— <i>Gold</i> .....	WILDE .... 9 3596
— <i>Ireland</i> .....	WILDE .... 9 3573
— me by early morn.....	CLARKE .. 2 596
— Meath of the Pastures .....	COLUM .... 2 613
— <i>Morfudd</i> .....	JOHNSON .. 5 1698
— <i>My Bicycle</i> .....	ROLLESTON. 8 2976
— <i>Buried Rifle</i> .....	MCCARTHY.. 6 2172
— <i>Promised Wife</i> .....	WALSH .... 9 3510
— <i>Stella</i> .....	SWIFT .... 9 3387

	VOL. PAGE
<i>To The Duke of Graf-ton</i> .....	FRANCIS ... 3 1228
— <i>the Leman Sidhe</i> .....	BOYD .... 1 258
— <i>Memory of Isaac Butt</i> .....	SIGERSON .. 8 3133
— sound of evening bells .....	TRENCH ... 9 3437
Tobarnavian, Origin of name .....	6 2220
'Toby of the Ship,' Grana Waile's son .....	7 2858
— Uncle .....	8 3210, 3220
To-day chance drove me .....	BROOKE ... 1 300
TODD, JAMES HEN-THORN .....	9 3400
TODHUNTER, JOHN (portrait) .....	9 3408
— and The Rhymers' Club .....	5 1693
Toler, John, A Monk of the Screw .....	5 1957, 1953
<i>Tom Moody</i> .....	CHERRY ... 2 583
<i>Tombs in the Church of Montorio, on the Janiculum</i> .....	O'DONNELL. 7 2684
TONE, THEOBALD WOLFE .....	9 3413
— and '98 .....	9 x
— and Froude .....	6 2166
— and Lough Scul-ly .....	6 2434
— Death of .....	7 2607
— founder of the Society of United Irishmen .....	6 2162
— Fate of .....	9 3507
— Kickham on .....	5 1831
— Graham on .....	4 1385
— 'The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe' .....	TONE .... 7 2604
— <i>The Capture of Wolfe</i> .....	O'BRIEN ... 7 2604
— Walsh's recollections of .....	9 3513
— with his mangled throat .....	4 1531
'Tone's Journal,' Extract from .....	TONE .... 9 3418
To-night as the tender glooming .....	BLAKE .... 1 190
T O N N A. MRS. (CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH) .....	9 3428
Tony Lumpkins (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer') .....	4 1348
Too long have the churls .....	10 4015
<i>Toomevara, A Chronicle of</i> .....	ECCLES .... 3 967
Total abstinence .....	6 2398
Toulouse, Irish soldiers at .....	8 3063
Towers in Ireland .....	8 3239
— of Ireland, The Pillar .....	MACCARTHY. 6 2130
— The Round .....	PETRIE .... 8 2880
'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century' .....	GREEN .... 4 1417
<i>Townshend, Chatham and</i> .....	BURKE .... 1 391
— Lord .....	4 1377
— Marquis of, a Monk of the Screw .....	2 797

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland'..	WOOD-MAR- TIN	9 3640	Tribunal, The Revolu- tionary		2 678
Trade and the Union		8 2902	<i>Tribune, The Lost</i> .....	SIGERSON	8 3133
— of Galway .....		8 2916	<i>Tried by his Peers</i> .....	O'FLANAGAN	7 2723
'Traditions, Fairy Le- gends and' .....	CROKER	2 695, 736	Trim, Corporal .....		8 3210
Tragic deaths .....		2 xli	Trinity College, Collec- tion of an- cient manu- scripts in .....		7 2671
Traigh-Baile Míe-Buain (ancient name of Dundalk) .....		2 639	— Attitude of, to- ward Irish .....		10 3713
Tralee .....		6 2198	— Dublin (color plate) .....		2 Front
Tramore .....		6 2223	— Story of a stu- dent in .....		6 2400
'Transcripts and Stud- ies' .....	DOWDEN	3 866, 875	— English, not Irish .....		3 xiv
Transfusion of blood, Pockrich's plan for .....		7 2700	— Irish manu- scripts in, cat- alogued by John O'Dono- van .....		7 2705
Translation of Irish, Difficulties of .....		10 3711	— 'Tales of' .....	LEVER	5 1986, 1990
Transportation in Ire- land .....		9 3362	Trinker's Colt .....	SOMERVILLE and ROSS	8 3182
Transubstantiation is the faith we depend upon .....		8 3270	Tristan .....		9 3660
<b>Travel, adventure, description.</b>			— and Isolde, Irish scenes in .....		4 viii
— <i>History of My Horse, Saladin</i> .....	BROWNE	1 323	'Tristram Shandy' .....	STERNE	8 3211
— <i>Journey in Dis- guise</i> .....	BURTON	1 408			3213, 3220
— <i>An African Queen</i> .....	BUTLER	2 418	Trout-fishing in Ireland .....		4 1517
— <i>Sight of the Rocky Mountains</i> .....	BUTLER	2 415	Truagh .....		3 957
— <i>City in the Great West</i> .....	DUNRAVEN	3 963	<i>True Loveliness</i> .....	DARLEY	2 807
— <i>Ah Man</i> .....	MACFALL	6 2206	— <i>Pleasures</i> .....	BERKELEY	1 174
— <i>Byron and the Blessingtons at Genoa</i> .....	MADDEN	6 2286	'Trust to luck' .....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3319
— <i>Acropolis of Ath- ens and the Rock of Cashel</i> .....	MAHAFFY	6 2334	Tuam-da-Gualann .....		5 1725, 1728
— <i>Rhapsody on Riv- ers</i> .....	MITCHELL	6 2454	Tuatha de Danann .....		2 xi
— <i>The Prince of In- ismore</i> .....	MORGAN	7 2543	— Tribes and bulld- ings of .....		8 2882
— <i>Dunluce Castle</i> .....	OTWAY	7 2853	Tuathal Teachtmair .....		7 2706
— <i>The Vicar of Cape Clear</i> .....	OTWAY	7 2848	'Tudor, Mary' .....	DE VERE	3 851
— <i>Capture of an In- dian Chief</i> .....	REID	8 2932	Tulleries, Garden of the .....		2 676
— <i>Bethlehem</i> .....	WARBURTON	9 3535	Turlockmór, A folk tale of .....		4 1632
— <i>The Pyramids</i> .....	WARBURTON	9 3529	Turloughmore, Faction fight at .....		9 3316
— <i>Sack of the Sum- mer Palace</i> .....	WOLSELEY	9 3636	— St. Columcill's home .....		4 1455
<i>Travel, On</i> .....	FLECKNOE	3 1209	'Twas beyond at Mac- reddin .....	MCCALL	6 2125
<i>Traveller, The</i> .....	GOLDSMITH	4 1357	— but last night I traversed .....	M'GEE	6 2220
Travels of Marco Polo, Irish version of the (MS. in the Royal Irish Academy) .....		7 2672	Twelfth Century, Ire- land in the .....		10 3845
Treaty of Limerick, The .....		3 957; 9 x	<i>Twelve Articles</i> .....	SWIFT	9 3388
— Stone, Limerick (half-tone en- graving) .....		3 957	<i>Twenty Golden Years</i> Ago .....	MANGAN	6 2373
— <i>with France, On a Commercial</i> .....	FLOOD	3 1210	— Questions, Can- ning and the game of .....		1 167
<i>Trees, The</i> .....	FURLONG	3 1230	<i>Twisting of the Rope</i> , The .....	HYDE	10 3989
— in the Irish sagas .....		2 xvii	'Two Centuries of Irish History' .....	BYRCE	1 346
TRENCH, HERBERT .....		9 3431	— 'Essays on the Remnant' .....	MAGEE	6 2292
— W. B. Yeats on .....		3 xlii	— <i>Songs</i> .....	BICKERSTAFF	1 186
— ARCHBISHOP RICH- ARD CHENEVIX .....		9 3434	Tyledan. See <i>A Mem- ory</i> .		
Triangulation .....		1 37	TYNAN-HINKSON, KATH- ARINE .....		9 3439
Tribulation, George .....		9 3436	— W. B. Yeats on .....		3 xlii
— Wither on .....		9 3436	— M. F. Egan on .....		5 vii
			TYNDALL, JOHN .....		9 3462
			— and imagination .....		1 xvii





	VOL.	PAGE			VOL.	PAGE
Verulam, Lord, and the			Wages in Ireland	W.	3	922
echo	3	1056	Waltcoats, Styles of		9	3498
<i>Very Far Away</i>	ALEXANDER.	1	Walters in Ireland		8	xx
<i>Vians, The Vision of</i>			Waiting	TODHUNTER.	9	3408
From the Irish of			<i>Wake of William Orr,</i>			
Aniar MacConglinne	SIGERSON ..	8 3134	The	DRENNAN ..	3	925
<i>Vicar of Cape Clear,</i>			WAKEMAN, WILBUR F.,			
<i>The</i>	OTWAY	7 2848	and JOHN COOKE		9	3481
— of Wakefield, The	GOLDSMITH.	4 1301	<i>Wake, Keening and</i>	WOOD-MAR-		
		1305	TIN		9	3640
— (cited)		6 2421	<b>Waking of Corpses.</b>			
<i>Vicar's Home, The</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1301	— <i>Biddy Brady's Ban-</i>			
Victoria, Queen, and			<i>shee</i>	BLACKBURNE	2	567
Louis Philippe		1 151	— <i>Tim Hogan's Wake</i>	COYNE	2	568
<i>View from Honeyman's</i>			— <i>Their Last Race</i>	MATHEW	6	2394
<i>Hill, The</i>	BERKELEY	1 176	Waldron, Bishop, of			
— of London	DENHAM	3 850	Killala		6	2232
— of the State of			WALKER, JOSEPH COO-			
Ireland		4 1248; 9 5397	PER		9	3493
Vile and ingrate! too			— <i>of the Snow, The</i>	SHANLY	8	3032
late	CONGREVE	2 615	Wallace, Thomas, duel			
<i>'Village Garland, The'</i>	HALL	4 1534	with Secretary O'Gor-			
— <i>Ghosts</i>	YEATS	9 3673	man		1	143
— Life in Ireland.			WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS		9	3500
See <i>Honey</i>			Walpole, Horace, cited			
<i>Fair, The</i>			on Glück and the			
— See <i>Night in</i>			musical glasses		7	2692
<i>Fortmanus Vil-</i>			WALSH, EDWARD		9	3502
<i>lage, A.</i>			W. B. Yeats on		3	x
— <i>Sovereign, A</i>	LYNCH	6 2088	JOHN		9	3510
Vimiera, Irish soldiers		8 3063	JOHN EDWARD		9	3513
at			— Michael, murdered			
Vine culture possible			by Viscount Net-			
in Ireland		7 3696	terville		7	2728
Vinegar Hill		2 591, 599	<i>Wandering Minstrel, A.</i>	LE FANU	5	1934
— <i>Lynch Law on</i>	BANIM	1 76	War correspondent, An			
Violante, Madam, the		6 2473	Irishman the			
dancer			first		8	3006
Virginia City, Nevada,			— not all of History		4	xi
Earl of Dunraven at		3 963	— <i>The Irish in the</i>	MAGUIRE	6	2321
<i>The Death of</i>	KNOWLES	5 1847	— <i>Ways of</i>		4	1699
<i>'Virginius'</i>	KNOWLES	5 1847	— with China, Nar-			
Virtues of the Irish			rative of the	WOLSELEY.	9	3636
peasant		3 854	— <i>Ship of Peace, The</i>	LOVER	5	2085
Vis et Armis.	See LOCKE.		— <i>Song, The Munster</i>	WILLIAMS.	9	3607
Vision of McConglinne,			— <i>Warrburton, Elliot</i>		9	3529
The		6 vii	Ward, Father Hugh,			
— of <i>Vians, The</i>			collector of Irish man-			
From the Irish			uscripts for Louvain		7	2673
of Aniar Mac-			WARD, OWEN (biogra-			
Conglinne	SIGERSON ..	8 3134	phy)		10	4024
Visions		2 xii	— Poem by Mangan			
<i>'Visits and Sketches at</i>			from the Irish of		6	2352
Home and Abroad'	JAMESON	5 1679	WARE, SIR JAMES.		9	3544
Vocabulary of the Irish			— Irish literature be-			
people		4 1607	gins before		2	vii
Vocal stones		7 2717	Warren, Colonel, slain			
Volcanic action, Inun-			at Drogheda		7	2568
dation of country			<i>Was She Complaining?'</i>	KEELING	5	1771
around Loughs Erne			<i>Washington, A Eulogy</i>			
and Foyle due to		6 2277	of	PHILLIPS	8	2891
Voltaire, Dowden on		3 873	<i>Waste Not, Want Not.</i>	EDGEWORTH.	3	1068
Volunteer Movement,			Water-eruptions		2	xli
The		6 2106	Fairies, The, de-			
Volunteer's Song, A		6 2113	scribed		3	xviii
<i>Volunteers, A Defense</i>			— Sherie, The, de-			
of the	FLOOD	3 1217	scribed		3	xx
Vowel-rhyming		10 3919	Waterford election of			
<i>Vowels, The</i>	SWIFT	9 3389	1826		1	349
<i>'Voyage of Maelduin,</i>			— King John at		3	900
The		4 1601	Waterloo, Irish soldiers			
— of the Sons of			at		8	3062
<i>O'Corra, The</i>	JOYCE	5 1724	Wathers o' Moyle an'			
— royal, A		6 2463	the white gulls flyin'	SKRINE	8	3155
— <i>The First</i>	MOLLOY	6 2459				

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Watt, James, John			Wexford surrendered to the insurgents of		
Mitchel on .....	6	2449	Vinegar Hill .....	1	76
Waves' Legend on the			Whang and his Dream		
Strand of Bala, The. TODHUNTER.	9	3404	of Diamonds .....	GOLDSMITH.	4 1341
Ways of War .....	JOHNSON	5 1699	'What are you afraid		
We are little airy crea-			forms' .....	BICKERSTAFF	1 187
tures .....	SWIFT	9 3389	'—hath Time Taken?' BROWNE		1 321
—stood so steady .....	JOYCE	5 1744	'—is a gentleman?' O'DONOGHUE		7 2703
—summoned not the			'—is the Remnant?' MAGEE		6 2292
Silent Guest .....	ROCHE	8 2965	'—rights the brave?' BARRY		1 149
—who are old, old			'—shall I give thee?' DE VERE		3 851
and gray .....	YEATS	9 3705	'—sowest thou,		
—won't go home till			Orion' .....	TYNAN-	
morning .....		3 1194		HINKSON.	9 3456
Wealth. Bishop Berke-			—shall we mourn? .....	O'REILLY	7 2836
ley on sources of .....		1 178	—sorrow wings .....	DRUMMOND.	3 930
Wearin' o' the Green,			—the Stars are Made		
The .....	STREET BAL-	9 3320	of .....	BALL	1 41
LAD			—we say of a thing		
Wearing of the Green,			which is just		
The .....	CURRAN	2 767	come in fashion, GOLDSMITH.		4 1299
Wearing of the Green			'—will you do, love?' LOVER		6 2085
The .....	KING	5 1833	Whately on Irish educa-		
Wear men, what reap			tion .....		4 1609
ye? .....	WILDE	9 3575	When all beside a vigil		
Weaver Poet, The. See ORR.			keep .....	DAVIS	3 828
Wedding of the Clans,			—April rains make		
The .....	DE VERE	3 860	flowers bloom .....	EGAN	3 1085
Weddings in Ireland .....		6 2202	—boyhood's fire was		
Wedding-feast, A .....		2 534	in my blood .....	DAVIS	3 827
Weep no more about my			—comes the day .....	O'HAGAN	7 2768
bed .....	READ	8 2924	—Erin first rose .....	DRENNAN	3 924
Weeping Irish, a term			—first I met meek		
for sorrow .....		9 3661	Peggy .....	LOVER	5 2079
Welcome, The .....	DAVIS	3 830	—I saw thee, Kate LANE		5 1863
We'll See About It. ...	HALL	4 1534	—to this country		
Wellington, Duke of.			a stranger I		
See also 'He			came .....		8 3267
said that he was			—unto this town I		
not our brother?'		1 58	came .....	STREET BAL-	
—O'Connell on .....		7 2626	LAD		7 3280
—J. W. Doyle on .....		3 919	'—he who adores		
—on Irish soldiers .....		8 3062	thee' .....	MOORE	7 2534
WELSH, CHARLES (por-			—I was young .....	DE VERE	3 859
trait) .....		9 vii	—like the early rose, GRIFFIN		4 1509
—A Glance at Ire-			—lovely woman		
land's History .....		9 vii	stoops to folly. ...	GOLDSMITH.	4 1315
—on Oliver Gold-			—my arms wrap you		
smith .....		4 1298	round, I press .....	YEATS	9 3708
—Foreword .....		1 xvii	—my feet have wan-		
—on Fairy and Folk			dered .....	MONSELL	7 2465
Tales .....		3 xvii	—on my sickly couch		
—Nursery Tales .....		3 xviii	I lay .....	SWIFT	9 3387
—The Red Duck .....		10 3779	—Pat came over the		
'Wendell Phillips,'			hill .....	LOVER	6 2081
From .....	O'REILLY	7 2836	—round the festive		
Were you ever in sweet			Christmas board. M A C DER-		
Tipperary .....	O'DOHERTY.	7 2675	MOTT		6 2189
Wesley, John, on the			—St. Patrick our or-		
Irish character .....		8 xiv	der created .....	CURRAN	5 1962
West, A City in the			—this order .....	CURRAN	2 797
Great .....	DUNRAVEN.	3 963	—the breath of twi-		
'—Wild Sports of			light .....	RUSSELL	8 3004
the' .....	MAXWELL	6 2411	'—eagle shall nest		
Westminster Abbey Cor-			in the hollow		
onation Chair,			glen' (Irish		
The (half-tone			Rann) .....	HYDE	10 3841
engraving) .....		7 1717	—the time comes. ...	ROLLESTON.	8 2979
—Goldsmith on .....		4 1317	'When you are old' .....	YEATS	9 3704
West's Asleep, The .....	DAVIS	3 828	Whene'er I see soft		
Westward the course of			hazel eyes .....	FERGUSON	3 1183
empire takes its way. BERKELEY		1 181	—with haggard eyes		
West've furled the banner	TONNA	9 3430	I view .....	CANNING	2 466
Wexford, County, Noted			Where Foyle his swell-		
members for .....		1 130	ing waters .....	TONNA	9 3428



## VOL. PAGE

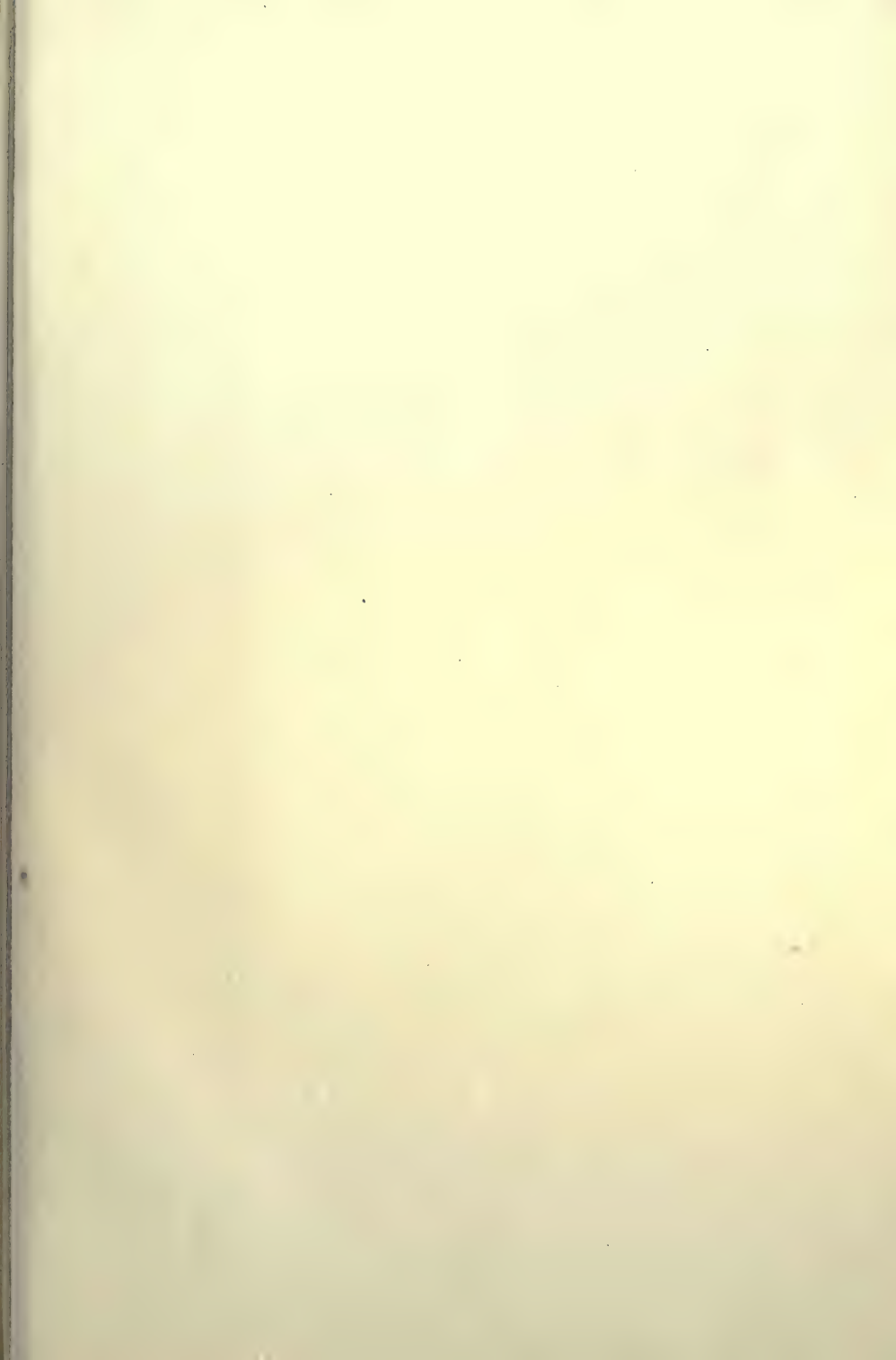
Where is my chief, my master .....	MANGAN	6	2369
— Is thy lovely perilous abode .....	BOYD	1	258
— lurk the merry elves .....	TODHUNTER	9	3406
— Sugarloaf with bare .....	GREENE	4	1424
While going the road to sweet Athy .....	STREET BAL-LAD	8	3290
Whisky, Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of .....	LÆ FANU	5	1946
— Illicit distilling of .....	O'LEARY	2	541
— 'drink divine?' .....	O'LEARY	7	2803
Whisper .....	WYNNE	9	3648
Whistling Thief, The .....	LOVER	6	2081
White Cockade, The .....	CALLANAN	2	442
— Mr. Luke: Association to raise the price of meat formed by .....		7	2633
Whitefriars, The theater in .....		6	2348
WHITESIDE, JAMES .....		9	3550
Whitman, Walt, on art .....		9	3664
Whitworth, Lord, The administration of .....		7	2637
Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream? .....	YEATS	9	3706
— fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? .....	INGRAM	5	1659
Whoever the youth .....		3	1187
'Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concerning Ireland, The' .....	WARE	9	3544 3546, 3547
'Why are you wandering here?' .....	KENNEY	5	1807
— 'Liquor of Life?' .....	D'ALTON	2	805
— Lord Leitrim Slammed the Door .....		1	241
— Thomas Dubh Walked .....	MACMANUS	6	2254
— Parnell Went into Politics .....	O'BRIEN	7	2607
Wicklow. See Art's Lough and The Scalp.			
— County. Beautiful scenery of .....		7	2532
— Hugh Roe in .....		2	636
— Hills, Beauty of the .....		4	1424
— Pock-rich raising gees' near .....		7	2697
'Widow Ma'hree' .....	LOVER	6	2078
— Malone, The .....	LEVER	5	1999
— 'Wadman's Eye' .....	STERNE	8	3211
Widow's Message to Her Son, The .....	FORRESTER	3	1222
Wies worn in Ireland .....		9	3498
Wilberforce on Canning .....		1	171
— on Grattan .....		4	1387
Wild blows the tempest on their brows .....	ARMSTRONG	1	26
— 'Geese, The' .....	CASEY	2	573
— (reference) .....		4	1530
— With the Wild' .....	LAWLESS	9	3445
— 'Irish Girl, The' .....	MORGAN	5	1884
— 'Sports of the West' .....	MAXWELL	7	2543
WILDE, LADY (SPEERANZA) .....		6	2411
		9	3556

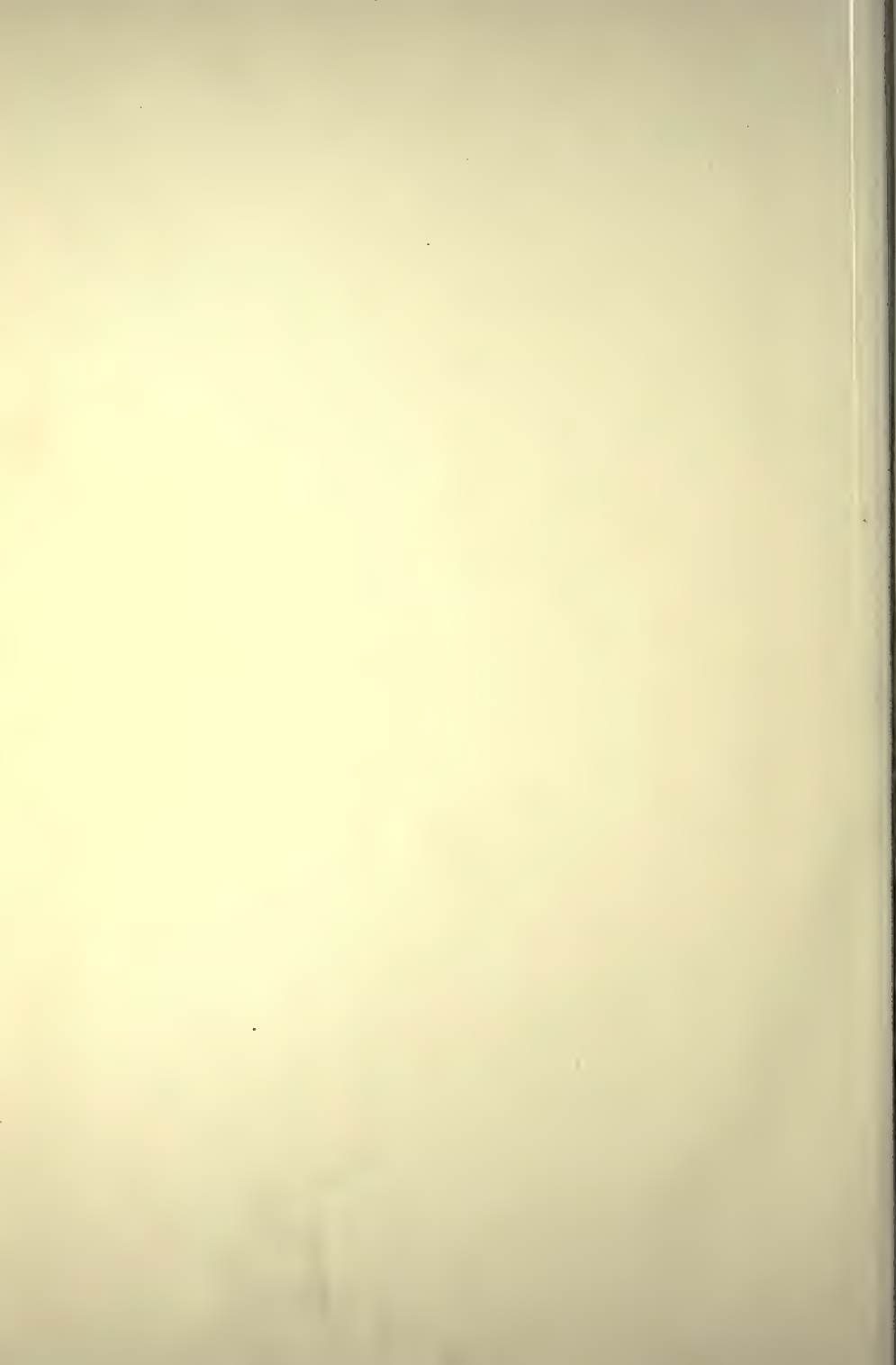
## VOL. PAGE

WILDE, LADY, A keen taken down by .....		9	3645
— on Irish superstitions .....		3	23
— OSCAR .....		9	3577
— RICHARD HENRY .....		9	3596
Wilderness, Irish who fell in the battle of the .....		6	2423
Wilkes among the eminent actors of the eighteenth century .....		5	1919
WILKINS, WILLIAM .....		9	3600
Wilkinson, Sir Gardner, On the building of the Pyramids .....		9	3533
Will and shall, Confusion of .....		3	1062
— O' the Wisp (fairy and folk lore) .....	ANONYMOUS	3	1136
William, King .....		9	3324
— of Munster. See KENEALY.			
— of Orange and Sarsfield .....		7	2816
WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON .....		9	3607
Willis, N. P., Description of Lady Blessington by .....		1	173
WILLIS, WILLIAM GORMAN .....		9	3612
Willy Reilly .....	STREET BAL-LAD	9	3321
WILSON, ROBERT A. ....		9	3617
Winckelmann on Greek Art .....		5	1923
'Wind Among the Reeds, The' .....	YEATS	9	3705
— On .....	MARTYN	6	2383
— on the Hills, The. SHORTER ..		8	3127
— that Shakes the Barley, The .....	JOYCE	5	1746
Window Song, A. ....	IRWIN	5	1676
WINGFIELD, LEWIS .....		9	3620
Winter Evening .....	TYNAN-HINKSON	9	3459
		9	3625
WISEMAN, CARDINAL .....			
Wit. See Humor.			
— and humor, Irish, D. J. O'Donoghue on .....		6	vii
— of Canning .....		1	170
Witch, A Queen's County .....		3	1150
Witchcraft and Wonders. See Folk Lore.			
Witches' Excursion, The .....	KENNEDY	5	1799
With deep affection .....	MAHONY	6	2343
— heaving breast the fair-haired Eileen sang .....	ARMSTRONG	1	25
— the Wilde Geese .....	LAWLESS	5	1884
Wither, George, on tribulation .....		9	3436
Within a budding grove .....	ALLINGHAM	1	15
— the window of this white .....	IRWIN	5	1676
'Wits and Worthies, Irish' .....	FITZPATRICK	3	1199
Witticisms, Curran's .....		2	798
Witty Sayings of Burke, Some Wise and .....		1	396
Woffington, Peg .....		5	1919, 2473
WOLFE, CHARLES .....		9	3632
WOLSELEY, VISCOUNT .....		9	3636
Woman of Three Cows, The .....		10	3831



	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Women, Churchbuilding by Irish .....	1	31	Yeats, W. B., on Sir Samuel Fergu- son's poetry.....	3	1170
— in <i>Ireland in Penal Days</i> .....	ATKINSON	1 28	— Nora Hopper's Ballad in Prose.....	2	590
— in the <i>United States, The Posi- tion of</i> .....	BRYCE	1 343	— Lionel Johnson's poetry .....	5	1694
— of Erin, History of the Illustri- ous' .....	1	32	— C. J. Lever .....	5	1948
— <i>Shakespeare's Por- traiture of</i> .....	DOWDEN	3 875	— Modern Irish po- etry .....	3	vii
Wonder and mystery, Celtic love of .....	8	2974	— the poetry of G. W. Russell, "A. E." .....	8	2987
'Wonderful Chair, The', (half-tone engraving)	BROWNE	1 314	— Plays of .....	10	xii
Wood, William, Swift on .....	1	261	— Sir Horace Plunk- ett on .....	8	2911
'Wooden Man in Essex Street' .....	4	1259	Yeats', J. B., portrait of G. W. Russell, "A. E." .....	8	2986
Wooden Shoon, <i>The</i> <i>Clang of the</i> .....	MOLLOY	6 2458	— Portrait of Father Dineen .....	10	3959
Woodfall, Henry S., printer of the Letters of .....	3	1226	'Yellow Aster, The' .....	CAFFYN	2 429
— Junius .....	3	1190	— Book of Slane, <i>The</i> Yelverton, Barry, and Father O'Leary .....	7	2664
— 'Memory,' on Sher- idan .....	3	1190	— as a Monk of the Screw .....	2	797; 5 1957
— William, Gold- smith on .....	4	1381	— trial, <i>The</i> .....	9	3550
Woodfall's Public Ad- vertiser .....	3	1227	Yes, let us speak .....	LARMINE	5 1874
Woods, <i>Enchanted</i> .....	YEATS	9 3679	Yon old house in moon- light sleeping .....	MULVANY	7 2562
Wood's half-pence .....	1	261; 9 3416	Yorick, <i>The Story of</i> .....	STERNE	8 3213
Woods of <i>Caillino, The</i>	FITZSIMON	3 1206	You all know Tom Moody .....	CHERRY	2 588
WOOD-MARTIN, W. G. ....	9	3640	— and I .....	SULLIVAN	9 3340
'Wooping of Sheila, <i>The</i> '	RHYS	8 2940	— Catholics of Erin give ear unto these lines I write .....	8	3270
Woollings .....	2	xii	— lads that are funny .....	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3289
Word was brought to the Danish King .....	NORTON	7 2587	— matchless nine .....	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3284
Words, <i>The Poetry of</i> .....	TRENCH	9 3434	— must be troubled, Asthore .....	TYNAN- HINKSON	9 3455
— 'The Study of' .....	TRENCH	9 3434	— saucy south wind .....	WYNNE	9 3648
Wordsworth's influence on Sir Aubrey De Vere .....	3	851	Youghal, Raleigh at .....	3	913
'Works of Sir James Ware Concerning Ire- land, The Whole' .....	WARE	9 3544	Young, Arthur, on Dub- lin society .....	5	1918
'World of Girls, A' .....	SMITH	8 3158	— Fisher, <i>The</i> .....	GWYNN	4 1516
Worship of Pinchbeck Heroes, <i>The</i> .....	GOLDSMITH	4 1338	— Ireland Meeting, A	MACCARTHY	6 2180
Wraxall on Sheridan .....	3	1190	— party, <i>The</i> .....	9	xi
Wrinkles, Pockrich's recipe for banishing .....	7	2701	— and literature .....	1	xiii
Wundlich, Professor, Work for Irish litera- ture .....	2	xviii	— W. B. Yeats on the poets of .....	3	viii
Wyndham, Lord, at the trial of Lord Santry .....	7	2725	— <i>May Moon, The</i> .....	MOORE	7 2526
WYNNE, FRANCES .....	9	3648	— Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn .....	LOVER	6 2084
Y.			Your proud eyes give me their wearied splen- dor .....	WILKINS	9 3606
Ye brilliant muses .....	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3317	'Yusef' .....	BROWNE	1 323
— good fellows all .....	DAWSON	3 841	Z.		
Year after year .....	SAVAGE-ARM- STRONG	8 3031	Zermatt, Tyndall on .....	9	3478
YEATS, WILLIAM BUT- LER (portrait) .....	9	3651	Zeuss, the founder of Celtic studies, cited on Celtic poetry .....	2	xlx
— and The Rhymers' Club .....	5	1693	Zimmer, Professor, Work of, for Celtic literature .....	2	xviii
— M. F. Egan on .....	5	vii	Zoz (comic paper) .....	6	x
— on William Carle- ton .....	2	469	Zoziman (comic paper) .....	6	x
— Chap-books .....	3	xx	'Zozimus' .....	DOWLING	3 887
— T. Crofton Cro- ker .....	2	687	Zozimus (Gleeman) .....	9	3685













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